

In the
**ANIMAL
WORLD**

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



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IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

BY

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Stories," "Stories Children Need," "Flint, the Story of a
Trail," "Wonder Stories," "Friendly Tales,"
"Merry Tales for Children," etc.



1924

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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FOREWORD

The world of animals lies very close to that of childhood, and close to ours if we make a study of comparative folk lore, of those animal characters who live between the covers of our well known authors, and particularly of animal conduct as related to the behaviour of human beings.

So it has seemed to me worth while to collect a few of the stories of animals which best express this idea, the belief that we have something to learn from the faithfulness of a dog, from the devotion of service of the beasts of burden, from the primitive lore of races in evolution in which animals are used to present the truths of life, and from the spiritual ideals which, even before the dawn of Christianity, were put into tales of the animals' progress on earth.

There is also the store of real humor for children in the fabled vicissitudes of the cat and the fox, the rabbit and the kid. The relationship of these to the larger animals furnishes illustration of human relationship; it establishes a basis for a philosophy of life

which can scarcely be founded in a pleasanter or more lasting way.

There is hardly a phase of childhood without its parallel in one of these tales of the animals, and I have found it possible to group them, with variety of appeal in each group, so as to meet and cover the possible development of a child from the home, through neighborhood and community contacts until the time comes for the formation of such spiritual ideals as are found in the symbolism of the reindeer of "The Snow Queen," in the significance of the ride of Sleipner in search of Balder, and in the African primitive tale of the message sent from the moon.

They form a good company for the road of the children, the horses of Tolstoi, the fine family of terriers of Sir Walter Scott, the patient horse who tried to carry the White Knight of the Looking Glass country, old Ribsy from "Davy and the Goblin," Mr. Hornaday's animals of our Zoological Park who gave him their Laws, the dogs of Theophile Gautier, the animals of the Bible; mothering, working, playing, riding to battle, heroes according to their instincts!

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

EDITORIAL NOTE

I am indebted as follows to authors and publishers for copyrighted material appearing in this work:

Doubleday, Page and Co. for "The Elf" from "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" by Selma Lagerlof. Thomas Y. Crowell Company for "The Old Horse" and "How I learned to Ride Horseback" by Lyof N. Tolstoi appearing in THE LONG EXILE. Longmans, Green and Co. for "The Dancing Dog" and "The Strange History of Cagnotte" by Theophile Gautier. The Century Co. for "The Cat and the Coffee Mill" by John Bennett from *Saint Nicholas*, and for "The Story of Bucephalus" from "The Horse Fair" by James Baldwin. The Bloch Publishing Co. for "The Quarrel of the Cat and the Dog" from "Jewish Legends." *The Saturday Evening Post* and Mr. George Weston for the selection from "Girls Never Know" appearing in this work under the title "The Fiery Steed of Tassel Top Farm." Mr. Arthur Ransome for "The Cat Who Became Head

Forester'' from ''Old Peter's Russian Tales.'' Thomas Y. Crowell and Co. for ''Caliban'' from ''True Stories About Horses'' by Lillian Gask. The Houghton Mifflin Co. for ''Ribsy'' from ''Davy and the Goblin'' by Charles E. Carryl.

''The Beaver Builds'' and ''The Laws of the Flocks and the Herds'' are from ''Minds and Manners of Wild Animals'' by William T. Hornaday, Director New York Zoological Society, copyright 1922 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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OF MOTHERS

In the Animal World

THE ELF

ONCE upon a time there was a thing happened in Skane which created a good deal of discussion, and which even got into the newspapers, but which many believed to be only a story, because they were not able to explain it.

It came about like this. A lady squirrel had been captured in the hazel brush along the shores of the Vomb lake, and carried to a farmhouse close by. All the folks on the farm, both young and old, were delighted with the pretty creature, the wise, inquisitive eyes and the natty little feet. They planned to amuse themselves all summer watching its nimble movements, its ingenious way of shelling nuts and its droll play. They made ready an old squirrel-cage, with a little green house and a wire cylinder wheel. The little house, which had both doors and windows, the lady squirrel

was to use as a dining-room and bedroom. So they placed in it a bed of leaves, a bowl of milk and some nuts. The wheel she was to use as a playhouse, where she could run and climb and swing around.

The farm people thought that they had arranged things very comfortably for the lady squirrel, and they were astonished because she did not seem contented; but, instead, sat there, downcast and moody, in a corner of her room. Every now and again she would let out a shrill, agonized cry. She did not touch her food, and not once did she swing round on the wheel.

“It’s probably because she’s frightened,” said the farmer folk. “To-morrow, when she feels more at home, she will both eat and play.”

Meanwhile, the women folk on the farm were getting ready for a feast. The very day the lady squirrel was captured, they were busy with an elaborate bake. They had bad luck with something; either the dough wouldn’t rise, or they had been slow, for they were obliged to work till long after dark.

So there was a great deal of bustle and excitement in the kitchen, and no one there had time to think about the squirrel, or to wonder

how she was faring. But there was an old grandma in the house, too aged to take a hand in the baking; this she herself understood, but all the same she did not relish the idea of being left out of the game. Indeed she felt rather downhearted; therefore she did not go to bed but seated herself by the sitting-room window to look out.

They had opened the kitchen door on account of the heat, and through it a clear ray of light streamed into the yard, which made it so light out there that the old woman could see all the cracks and holes in the plastering of the wall opposite. She also saw the squirrel-cage, which hung just where the light fell clearest. And she noticed how the lady squirrel ran from her little green house to the wheel, and from the wheel back again, all night long without stopping. The grandmother thought it a strange sort of unrest that had come over the animal, but she believed that it was the strong light which kept her awake.

Between the cowhouse and the stable there was a broad covered carriage-gate. This too was in the radius of the light. As the night wore on, the old grandma saw a tiny creature, no bigger than a hand's breadth, cautiously

stealing his way through the gate. He was dressed in leather breeches and wooden shoes, like any other workingman. The old grandma knew at once that it was the elf, and she was not the least bit frightened. She had always heard that the elf kept himself busy somewhere about the place, but she had never seen him before. An elf, to be sure, always brought good luck to a farm.

As soon as the elf came into the stone-paved yard, he ran straight up to the squirrel-cage. And since it hung so high that he could not reach it, he went over to the storehouse after a rod, placed this against the cage, and swung himself up in the same way a sailor climbs a rope. When he had reached the cage, he shook the door of the little green house as if to open it; but the old grandma did not move, for she knew that the children had put a padlock on the door, fearing that the boys from a neighboring farm would try to steal their squirrel.

The old woman saw that when the elf could not open the door, the lady squirrel came out to the wire wheel, where the two had a long talk. And when the elf had listened to all that the squirrel had to say to him, he slid down to

the ground and ran out through the carriage gate.

The old woman did not expect to see anything more of the elf that night, but she remained at the window. In a few moments he returned. He was in such a hurry that it seemed as if his feet hardly touched the ground, and he rushed right over to the squirrel-cage. The old grandma, with her far-sighted eyes, saw him distinctly. She also saw that the elf carried something in his hand, but what it was she couldn't imagine.

That which he carried in his left hand he laid down on the pavement, but that which he held in his right hand he carried up with him as he again climbed to the cage. He kicked so hard with his little wooden shoes on the window that the glass broke. And he pushed in toward the lady squirrel that which he held in his hand. Then he slid down, took that which he had laid upon the ground, and climbed to the cage with that also. The next instant he ran off again with so much haste that the grandma was not able to follow him with her eyes.

But now the old grandma could no longer sit still in the cottage, but very slowly went out

to the yard and stationed herself in the shadow of the pump to await the elf's return. And there was another who had also seen him and become curious. This was the house-cat. He crept slyly along and stopped close to the wall, just two steps away from the light. The two of them stood waiting long and patiently on that chilly March night, and the old woman was just beginning to think about going in again when she heard a clatter on the pavement. She saw the little mite of an elf come trotting along once more, carrying a burden in each hand as he had done before.

That which he brought squealed and squirmed. And now a light dawned on the old grandma. She understood that the elf had hurried down to the hazel grove and had brought back the lady squirrel's babies, and that he was carrying them to her so they shouldn't starve to death.

The old grandma stood very still so as not to disturb them, and it appeared as if the elf had not noticed her. He was just about to lay one of the babies on the ground so that he could swing himself up to the cage with the other one, when he saw the house-cat's green eyes glisten close behind him. He stood there, be-

wildered, with a young one in each wee hand.

He turned and looked in all directions. Presently he became aware of the old grandma's presence. He did not hesitate then but walked forward, and stretched his arms as high as he could reach for her to take one of the baby squirrels.

The old grandma did not wish to prove herself unworthy of the confidence, so she bent down and took the baby squirrel and stood there holding it until the elf had swung himself up to the cage with the other one. Then he came back for the one he had entrusted to her care.

The next morning when the farm folk came together for breakfast the old grandma could not refrain from telling them of what she had seen the night before. They all laughed at her, of course, and said that she had been only dreaming. There were no baby squirrels so early in the year.

But she was sure of her ground, and begged them to take a look at the squirrel-cage, which they did. And there, on the bed of leaves, lay four tiny, half-naked, half-blind baby squirrels, who were at least two days old.

When the farmer himself saw the young

ones, he said, "Be it as it may with this; but one thing is certain, we, of this farm, have behaved in such a manner that we are shamed before both animals and human beings." And, thereupon, he took the mother squirrel and all her babies from the cage, and laid them in the old grandma's lap. "Go thou to the hazel-grove with them," he said, "and give them their freedom back again!"

It was this event that was so much talked about, and which even got into the newspapers, but which the majority would not credit, because some people are not able to believe that which they themselves have not witnessed.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR

The trail of the Black Bears ran straight over the hard-wood ridge, through a forest of thick pine and then on as far as the balsam swamp. Along this trail, through the first light snow and with a cruel wind cutting down from the ridge, Mother Black Bear, a lonely, clumsy beast of sable, took her way.

There was no other bear out; she met none of her tribe with whom she had hunted bees' nests in the summer and foraged for beech nuts that fall, and as she floundered along she stopped now and then to examine the trunks of the trees alongside of the path. She stood up on her haunches and sniffed at the bark and stretched her huge forepaws as far up the trunk as she could reach.

There, higher than any other claw marks of the Black Bears that blazed their trail over the ridge, Mother Black Bear could make out the five-claw scratches of her mate, Father Black Bear. Lord of the trail he was and she

was proud of it. As the bears hunted and ate and traveled through the open weather of their country, there in the North, they stopped long enough to leave their marks on the trees along the trail. A mother with her little black cubs would pass; she taught them to stand on their hind legs, stretch up, and leave scratches in the bark. So she knew if they were growing well. A young Black Bear, just able to trail by himself; he too left his mark, planning to try again next season and see if he could stand taller. The big one of the trail; the bears could always tell when he had passed by the height of his claw prints on some tree. King of the Black Bears he was, as they all knew very well.

Mother Bear, fumbling there in the snow and the dimness of the woods path, knew him and was proud of him, for the King of the Black Bears was her mate.

She went on until she found a place where there was a small cave on the other side of the ridge with a clearing in front over which the snow would drift. This was exactly the spot Mother Black Bear wanted. Clumsily and still alone, for Father Black Bear had left her to shift for herself sometime in the fall, she

went to work preparing her den for the winter. With her sharp claws she dug an opening in the cave and then she clumsily bedded it down inside with dry leaves.

She talked as she worked, as the bear tribe talked. When a stray young grizzly, having hurried along the trail behind her looking for news of the Boss of the Road, sniffed at her heels, Mother Black Bear growled at him;

“I am too busy to be interrupted!” she said.

A crunching of the frozen bushes told her that Man, either a wood chopper or a hunter, was about. She coughed.

“Disturb me if you dare!” This was what the cough of Mother Black Bear meant.

And as she dug and spread leaves and finally stumbled into the friendly darkness and safety of her den, she whined like a lonesome dog thinking perhaps of the King of the Black Bears, her mate, who was too mighty a person to share with her the hazards of the winter.

The snow came down for weeks. It drifted against the front of the den and froze and made a mighty white door as stout and thick as if it had been cut from stone as a protection for some northern castle. The winds swept above the cave, and no beasts were out, and in-

side all was warm and joyful. Held close to her furry breast or snuggling on the floor of the cave at her feet, Mother Bear felt two little blind, naked cubs. They rolled about and wrestled and boxed and fought over food in a way that made Mother Black Bear's heart nearly burst with pride. Sons of a king; the children of the Boss of the Road! As she thought of this, Mother Black Bear spanked both cubs soundly to put fear into their hearts and train them for the courage they would need when it came time for them to join the tribe of the bears. And then she hugged them until it seemed as if she would choke them, in her love and pride of motherhood.

She would have liked to stay there, feeding and fondling her cubs, a long time but spring came. There was a sound of dripping, melting ice and of wild footsteps on top of her cave. The door opened itself to green and to the smell of fresh bark and uncovered mash. The little bears could see now, so the three came out and took to the trail.

Busy days for Mother Bear came. She taught the cubs to forage for solid food, to swim, to smell out a stray wood mouse for

lunch and she took them the rounds of the berry bushes where, with the summer days, the sweet berries would hang among the thorns. The little bears grew and ate themselves fat and once in a while they trotted away from Mother Black Bear to explore the forest for themselves. Her whine always brought them back, though, and by summer she had taught them to steal a bees' nest and even eat the bees themselves if that was necessary in order to get the honey. Their fur was jet black and as thick and shiny as their father's. How their father would have enjoyed the cubs, Mother Black Bear thought! Where was he? Where had the Boss of the Road made his den for the winter?

One day in the late summer one of the little Black Bears sniffed at a pine tree. Then he stood up on his haunches and stretched up, scratching it with his sharp claws. His brother did the same. They went on to another tree, feeling for other bear marks in the bark as they scratched. Mother Black Bear lay down and rolled with delight and pride. The cubs had shown that they knew the ways of the trail. They were measuring

themselves with the other bears. They were trying to stretch up to the claw marks of their father.

She let them run quite a distance now, following in her clumsy trot and calling them to her for a night under the stars in the shelter of a clump of firs. But one night, although Mother Bear growled and coughed and whined, and padded along all night on the ridge road and as far as the balsam swamp, she could not find her cubs. Nor was she able to find them the following day or for a long time.

The trail knew Mother Bear that season as a lonely wanderer. Up and down the hills, sniffing in the old dens of the bears, smelling all the Black Bears she met, her fur worn thin from rubbing against rocks and brambles in her search, she hunted for her cubs and never found them. Her small bead-like eyes were often dimmed with tears as she searched, whining and crying, among the claw marks that blazed the road of the bears for her children. They would grow fast, that she knew. Would she know them if she ever did overtake them? Would they know her? Ah, that was the question. Would they not, perhaps,

have forgotten her as had her mate in the larger affairs of the forest in which the males had a part?

So it came about that Mother Black Bear grew stupid and confused in her grief and her loneliness. She took to following anybody, even a little dark raccoon, who looked a bit, in the night, like a new, fuzzy bear cub. She grew careless of her own safety and one day she trotted out of the woods and followed a farmer's horse and team, seeing only the black horse and hoping for friendliness from him. And the farmer, not understanding why this bear was trotting behind his team, turned and pointed his gun at her.

Mother Black Bear felt a sharp pain in her side and she was only able to drag herself to the edge of the woods before she seemed to fall into a dream. It was as if she were sleeping in her den again, those two little balls of black fur close to her heart, and in her sleep she whined and cried.

The business of the King, Mother Black Bear's mate who was Boss of the Road, took him for long distances and up the mountain-side. He believed that his mate and his sons ought to take care of themselves, while he

blazed a mighty trail, marking trees for miles around the country. But when he chanced to meet two good-looking young Black Bears that season, when he was scouting for honey near home, he rubbed noses with them and invited them to trail with him. It is a question if he loved them as their mother did, but he was proud of their thick fur and sharp claws and the quick, sure way they had of marking trees. The three traveled together, using their claws, their noses and their ears. They could get the scent of the wind. They could tell by the rustle of leaves when enemies were near. That was why Father Black Bear and his two little sons turned tail and ran when, surprised in a raspberry patch, they heard a shot. That, too, is why this Boss of the Road, followed by his cubs, went straight, scorning danger, to the spot from which they heard the crying of Mother Black Bear.

The three of them licked her side until the blood stopped flowing. The three, Father Black Bear in his deep voice and the cubs in their young grunting voices, called to Mother Black Bear to stop crying and stand up, and take to the trail. And, being a bear with almost as many lives as a cat, she did this, open-

ing her small black eyes from which tears had dripped and rising on shaky, awkward legs to fondle the cubs and look with pride at her mate. They had supper together, the rest of the raspberries and a comb of thick golden honey, and when the stars came up the Boss of the Road went on, taking his sons with him, for their business would call them in the morning.

And Mother Black Bear watched them with the greatest happiness in the world. She would never den with them. She would probably never overtake them on the road. But her mate was a King and her sons were trailing with a King. The pride of the forest was hers forever.

HILL-NANNY AND HER KIDS

ONCE upon a time there was a Hill-Nanny who had seven little kids and she came down from the hills to find a good home for her children in the village. She longed for a spot that would be healthful and bright and safe, so she wandered here and there, her seven little ones following, until she came to a heavily laden apple tree.

“This will make me and my kids a good home,” said the Hill-Nanny as she gathered her little ones around her and settled down under the widespreading branches of the tree. But the family had hardly made themselves comfortable when the apple tree spoke to the Hill-Nanny.

“This is not the home for you,” it advised her. “These apples are ripe and ready to fall, and they might kill your little kids. You must travel on farther.”

So the Hill-Nanny called her seven little kids to her and they all went on for a mile until

they came to a fine, large walnut tree full of nuts and spreading its branches wide like house walls.

“The very home for me and my little ones!” said the Hill-Nanny. Again she called the kids to her and they prepared to settle down under the shelter of the walnut tree, but the walnut tree, also, spoke to her as had the apple tree.

“This is not the home for you,” it warned the Hill-Nanny. “These walnuts which I bear are heavy as gold and as soon as the frost touches them down they will fall and there will be danger of their cracking the bones of your tender children. You will need to travel on, good friend.”

The Hill-Nanny once more took up her journey and this time they all went on until they came as far as the border of the village. There stood the empty tent of a shepherd, so the Hill-Nanny took up residence in it with her kids and it seemed now as if she were established and need have no further trouble.

The tent was well furnished with a large cooking pot and plenty of straw for beds. There was a strong door flap. Here the Hill-Nanny settled her children and then she must

needs go into the town to get food for them at the market stalls, but before she left she warned them.

“Open the door to nobody,” she told the seven little kids, “for wild beasts who like the taste of goat meat prowl about here. When I return I will make myself known to you.”

So the Hill-Nanny went to the village and did her marketing, and when she returned to her tent she scratched on the door post and called to the seven little kids, “Open, my sons, my little fathers! Your mother is come. She has brought some bread, half a side full of milk, half a horn full of fresh cheese, half a horn full of clear water.” The kids opened to their mother immediately and they enjoyed a fine dinner.

But the wicked wolf, Levon Ivanovitch, was hiding among the trees at the back of the Hill-Nanny’s tent, and he had an appetite for the seven tender little kids. He listened to what the Hill-Nanny said and then he bided his time, for the kids were many in number and he could afford to wait.

The next day, since the food was all eaten, the Hill-Nanny went again to the village market for more, and again she warned the kids

not to open to strangers, or to anyone save herself whom they would know by the scratching on the door post and by her voice as she told of her arrival. Off she went, and after waiting a sufficient length of time, the wolf, Levon Ivanovitch, came creeping up to the door and he scratched on the door post.

“Who comes?” enquired the smallest and youngest of the seven little kids.

“It is I, your loving mother, Anna Ivanovna,” said the wolf. “Open at once. Open, my sons, my little fathers; your mother is come! She has brought some bread, she has brought half a sideful of milk, half a horn full of cheese, half a horn full of clear water.” Levon Ivanovitch recited all this very well, for he had learned it carefully, but he had forgotten to disguise his voice. The seven little kids knew him for an enemy. “We will not open to you, wicked Levon Ivanovitch! We know you by your rough voice!” they said. And six of the seven little kids hid themselves in the straw of the tent, but the seventh and smallest little kid, who was very clever for his age, hid himself in the empty iron dinner pot.

But the wolf was not through with them yet, as he was very hungry for goat meat. So he

went on to the village and he paid the village smith a gold *rouble* for smoothing down his voice. He had it so well polished and smoothed by the blacksmith that it sounded exactly like the voice of the Hill-Nanny. When he had accomplished this, the wolf hastened back to the goats' tent so as to reach it before their mother, and again he scratched loudly on the door post.

"Who comes?" enquired the sixth little kid from their straw.

"Your loving mother, Anna Ivanovna, comes!" replied the wolf in his smoothly polished and well oiled voice.

He sounded like their mother now, so the little kids came out of their straw and spoke to him again. "How can you prove to us that you are our mother?" they asked.

"By my gifts, dear little ones," said the wolf. "Here I stand, Anna Ivanovna, bearing for you some bread, half a sideful of milk, half a horn full of cheese and half a horn full of clear water. Open to me at once!"

And those six unwise little kids opened the door to their tent, and in six mouthfuls Levon Ivanovitch, the wolf, had swallowed them.

But he did not eat the seventh little kid, for he was still hidden in the dinner pot.

Presently the Hill-Nanny came home and she found the tent door open, and six of her kids gone, and the footprints of Levon Ivanovitch nearby. The seventh and youngest of the kids crept out of the dinner pot and told his mother what had happened and she set out, very angry, to try and find the wolf.

The Hill-Nanny traveled until she came to a place where some workmen had built a fire over which to cook their midday gruel. The fire still burned, and she went to the den of Levon Ivanovitch and challenged him to come with her and show his skill by leaping over the fire. He had said that he feared nothing, so he had to follow the Hill-Nanny and try to leap over the burning coals. But she had scattered them so that Levon Ivanovitch burned his feet and had to lie down at her side, alone and unprotected in the forest. The Hill-Nanny had brought her scissors, so she slit the coat of the greedy Levon and out jumped her six little kids as lively as ever.

When the sky is dark and gloomy, like some faraway forest infested with wolves, and a

small tinge of red, like a fire, glows suddenly in it, then watch for the sun, its rays coming forth from the darkness as cheerfully as did the little white kids escape from the clutches of Levon Ivanovitch. So the little Russian children love and interpret the story of Anna Ivanovna, the Hill-Nanny, who saved her kids from the great gray wolf, Levon Ivanovitch.

AT HOME

THE HOUSE IN THE SIDE OF THE HILL

FATHER WOODCHUCK sat at the door of his little house in the side of the hill sunning himself. He was feeling very happy and contented, for the house was dug deep and long, the season was the spring and everything pointed to a good crop of vegetables in the kitchen gardens.

Father Woodchuck had another reason for his pleasant feelings. Not far from their doorway played his four little Woodchuck boys. They were small, not very much larger than fat kittens, but they would grow. They all had shovel shaped feet like their father's feet, and the four Woodchuck boys were burrowing and digging themselves a play-house in the soft dirt of the hill. When they grew up, each of the boys would have a home of his own in the side of a hill or under some sunny orchard wall. Now, as they made their play-house, the little Woodchucks were thinking

about these homes, planning them as they dug fast and threw the dirt high in the air. Their father watched them with a great deal of pride.

The earth, tossed up from their small shovel feet, had the odor of the spring. Close at hand were green twigs which tasted, as the young Woodchucks nibbled the bark, as good as sticks of candy do to human boys. It was a pleasant, peaceful afternoon for them all.

Suddenly, however, there was a sound. It was a shrill whistle coming to the young Woodchucks from the direction of their house in the side of the hill. One of the Woodchuck boys started to run as fast as his short, fat legs would carry him, and two other brothers followed in his tracks. They knew what that whistle meant. They reached home safely and saw Father Woodchuck's round brown head peering cautiously out of the hole which was their front door. He was whistling through his sharp, yellow teeth to call the boys, for he had heard the footsteps of Jack, the farmer's dog, coming across the field.

"Where is your brother?" Father Woodchuck asked in his "chuck" way, half cough,

half squealing bark, his small bead-like eyes peering across the field.

“He kept on digging,” they told him.

But when Jack passed around the hill and Father Woodchuck knew that it was safe to go out again, they found the fourth Woodchuck boy unharmed over in their play-house. He was whistling softly to himself, for he felt proud. He had not obeyed his father, but had crept under a bush to hide, and the dog had not found him.

Father Woodchuck was puzzled. He did not know what to do about the young Woodchuck who had not obeyed him. While his children were small, he spent nearly all his time watching and listening for dogs, and looking out for traps, and whistling to warn the boys of danger. Always this fourth Woodchuck boy kept right on with whatever he was doing and did not come when he heard his father call. Even their mother did not know what to do with him.

So things went on until a day when Father Woodchuck knew that crisp green lettuce heads were to be found in the farm garden, and beans and peas had begun to fill and fatten the pods. Father Woodchuck decided that now

had come a time to plan a picnic for the boys. It was to be an evening picnic.

The Woodchuck family napped in the sun nearly all day so as to be better able to enjoy themselves. When evening came and the moon shone down on them from the hill like a great silver platter, they started out. Father Woodchuck went first to show the way and the four Woodchuck boys followed. They scampered down the hill and through the long grass in the field. They were on their way to the kitchen garden of the farm where their picnic was to be held.

“Keep close to me, lads!” Father Woodchuck warned in his throaty bark. “This is a dangerous trip.” They crawled under a fence, called by their father’s low whistle, and began to feast. They gnawed the juicy centers of young lettuce and opened bean pods. The boys swelled and puffed up as they gorged themselves with food until they looked like little fur muffs. No one saw them or interfered with them. They seemed alone in a world of vegetables, and the fourth Woodchuck boy fed farther and farther away from the others. He felt that he was quite safe in doing so.

Suddenly the air was thrilled with a piercing whistle. There was a scuttling among the lettuce heads, and Father Woodchuck and the three obedient Woodchuck boys escaped through the fence just in time. Jack, the farm dog, had awakened and was after them.

“Who cares for danger! I’m all right,” whistled the care-free fourth Woodchuck boy as he opened another bean pod. When he saw his danger, it was too late for him to run.

The next morning Father Woodchuck did not whistle as he sat in the door of the house in the side of the hill. He felt too sad. The sun was as warm and bright as usual, the hill quite as green and he knew that it was an unusually fine season for green vegetables, but he saw only three Woodchuck boys digging their play-house nearby.

But late that afternoon, the fourth Woodchuck boy limped down the hill and home.

“This way! Here I am, lad!” whistled Father Woodchuck joyfully as the Woodchuck boy, on three shovel feet, came to the house in the side of the hill. The fourth shovel foot had been left in Jack’s teeth, but Father Woodchuck was glad to welcome even a three-legged child, for had he not lost his

foot in the cause of animal wisdom? So the fourth little Woodchuck sat in the doorway with his father and watched his three brothers at play, and listened with attention to all his father had to teach him about dogs and traps and minding one's parents.

TOBY

TOBY was a *tyke*, a very ordinary dog. He had not one good feature except his teeth and his eyes and his bark, if that can be called a feature. His color was black and white, and his shape was leggy and clumsy; altogether a kind of cur.

My brother, William, found Toby in the center of a crowd of street boys who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to make him suffer a long time, and get what to them seemed the greatest fun out of hurting a lonely dog.

But even then Toby showed his unusual sense of fun by pretending he was dead before he was really drowned and in that way was saving time and trying to think of a way to escape. And my brother William bought him for twopence which he paid to the biggest boys and he and Toby watched them fight for it, one penny going off with a very small and swift

one of them. The other penny rolled hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby hid in our house for weeks, known to nobody but ourselves two and the cook, and, because of our grandmother's love of tidiness, even then, although he had been saved from drowning, the dog might have been sent away from us if he had not once, in his straightforward way, walked right into our father's bedroom.

He introduced himself with a wag of his tail and a general air of willingness to be happy. My father laughed at him most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to father's bare feet and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small, rough tongue, father gave such a shout of laughter for a minister that we, grandmother, sisters, all of us, went in.

I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for he had a peculiar love of father ever after, but regarded grandmother with a careful and cool eye.

When he was full grown Toby was a strong, coarse dog, common in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. He was of the bull terrier variety, of a dubious and varied fam-

ily. His teeth were good and he had a large head and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled. Indeed it was a tail of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's club. It was a piece of machinery of great power and Toby used it in a way I never before or since have known of. We called it his ruler.

When he wanted to come into the house, he first whined gently, then he growled, then a sharp bark, and then came a loud and mighty thump that shook the house. This thump we found out, after much study and watching, was done by bringing the entire length of his tail flat upon the door with a sudden and solid stroke. He was perfect at it at once, his first bang being as masterly and telling as his last.

With all his common airs, Toby was a good dog, loving, faithful and honest as far as he knew how to be and with a sense of fun as strong as his tail. Our father, in his sober way, was very fond of Toby and they must have had some good times together, for we used to hear bursts of laughter from his study when they two were by themselves. One can

fancy father in the midst of his books and sermon writing, and then looking at Toby coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books laid out on the floor for consultation—and father shaking with laughter.

Toby always wanted to go up to town with father. This a minister's good taste forbade, but Toby, making it his entire object, got his way. He was nowhere to be seen, ever, on father's starting out; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective. Then, when Toby knew that he couldn't be hounded home, he crossed over, waving his large tail, and of course very happy.

One Sunday Toby followed father to church, but was left in disgrace at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit when the door at its back, through which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and then gently open. After a long pause, a black shining nose pushed its way steadily toward the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked a bit ashamed, but was snuffing for his friend and advanced as if

he were treading on thin ice. Not seeing him, he put his forelegs on the pulpit and looked up. There he was, his own familiar chum!

William and I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than the dog's happy face, his look of comfort, of entire ease when he saw my father—the smoothing down of his anxious ears, the swing of gladness of his great tail—I don't expect to see soon again. My father quietly opened the pulpit door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself. Had my father sent old George Peaston, the “minister's man,” to put him out Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and he never went to church again.

Toby was in the way of burying his bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighboring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, red-haired, red-faced man, was, by the law of contrast, a fine gardener. One day, Mr. Scrymgeour's gate being open, in walked Toby with a huge bone and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on a stick Toby made very light of, he put his bone in the hole instead.

He was just covering it up with his shovelling nose when old Scrymgeour spied him through the hot house door, and was out upon him with a roar and a terrible growl.

If he had but tried to explain Toby's mistake in a reasonable way it might have been all right with the dog. But instantly, with a roar as loud as his, Toby made straight for him. I was watching beneath the fence and saw it all. Toby's eyes flashed. He continued to roar and he so surprised Scrymgeour that he turned and ran, Toby following him until he tripped and fell on his own doorstep, barely stretching himself out in his hall in time. Toby barked at the door and then went back to finish his bone-planting at his leisure, the victor, while our neighbor glared at him through a window but came no farther.

From that moment Toby was a changed dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all. From that time dated an even louder thumping of his tail at our front door, which we called, "Come, listen to my tail!" That very evening Toby paid a visit to Leo, a nearby dog, a big bully and coward, and who had threatened Toby with instant death many times, being larger and a brute. To Leo Toby paid a visit that

very evening, down into his den, and walked about as much as to say,

“Come on, Macduff!”

But Leo did not come on. And after that they merely stiffened themselves when they met, made their backs rigid, pretended not to see each other, walked solemnly around as is the manner of dogs, and there was an armed truce between the two.

Toby used his new found courage well, but wisely. He chased cats and astonished beggars, held his own in his own garden against all strange dogs and was the victor in some good fights. But he was never quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his manner changed, how he held his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To our father, next to William, Toby remained staunch. And what of his end?

Well, the hard part of it is that a dog dies, but this has its comforts. If they lived as long as we, and we loved them still the same, and they then died, it would be a thing we could not stand.

WHY THE CAT SCRATCHES

THERE was not a crumb of bread, a morsel of cheese or any fruit left in the house for the children, so the elder sister, Maria, decided to go out and try to find her fortune in the world. No, there was not even a cat in the house, and that was the hardest part of it all, for the cat in that land of sunshine and blue sky, in Italy, was the good spirit of the house.

So Maria tied her kerchief over her head and took a staff to help her steps, and went off, down the road and then into the forest that led up the mountain side.

It was a deep and gloomy forest. Maria met nobody, and shadows lay across her path and tears dimmed her eyes, for she was weary and half starved. But still she pressed on for a day and a night under the stars, and for another day when she suddenly had an adventure. Toward twilight she came upon a palace built at the very summit of a mountain. It was dim and shadowy and strange, but Maria went boldly up to the door and knocked.

No sound came from inside, but there was at last a small light showing through a window. The door opened partly and a kitten stood there with a torch in its paw, not speaking, but opening the door wide enough for Maria to step inside. There was a long hall, empty, and with scant furnishings except for the furs of their ancestors which the occupants of the enchanted castle had hung in places of honor upon the walls. It needed no light, for the kitten could see very well in the dark. Down this hall Maria went, and suddenly she found herself alone, with only the small torch to guide her. The kitten had disappeared as softly as it had opened the door.

Maria went in amazement from one room to another of the castle. She found a couch upon which she slept until morning, and there was food for her in the kitchen, but everywhere was disorder and confusion. It was as if the cats went out for pleasure every day and left their housekeeping undone. They had beds with silken hangings, but these were not made. Indeed they looked as if the cats had gone to bed with muddy paws. The fire was out. No water was drawn from the well. No baking had been done.

When Maria tried the gates of the castle, she discovered that she had been locked inside. But she was a brave, kind girl, and the little mother for the others at home, so her heart was filled with compassion for these cats who had no housekeeper.

“I will put their castle in good order,” she said to herself, “and then we shall see what we shall see!”

So Maria went swiftly and busily from room to room. She aired and made the beds for half a hundred strange cats. She swept the floors of the score of rooms of the castle, all save one, the door of which was barred. She cleaned the hearth and brought wood and water and kept a bright fire burning. Was it her fancy, or did the cats' housekeeper hear the sound of purring beside the fire in the evening, although she could see not so much as a cat's tail? She baked half a hundred loaves of bread and half a hundred cheese cakes and scoured half a hundred silver bowls for milk and skimmed cream and saw that all the mouse traps were baited and set. All these good services Maria did alone and without help or company, but hoping that some evening the

cats who lived in the castle would come home and set her free.

She kept the castle well and shining, and one day when her work was done Maria put her eye to the keyhole of the mysterious locked door. There was a soft footfall behind her. There, once more, stood the kitten but this time, instead of a torch, he held a great key. He unlocked the door and there, before Maria, was a great, golden throne room with the king of the cats, surrounded by half a hundred fine court cats, sitting on the throne.

His fur was as yellow as the sunlight and he wore a glittering gold crown. He motioned for Maria to come nearer, which she did, and then he rang a golden bell with a golden chain as a signal for silence in the court.

“Has this mortal done anything deserving of alms?” asked the king of the cats.

Then the court cats fairly interrupted each other trying to tell of Maria’s goodness to them, and of her skill as a housekeeper. They had slept in the beds she had made. They had purred, unseen, beside her fire. They had eaten of her baking. And as the cats told of these kind deeds, the king of the cats asked

Maria to spread out her apron. He filled her apron with gold pieces until it was full and heavy, after which the kitten escorted her to the castle gates, unbarred them, and she took her way down the mountain to her home.

Now there was rejoicing in one home of Tuscany. Oil and honey and plenty of bread and new dresses for all the children and something beside for alms! The neighbors wondered at the good fortune in a home where there had been such poverty, and Maria, in a luckless moment, told of the enchanted castle of the cats at the summit of the mountain.

There was the daughter of a rich farmer, whose vineyards were hung thick with grapes, nearby. This girl lacked for nothing, but she decided to go the same way that Maria had, up to the top of the mountain, and try her fortune in the castle.

Everything that had happened to Maria came to this avaricious girl. She took her way to the castle, was admitted by the kitten, and left alone. She found the same disorder as Maria had, but she was lazy as well as grasping. Did she make a cat's bed? Not one. Did she lay a comfortable fire for a cat to doze by at night? No, she was too lazy to bring in

wood. Did she bake bread and fill bowls with cream for them? No, she baked bread for herself and drank up all the cream. And presently it came about that this second housekeeper in the enchanted castle of the cats, was brought into the presence of the king.

She came boldly, pushing aside the court cats and demanding riches from the king. "You gave alms to my neighbor, Maria. Give gold to me!" she cried.

"What does this newest housekeeper of ours deserve?" asked the king of the cats. And this was the signal for a very unexpected proceeding.

All the cats rushed toward this unkind creature whom they had entertained and scratched her. Indeed, she would have been scratched by all the cats if she had not run away as quickly as she did, down the mountain, and home half beside herself with fright.

And it is said that this was the beginning of scratching, if one ill treated a cat. Those children who were kind to the subjects of the king of the cats, to these the cats were kind. Which is, after all, a good deal the way of the world.

WITH THE CHILDREN

HOW I LEARNED TO RIDE HORSEBACK

WHEN I was a little boy, we four brothers had our lessons every day except Sundays and holidays, when we were free and could play together. One time father said;

“You older children must learn to ride horseback. You must be sent to the riding school.”

I was the youngest and I asked; “Can’t I be sent too?”

My father said; “You would tumble off.”

I began to beg him to let me learn too, and I almost cried. My father said; “Very well, then, you shall take riding lessons with the others. Only see here; don’t you cry if you fall off. One who never falls from a horse will never learn to ride.”

When Wednesday came we were taken to the riding school. We went up a great staircase, and from the great staircase we went up a narrow staircase. And the narrow stair-

case opened into a large room. In this room was sand instead of a board floor, and gentlemen and ladies as well as lads like ourselves were riding horseback. This was the riding school.

It was rather dark and there was an odor of horses, and we could hear people cracking whips and shouting to horses and the pounding of horses' hoofs against the wooden partitions. At first I was afraid and could not make anything out distinctly. But afterward our tutor called the riding master and said; "Give these lads some horses. They are to learn to ride."

"Very well," said the riding master. Then he looked at me. "This one is very small," he said.

But our tutor said; "He has promised not to cry if he falls off."

The riding master laughed and went away.

So the saddle horses were brought, we took off our cloaks and took our places in the riding room. The riding master held the horse by the bridle and my brothers rode around. At first they walked; then they trotted. At last a little pony was brought out. He was a

chestnut color, and his tail had been stylishly cropped. His name was Chervonchick. The riding master laughed and said to me; "Well, Cavalier, mount!"

I was both glad and unhappy, but I tried to hide my feelings so that none of the other riders would notice my sadness. I made several attempts to set my foot in the stirrup but it was in vain, for I was too small. Then the riding master lifted me in his arms and set me on the pony's back, saying; "The lad is not heavy. He can't weigh very many pounds."

At first he held me by the arm, but when he saw that I did not want to be helped, because my brothers were now riding alone, he let go of me. He asked me; "Aren't you afraid, then?"

I was very much afraid, but I said that I was not. I was all the more afraid, because Chervonchick kept pricking back his ears, and I made up my mind that he must be angry with me. The riding master said;

"Well, you smallest one, only mind that you don't fall off!"

At first Chervonchick walked around, and I sat up straight. But the saddle was slip-

pery, and I had a feeling that I should fall off.

“Well, now,” said the riding master as I passed him, “are you on firmly?”

“Yes,” said I.

“Then trot!” he said, clucking with his tongue at Chervonchick. With that Chervonchick started off in a gentle trot, and I began to slip. Still I said nothing, and tried to tip over sidewise. The riding master praised me.

“Bravo, my Cavalier! Splendid!” he shouted, and this gave me courage.

But just then my riding master was joined by one of his associates, and began talking to him, and his attention was turned from me. Then suddenly I became aware that I was still slipping a little toward one side of my saddle. I tried to regain my seat, but all in vain. I wanted to cry to the riding master to come to my help, but I thought this would be a cowardly thing for a boy to do, and so I kept quiet.

I looked at the riding master and thought that he would see me, but he was talking busily and as I passed, without turning his head in my direction, he said something kind about, “his brave little Cavalier!” By this time I was far over on one side and very much terri-

fied. I felt certain that I was going to tumble. But still I was ashamed to cry out.

Chervonchick gave me one more little shake, and down I went on the ground. Then Chervonchick stopped too, all of his own accord. The riding master looked round, and saw that I was no longer on the pony's back. Saying; "Hullo, there, my Cavalier has fallen off," he hastened toward me.

He helped me up and I found out that I was not in the least hurt. He brushed me off and laughed and said, "A child's body is like a fat little cushion!"

But I felt like crying.

Yet I asked him to mount me again, and he did so. This time I did not fall off.

In this way we went to the riding school twice a week and I soon learned to ride well, and was afraid of nothing.

THE NEW BROOM

HE was a most un-beautiful dog, a kind of spaniel whose long hair was the color of dust and which was always getting tangled and full of cockle-burs. He had no settled home, but was continually following children whom he met in the road, because he had a hope that he might be allowed to play with them. But nearly always the children, especially the little girls whom the dog would have liked to smother with his wet kisses, looked at his shaggy hair covering his kind eyes, and at his muddy feet, and then told him to go home.

Ah, if only the dog had been able to do that, go home. His roof was the sky, whether it stormed or shone, and his bed was a hay cock or the shelter of a hedge. Yet he awoke every morning with high hope in his heart, and one of his outlandish ears cocked at attention for the voice of a possible friend.

The children were playing circus when he met them in the road outside of their home.

One child blew the trumpet and another played the drum, while a third wore a clown's cap. The dog went mad with delight at the fun. He sat up in the road in front of them and did tricks, old tricks that he had learned when he was a puppy and had given promise of being handsomer than he had turned out to be. He saluted the circus. He begged in front of the drummer. He barked hoarsely, his mouth dripping with his excitement.

"He looks just like a clown!" said the child with the cap. "Here, Punch, let us see if you can walk in the circus on your back legs," and the boy set his clown's cap on the dog's touzled head.

Could he? Could a dog who had been welcomed by children and called by a name, help them with their play? Punch wore the cap as carefully and with as great pride as if he had been newly made a major-general. One of his great paws steadied in the boy's hand, and wearing the clown's cap as well as he could, he walked on his back legs, there at the head of the procession. Would it stop at the gate of the home? Would the dog clown be left outside, or would they open the gate and allow him to walk in? The dog quivered with

fear as they reached the gate, but he was led in.

“Come in, Punch!” the children told him. “Good dog Punch; come in and play with us.”

It had been a long time since the dog had played, but after a dish of bones and gravy, he was ready for anything. They dressed him up, first, for they found how willing he was to please children. He wore the soldier’s cap and sat up with the air-gun held at attention in his paws. He felt himself honored at wearing a shawl and the baby’s old hood with a pair of spectacles tied over his ears, and when the children shouted at the funny sight he made, Punch beat the ground in a steady thumping with his tail, for he knew he was giving pleasure.

In the afternoon Punch and the children had a game of hare-and-hounds. The dog soon learned how to play the game, because it was a good deal like what his life had been, trying to dodge and escape danger, doubling and re-doubling along the roads and hiding from his enemies. So Punch led the children a fine, thrilling chase over the fields and woods for an hour at a time, doubling and re-

doubling on his tracks, giving his throaty bark to lead them on, hiding from them, and then calling to them from some unexpected place just ahead. He was better at catching them than they were at finding him, and when he did surprise a child in a hollow or behind a tree, Punch stood up with his paws on the child's shoulders and kissed its face all over to show his gratitude for their goodness to a stray dog.

Well, the end of that nice day came, and it was a question with the children about taking Punch in with them for tea. They always had their tea by themselves up in the nursery, and they felt that if their mother had been home it would have been quite proper to invite Punch to have a bowl of bread and milk or a sandwich with them, but she was unfortunately away. And Cook thought dogs were dirty and a nuisance in the house.

It was decided at last that the oldest child, a girl, should bring the tea up from the kitchen to the nursery herself, to save Cook the trouble of climbing the stairs twice. They took the dog in through the front door, and when he tried to bark with his joy, they cov-

ered his nose with a cap. "You must come in very quietly, Punch," they warned him "or we won't be allowed to keep you."

Everything went as the children had planned it. The oldest girl brought their supper on a tray from the kitchen up to the nursery and they all, Punch helping, ate it together. Then the children went to bed alone and much more peacefully than they had in a long time, and the last thing they did was to cover Punch up with a rug in front of the fire. He looked like a part of the rug and in the morning they planned to get him as quietly out of the house again.

All would have been well with the dog if he had not all his life wanted sugar. When he was a puppy his master had taught him his tricks by balancing sugar on his nose and allowing him to swallow it when he had been a good dog. There on the uncleared nursery tea table was a whole bowl of lumps of sugar.

One should remember that this dog had been a wanderer of roads, a poor outcast for a long time and had forgotten his manners. Perhaps, too, he may have thought that the children had left the sugar there for him, his reward for all the tricks he had done for them

that day. However it was, he ate all the sugar from the sugar bowl on the tea table and then he lay down again in front of the fire, his sticky paws stretched out to the friendly blaze.

The Cook was late about coming up to straighten out the nursery that evening. She brought her broom to sweep up the crumbs and at first, in the dim light from the fire, she never saw the shadow on the hearth rug that was Punch. But he saw the empty sugar bowl. Then she went over to stir up the fire and she saw Punch asleep, with his sticky paws laid out in front of him.

Bang, whack, bang! Oh, it was cruel the way Cook beat Punch with the broom. He had been dreaming of his happy day, giving now and then little yelps of joy and twitching his nose. Now he started up and ran crying down the stairs, Cook pursuing him and driving him out into the chilly night. She slammed the kitchen door in his face but she left the broom standing out there on the step.

It was, then, all over with him, the dog thought. He must take to roads again and start once more following children. But first there was something for him to do. He took the broom in his teeth. He shook it, broke the

handle, pulled out every last one of the straws, chewed them, tossed them about until there was nothing left of the broom. Then Punch went out of the garden gate and up the street.

He walked about and howled all that night. He trotted behind the milkman back to the house in the morning but did not dare go inside the grounds. He skulked about the neighborhood at school time and followed the children to school, his tail between his legs, and keeping out of their sight. He waited at the back of the school house for them and went about a block behind them to a store.

They bought a broom, a new broom!

The dog trembled in every muscle. That new broom, he knew, was for beating him and driving him away. He was just about to take to his heels as they came out of the store carrying the broom, when he heard the boy's voice. "Poor Punch!" he said. "Good old Punch, nice doggie!" echoed the girl.

A dog hears more than we do. Punch heard this as the children spoke his name. "We are going to protect our dog. This is a new broom for Cook, bought with our own money but not to be used on a dog. We wish we might see that nice playful dog again."

“Here I am!” barked the dog, running up to the children. Not all the brooms in the world could keep him away from them, having heard the music of their voices, having had his hopes for love and a home realized.

¹THE STRANGE HISTORY OF CAGNOTTE

A LITTLE boy of three years old, named Theophile Gautier, travelled with his parents from Tarbes, in the south of France, to Paris. He was so small that he could not speak any proper French, but talked like the country people; and he divided the world into those who spoke like him and were his friends, and those who did not, and were strangers.

But though he was only three, and a great baby in many ways, he loved his home dearly and it nearly broke his heart to come away. His parents tried to comfort him by giving him the most beautiful chocolates and little cakes, and when these failed they tried what drums and trumpets would do. But drums and trumpets succeeded no better than the sweets, for the better part of Theophile's tears were shed for the dog he had been obliged to

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leave behind him, called Cagnotte, which his father had given away to a friend. He did not think that any dog who had been accustomed to run along the hills and valleys above Tarbes could ever make himself happy in Paris.

Theophile, however, did not understand this, but cried for Cagnotte all day long. And one morning he could bear it no longer. His nurse had put his tin soldiers neatly on the table, with a little village surrounded by stiff green trees just in front of them, hoping Theophile might play at battle or a siege, and she had just placed his fiddle, which was painted bright scarlet, quite handy, so that he might play the triumphal march of the victor.

Nothing was of any use. As soon as her back was turned, Theophile threw the soldiers and village and fiddle out of the window, and then prepared to jump out after them, so that he might take the shortest way back to Tarbes and Cagnotte.

Luckily his nurse caught him just in time, setting him on her knee and asking him why he was planning to do anything so naughty and dangerous. When Theophile explained that it was Cagnotte whom he wanted and

must have, she told him that if he would only have patience and wait a little while, Cagnotte would come to him.

All day long Theophile gave his nurse no peace. Every few minutes he came running to know if Cagnotte had arrived, and he was only quieted when she went out and brought in a small dog, which in some ways was like his beloved Cagnotte. Theophile was not quite satisfied with it, until he remembered that Cagnotte must have travelled a long way, and it was not to be expected that he would look the same dog as when he started. So he put aside his doubts and knelt down to give Cagnotte a great hug of welcome.

The new Cagnotte, like the old, was a lovely black poodle and had excellent manners, besides being full of fun. He licked Theophile on both cheeks, and was altogether so friendly that he was ready to eat bread and butter off the same plate as his little master.

The two got on beautifully and were perfectly happy for some time, and then gradually Cagnotte began to lose his spirits and instead of running and jumping about the world, he moved slowly, as if he was in pain. He breathed shortly and heavily and refused

to eat anything, and even Theophile could see the dog was feeling ill.

One day Cagnotte was lying stretched out on his master's lap, and Theophile was softly stroking his skin, when suddenly his hand caught in what seemed to be string, or strong thread. In great surprise his nurse was called at once to explain the matter. She stooped down and peered closely at the dog's skin, then took her scissors and cut the thread. Cagnotte stretched himself, gave a shake, and jumped down from Theophile's lap, leaving a black sheep-skin behind him.

Some wicked men had sewed him up in this coat, so that they might get more money for him; and without it he was not a poodle at all, but just an ugly little street dog without beauty of any kind.

After helping to eat Theophile's bread and butter and soup for some weeks, Cagnotte had grown fatter, and his outside skin had become too tight for him. He had been nearly suffocated. Once freed from it, he shook his ears for joy and danced a waltz of his own, round the room not caring a straw how ugly he might be as long as he was comfortable.

A very few weeks spent in the company of

Cagnotte made the memory of Tarbes and the mountains grow dim in the mind of Theophile. He learned good French, forgot the way the country people talked and soon he had become, thanks to Cagnotte, such a thorough little Parisian that he was never again lonely or sad.

IN THE FAMILY

THE KITTEN WHO HAD NO NAME

A LONG time ago, in the land of Japan, there lived a Cat family which had a very fine little kitten. It is said that this kitten had softer fur and longer whiskers and more beautiful orange and yellow markings than any other child of a Cat in the land, and it was a question with its Cat father and its Cat mother what to name it.

They felt that it should have connections outside of the family. They wished their kitten to be called by some high-sounding name that would give it rank and position in society, so it was decided to name the little one Tiger.

“The tiger is the greatest of all animals,” said the mother Cat. “He is the lord of the forest. And now that he has a little namesake let us go to the tiger and tell him about it.”

So, taking turns carrying their kitten in their mouths, the father and mother Cat went to the forest where they knew a great tiger

with long whiskers and orange and yellow markings like those of their little one would be found lashing his tail with pride among the bamboo trees. But, alas, when these three came to the tiger they found him lying inside his lair, only peering out into the forest, for he feared the dragon. And when they told the tiger how they had named their kitten for him, the greatest creature in the world, he shook his great head sadly.

“You have made a mistake,” growled the tiger. “I am not the greatest creature in the world, for the dragon is much more powerful than I. With his fiery breath he is able to destroy me. Seek farther for a name for your son.”

So, taking turns carrying their kitten in their mouths, the father and mother Cat pushed on further, through the bamboos of the forest, until they reached the side of a mountain in which the fiery dragon had his lair. And as they looked upon the dragon’s long tail and saw his sharp claws they said to themselves that their kitten must be related slightly to him. When they saw the dragon spouting balls of fire at their approach, they were positive that now they had reached the most

powerful and the greatest creature in all the land.

In this, however, they were mistaken. The dragon was hiding, for he feared the mighty wind which blew down from the mountain top and which was so strong that it could carry him up to the clouds where the fire of his breath would be quenched. And when the Cats told him about his little namesake, the dragon made his reply.

“You have made a mistake,” said the dragon. “I am not the greatest creature in the world, for the wind can take me up into a cloud. Go farther for a name for your son.”

So, still carrying their little son, turn and turn about, in their mouths, the father and mother Cat took their way to the very top of the mountain to the cave of the winds, for they knew now what to name the little one. Their kitten should bear the honored name of Wind.

But when these three reached, after many days traveling, the cave of the winds, they found it empty. A low murmuring and muttering which grew to a howling reached their ears, for the wind was caught behind a stone wall. It was unable to cross or make its way

through, for the stones that made the wall were stronger than the force of the air.

The father and mother Cat lay down and sunned themselves on the stones. "Now we have made no mistake," they said to each other. "Our son is named. He is Wall, the strongest one in the world."

But a voice came to them from the bottom of the wall where they were able to discover a very tiny hole. This hole, although it was so small, went straight through the wall from one side to the other. A wee, small voice came to them from the hole, a small squeaking voice. It was a mouse who had proved himself stronger than the wall itself by boring his way through between the stones.

"Why not name our baby Mouse?" asked the mother Cat, "the mouse has proved itself more powerful than the wind."

But just then the kitten, who up to this time had taken no part in the discussion, made a spring and almost caught the mouse in his sharp little claws. Indeed the mouse barely got away by leaving a bit of his long, gray tail in the kitten's claws.

Then the father Cat spoke proudly. "No, we have made several mistakes," he told the

mother Cat, "but now we have been shown what to name our son. He is the child of our family. He is a Cat, and there is no name prouder for a son to bear than that of his father and mother if he bears it with honor as this little one does."

So the kitten was named Cat, and all kittens have grown into Cats ever since then to show their family feeling and do honor to their ancestors.

DANDY DINMONT'S TERRIERS

THE first object which met Wasp's eye in the kitchen of the inn was a tall, stout country looking man in a large jockey great-coat, discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef. The good woman of the place was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that part of Cumberland, was on a stone hearth, in the midst of an immensely broad chimney which had two seats extended beneath the vent.

Wasp's master, with whom he was walking through the countryside, asked for some food, and the landlady placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before him, pointing to the round of beef. At last when the traveler had cut some for himself and had fed Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was this Mr. Dandy Dinmont, spoke.

"A bonny terrier that, sir, and a good hunter, that is if he has been trained to it?"

"Really, sir," said Wasp's master, "his education has been sadly neglected, and his

chief property is being a pleasant companion."

"That's a pity, sir," said Mr. Dinmont. "Beast or body, schooling should aye be minded. I have six terriers at home, forbye two couples of hounds and some other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I had them trained first with rats, then with stoats and weasels, and then with foxes, and now they fear nothing that ever came with a hairy skin on it!"

His master asked just the question that little Wasp had in his mind.

"I have no doubt, sir, they are thoroughbred, but, to have so many dogs you seem to have slight variety of names for them?"

"That's my own fancy, sir," said Dandy Dinmont, "for calling a fine family of terriers. The Duke himself has sent as far as Charlie's-hope, our place, to get but one of Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard puppies. What say you, man, since you are but traveling about this part of the country, to going home with me and see the dogs?"

Wasp and his master, being foot travelers,

and Dandy Dinmont having his horse, could not keep up with the farmer when he took his departure from the inn, but the hint of hospitality was not lost on them. The traveler paid his bill the next morning, put an extra shilling in the good hostess' hand and, bidding her farewell, dog and master took the route to Charlie's-hope which Mr. Dinmont had gone before, being guided by the fresh footprints of his horse.

It was a hard road with the land all heath and morass. The huts were poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. They had to pick their way along a path that sometimes sunk between black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed ravines filled with mud and water, and even was piled at points with heaps of gravel and stone swept down by some water spout from the neighboring hills.

Wasp wondered how the horse had been able to take such a trail when suddenly he espied something out of the ordinary. The little terrier sprang forward barking furiously.

His master followed. In a hollow below him, a man he saw was Dandy Dinmont was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. Robbers they were, one ruffian armed

with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon, and as the dog and his master came up they had Mr. Dinmont down in the narrow pass and were beating him on his head. But Wasp's barks and the traveler's shout of courage so heartened the farmer that in that moment he was up again, and battling with his foes, and little Wasp took part in the fray. Snapping and barking at the heels of the robbers, he took them by surprise. They fled across the bog as fast as their feet would carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the enemy at just the time when a moment's diversion was in his master's favor in defending their friend.

"Your dog's well trained with thieves already, sir," were the first words Dandy Dinmont said when he came up and recognized his deliverer and his little attendant. "I'm not so badly hurt but I can ride. You must get on behind me, for we must be off like the wind before a whole band of the villains are after us!"

Indeed they saw five or six men even then coming toward them across the moor, so the two men rode the farmer's spirited little nag,

and Wasp ran along beside at a fine pace in spite of the broken road. They crossed rocky defiles, forded streams, passed the ruined tower where the robbers were living, and finally, by way of a ford over a little river, came to the fields and low thatched houses that were the farmstead of Charlie's-hope.

A most furious barking was set up at their approach by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, who came to meet them. Dandy Dinmont had to take little Wasp in his arms, for the other dogs were not as hospitable as he and were of a mind to use Wasp roughly. Dumple, the brave nag who had brought them safely home, was turned loose, walked of his own accord to the stable door, and there pawed and whinnied to be let in. And the three friends went in to Mistress Dinmont and a meal of cold beef, ham, eggs, butter, cake and barley-meal bannocks.

It was a fine welcome for the little terrier, who had been so long on the road, faithfully following at his master's heels. That night Mistress Dinmont showed them to a very small bedroom but with such a bed as they had not seen in many a day. "The sheets" she told his master, "were washed with the fairy-well

water and bleached on the bonny white gowans." Indeed they were as white as snow and had, besides, a sweet fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached.

Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet and they were both soon fast asleep.

They arose early in the morning. They saw a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a feeding-house, a stable with two good teams of horses in addition to Dumble, and Dandy Dinmont himself waiting for them in a gray shepherd's cloak and a cap faced with wild-cat's fur.

"We're off for a fox hunt this morning. Will you go?" he asked them. "You shall ride Dumble and I'll take the mare myself."

They had thought to be off again this morning, but the farmer would not hear of it. While he had been away a fox had been thieving in his chicken yard, and Mustard and Pepper's family must be after it. Out they went accordingly right after breakfast for Otterscope Scaurs, the farmer leading the way.

They soon quitted the farm valley and rode among hills so steep as to make Wasp winded as he ran up them with the horses. They

found their way by small sheep-tracks along these steep, over which Dandy Dinmont rode without the least fear, until they came to a glen on the mountain side of great depth but narrow. This was where the hunt was to take place, for it was well known that Reynard, the villain, had many holes in that region.

Along the edges of this ravine the hunters on horse or foot, who had gone on ahead, were ranged. Almost every farmer had with him a brace of fine greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country. But the aristocrats of the hunt were Dandy Dinmont's terriers, all the families and relatives both young and old of Mustard and Pepper, who had been sent forward from Charlie's-hope before Wasp was awake in company of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp and cur of low degree filled up a barking chorus of lesser degree and all were held ready on leash to slip loose at the fox as soon as one should be driven out of cover.

The dogs, impatient of their ropes and maddened with the baying of the hounds farther down the sides of the glen, leaped and strained. The shepherds could be seen springing with fearless jumps from one dangerous point to

another. The mists were not yet gone so that Wasp saw the strange scene as if he were looking through a curtain, but he felt the instinct of the chase, as his ancestors had felt it, taking hold of him.

When the fox, driven from one of his strongholds to another, and at last obliged to give up the valley where he had held fort for a long time, was caught, little Wasp had been running with the Mustards and Peppers, and they knew him for one of their generation of hunters of thieves.

Four foxes were taken on that hunt with Dandy Dinmont's terriers. Wasp ran home with old Mustard and Pepper, the dogs nosing him and showing that they recognized his family and his courage. Indeed Wasp thought he had been fox hunting all his short life instead of but once. His fight with the robbers had brought out his mettle. He tried to tell the terriers about it, and no doubt he succeeded, for when they returned to Charlie's-hope, Wasp stayed outside and had his supper with Mustard and Pepper, some rare boiled salmon and large, juicy bones.

An otter hunt the next day, and a badger baiting the day after! Wasp ran with the

shepherd and the pack for these. Young Pepper lost a fore-foot and Mustard, the Second, was badly throttled by the badger, but they did not mind. There was a whole week of this sport with fine suppers afterward and great fires to lie beside and toast their noses. At last, Wasp's master had to say farewell to his jolly host and take to the road again.

But he left his trusty little dog, Wasp, to be a guest at Charlie's-hope for a season, the guest of Mustard and Pepper. He was to be trained in hunting, but mainly to have the farm terriers for his friends. His master would return for him, and Wasp was a happy dog.

"A bit of our supper, a bit of our bread!" That was the way of Dandy Dinmont with dogs, and they repaid his care with their faithfulness.

THE FOX OUTWITTED

ONCE upon a time there was a little chicken who lived in Tuscany and wished a chance to scratch for herself out in the wide world. She told this wish to her father, the cock of the hen-yard. "Respected Cock, my father," peeped this chicken, "I wish to go to Leghorn and try to make a living there among the town fowls."

The cock was much put out by the wish of his foolish chick. "A hen must be born in Leghorn to be of the aristocracy and, beside that, you would have to pass the house of a wicked old fox on the high road," he said. "The fox would make but one mouthful of you."

"But it may be," said the chick, "that the old fox will not see me, since I am so small. Respected Cock, my father, I must go out into the wide world. I shall never be happy until I have scratched for worms in some hen-yard of Leghorn."

There seemed to be nothing to do then, but to allow the foolish chick to start out, which the cock did with tears streaming down his bill at the thought of the dangers of the road. But the ambitious little chick went by way of the side of the road, creeping underneath bushes and hiding behind stones when she approached the house of the fox. She was quite sure that she was going to pass her ancient enemy in safety, when there was the old red fox right in front of her, barring the road. Now would come the end of that little chick!

The fox licked his lips and showed his teeth in a wicked smile. But the little chick, who was brave although she was so small, stood up before the fox and bargained. "How many bites of me, Sir Fox?" asked the chick.

"No more than one, if I measure you right," said the fox, who knew he could afford to bide his time. "Suppose, now, Sir Fox," said the chick, "that you give me time to make myself into a large chicken pie for you!"

"How would you go about that?" asked the fox, incredulous.

"If you were to allow me to go on my way to the town of Leghorn," said the chick, "the good air there and the rich scratching, to say

nothing of the grand company one has, would soon make me into a fine hen. Then I should lay eggs and the eggs would hatch into chickens. When you wish it I will come this way again with enough chickens to make you the largest pie in the world."

This plan suited the fox, for he was up and down the road to Leghorn continually and he knew that the chick could not escape him.

So the little chick went on to the town of Leghorn, famed the world over for its fowls, and the good air, and the fine scratching in the company of the Leghorn chicks and hens made her into a fat hen in a very short time. This hen laid eggs and hatched chickens and tended the chicks well until she had a *hundred* children. There was scarcely a hen in Leghorn who had made such a good family showing. The hen suddenly felt a longing for home. She would like to make the trip from Leghorn to her home village of Antignano to show the children to their grandfather, the cock. And then she remembered her promise.

On the way she must sacrifice her chicks to the old red fox!

But this hen did not abandon herself to sorrow. No, she put her wits to work. She laid

a plan and then she called her hundred chicks together and unfolded the plan to them, telling them that if they did not do their part they were likely to be only so many bites in a chicken pie. Then they all started out, the mother hen at the head of the line and all her little chicks following. Each walked boldly, carrying in its mouth a long grain of wheat.

The fox was watching for them. He looked out of the window of his house and he sang a song of flattery to deceive the hen into coming close so that he could pop the chickens right into a pie.

“Little hen, little hen,
With the crimson cap,
With the buttered head,
With the forehead of curdled milk!
Show yourself at my window!
I will give you some gruel
In a red spoon.”

Well, this valiant hen marched with her hundred children right up to the window where the fox looked out. He was so surprised that about all he could see was the waving line of the stalks of wheat, rich and

bearded in the ear. "What is this?" the fox asked.

"We carry foxes' tails, Sir Fox," said the hen. "I and each of my hundred children has met in mortal battle, and killed, a fox!"

"Dear me!" said the fox in great terror, "go on, I pray you. I have no appetite to speak of today." And then he barred his window and latched his door.

So the hen took her hundred children to pay a visit to their grandfather, the cock of Antignano, and the fox was, for once at least, outwitted.

OF AMUSING CATS

THE POCKET CAT

As Janet went out of Miss Abigail's gate and started down the street toward home, she saw that Mouser, Miss Abigail's large grey cat, was following her. This was odd, for Mouser never went outside of Miss Abigail's garden and never, never noticed children. And here he was, keeping just as close to Janet's heels as he could, his feathery tail waving in a friendly way and purring loudly. It might almost be said that Mouser was smiling.

"I ought to *scat* Mouser back home," Janet said to herself, "but I should like to let him come a little farther with me. I want a cat ever so much, and I do wish Aunt Emily would let me have one."

So Janet kept on, and Mouser kept on too.

Janet walked very straight in her new dress with its flower pocket. Miss Abigail was the village dressmaker and she had just finished a green print dress for Janet with a large daisy

for the pocket. The daisy was cut from linen and Miss Abigail had embroidered its yellow center with bright linen floss in yellow. She had stitched this beautiful daisy pocket to the green dress, and then she had embroidered a green stem for the daisy that trailed down the front of the dress. It was a very attractive and unusual pocket, too nice to put one's hand in, but as Janet walked with her arms straight down at her side, she planned how she would make a daisy chain to wear about her neck with the new dress.

She had so wanted to wear it home that she was carrying her old pink gingham dress in a bundle under one arm. She was so happy about the pocket that she might have forgotten all about Mouser if she had not heard a very fierce spitting behind her.

Mouser was spitting at a big black Tommy of the village, who was trying to join him back of Janet, and who seemed just as eager to follow Janet as was Mouser. There were the two cats, side by side, purring when they were close to Janet, but quarreling if they got at all close together.

"You dear pussies!" Janet said, stopping to smooth their ruffled backs. "Don't spit

about me. I don't understand why you want to follow me, for I am not allowed to have a cat, and anyway cats don't usually follow little girls right through the street with automobiles and grocery carts and everything out. Mouser," Janet tried to speak sternly, "you must go home. Miss Abigail will have your dinner waiting for you. Scat!"

Mouser paid no heed at all to Janet, except to stand up on his back feet and try to get into her arms.

Janet started on again, although several boys and girls along the way laughed at the strange procession she was heading, for now a rather bedraggled white street cat had joined the black Tommy. Both of them growled at Mouser, but came along with him. And after a while they came to Janet's cousin Mary's house.

Mary's long-haired yellow cat with china-blue eyes sat on the gate post drying his fur after having had a bath with soap. The yellow cat was a prince among pussies, eating his fish and drinking his cream from flowered china dishes, wearing ribbons that matched his eyes and never speaking to other cats or letting other little girls hold him. But now

the long-haired yellow cat did an odd thing.

His eyes grew green with excitement. He leaped down from his gate-post right on Janet's shoulder where he sat and purred loudly and dug his sharp claws into her shoulder whenever Janet attempted to shake him off.

"You are most clever cats!" Janet said, looking at the three behind her, "You seem to know how I love cats, but what will Aunt Emily say? And I am rather ashamed to have that rude black Tommy and the dirty white cat with me."

Janet was just thinking that there were no more cats in town when she and the new dress with the daisy pocket reached Aunt Emily's house where she was spending her summer vacation. And what did she see but a mother Maltese cat sunning her five little Maltese kittens on a lawn close to the road.

Janet decided to go up close to the lawn and see if some of her cats would not like to join this family group, but this plan did not work. The mother Maltese stood up, gave an excited look at Janet, picked up the fattest and fluffiest of her kittens in her mouth and deserting

the others joined the cat parade. It was most amusing! There they all came with Janet; large, dignified Mouser, the spitting Tommy, the quarrelsome white one, the yellow prince and the hurrying Maltese with a kitten in her mouth.

Amusing, but difficult! Janet ran. The cats hurried. It was like a dream, that a little girl who had so longed for a cat should arrive at her door with six! Aunt Emily, greeting Janet, threw up her hands in amazement at the mixture of cats on her door step. Then she sniffed, as all the cats walked into the house as if they were at home. Aunt Emily had a very sensitive nose.

“There is catnip somewhere about, Janet,” she said.

Janet looked puzzled. Then she put her hand in the daisy pocket that had seemed too nice to use before, and she took out a small gray mouse made of flannel and filled with dried catnip in the cotton stuffing. The cats nearly went mad over it. No wonder they had followed Janet, and when Aunt Emily telephoned to Miss Abigail about it, she said that she must have made a mistake and put

Mouser's new catnip mouse in the daisy pocket instead of in her own. She had thought so much about that particular pocket.

Janet took Mouser home on a string leash and the yellow prince in a basket. The two village cats divided the mouse between them and then hastened off without thanks. The Maltese mother suddenly remembered her kittens and went also, and there was that dear little fat and fluffy kitten left behind!

Aunt Emily said Janet might keep it. One might almost say that the magic pocket had held a cat.

HOW CATS CAME TO PURR

A BOY having a pet cat which he wished to feed, said to her, "Come, Cat, drink of this dish of cream. It will keep your fur as soft as silk and make you purr like a coffee-mill."

He had no sooner said this to the cat than, with a great glare of her green eyes, she bristled her tail like a gun-swab and went over the back fence head first—pop—as mad as a wet hen.

And this is how she came to do so:

The story is an old one—very, very old. It may be Persian; it may not be. That is of very little moment, but here it is.

Once upon a time in a country that was quite as far from anywhere else as the entire distance thither and back, there was a huge cat who ground the coffee in the King's kitchen, and otherwise assisted with the meals.

He was ninety years old and his whiskers were like whisk brooms. But the most singular thing about him was that in all his life he

had never once purred nor humped his back, although his master often stroked him. The fact was that he had never learned to purr, nor had any reason, so far as he knew, for humping his back. It remained for him to acquire a reason and from his example to devise a habit which cats have followed from that time forth, and no doubt will forever follow.

The King of the country had long been at war with one of his neighbors, but one morning he sent back a messenger to say that he had beaten his enemy at last, and that he was coming home for an early breakfast as hungry as three bears. "Have batter-cakes and coffee," he directed, "hot, and plenty of 'em!"

At that the turnspits capered and yelped with glee, for batter-cakes and coffee are not cooked upon spits, and so they were free to sally forth into the city streets and watch the King's home-coming in a grand parade.

But the cat sat down on his tail in the corner and looked cross.

"Scat!" said he, with an angry *cater-waul*. "It is not fair play that you turnspits should go and that I should not."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the gleeful turnspits;

“turn and turn about is fair play. You saw the rat that was killed in the parlor.”

With that they pranced out into the courtyard, turning hand-springs, head-springs, and heel-springs as they went and, after giving three hearty cheers in a grand chorus at the bottom of the garden, went capering away for their holiday.

The cat spat at their vanishing heels, sat down on his tail in the chimney corner, and was very glum indeed.

Just then the cook looked in from the pantry. “Hullo!” he said gruffly. “Come, hurry up the coffee!” That was the way he always gave his orders.

The cat’s whiskers bristled. He turned to the coffee-mill with a fierce frown, his long tail going to and fro like that of a tiger in his lair, for this cat, whose name was Sooty Will, had a temper like hot gun-powder. Yet, at least when the cook was by, he turned the mill furiously, as if with a right good-will.

Meantime, out in the city, a glorious day came on. Banners waved from the castled heights, and bugles flared from every tower. The city gates rang with the cheers of the

welcoming crowd. Up from cellars, down from lofts, off work-benches, and out at the doors of their masters' shops, dodging the cuffs of their masters, pop-popping like corks from the necks of so many bottles, came apprentices, shop-boys, knaves and scullions, crying, "God save the King! Hurrah! Hurrah! Masters and work may go to Rome. Our tasks shall wait on our own sweet wills. 'Tis holiday when the King comes home. God save the King! Hurrah!"

Bugles blew and drums beat until it seemed that wild uproar and rich display had reached their highest.

Sooty Will turned the coffee-mill. "My, oh! My, oh!" he said. "It certainly is not fair that those bench-legged turnspits with feet like so many skillets should see the King marching home in his glory, while I should hear only the sound through the scullery windows. I will not stand it. It is not fair. A cat may look at a king, and if any cat may look at any king, why, I am the cat who may. There are no other cats in the world. I am the only one. Pooh! The cook may shout until his breath gives out; he cannot frighten me. For once I am going to have my fling!"

So the cat forthwith swallowed the coffee-mill, box, handle, drawer-knobs, coffee-well, and all, and was off to see the King.

So far, so good. But, ah, brightest joys too soon must end!

When the procession was past and gone, Sooty Will, with drooping tail, stood by the palace gate, dejected. He was cross, silent, glum. Indeed, who would not be, with a coffee-mill on his conscience? To confess to the entire truth, the cat was feeling decidedly unwell; when suddenly the cook popped his head in at the scullery entry, crying, "How now, how now, you vagabond! The war is done, but the breakfast is not. Hurry up, scurry up, scamper and trot. The cakes are all cooked and are piping hot. Then why is the coffee so slow?"

The King was in the dining-hall, in dressing gown and slippers, irately calling for his breakfast!

The shamefaced, guilty cat ran hastily down the scullery stairs and hid under the refrigerator, with such a deep, inward feeling of remorse that he dared not look the angry cook in the face. It now seemed to him that everything had gone wrong with the world, es-

pecially his own inside. This will be readily understood by anyone who has swallowed a coffee-mill. Sooty Will began to weep copiously.

The cook came into the kitchen. "Where is the coffee?" he said; then, catching sight of the secluded cat, he stopped, crying, "Where is the coffee?"

The cat sobbed loudly. "Some one must have come into the kitchen while I stepped out to look at the King," he gasped, for there seemed to him no way out of it but by telling a plausible untruth. "Some one must have come into the kitchen and stolen the coffee-mill!" and with that, choking upon the handle of the mill, which stuck up into his throat, he burst into loud howls.

The cook, who was in truth a very kind-hearted man, sought to reassure the poor cat. "There, it is unfortunate, very; but do not weep. Thieves thrive in kings' houses!" he said, and, stooping, he began to stroke the drooping cat's back to show that he held the miserable creature blameless.

Sooty Will's heart beat faster.

"*Miaouw, miaouw!*" he half gasped. "If

he rubs his great hand down my back he will feel the corners of the coffee-mill through my ribs, as sure as fate! *Miaouw*, I shall be a gone cat!" And with that, in an agony of apprehension lest his guilt and his falsehood be thus presently detected, he humped up his back as high in the air as he could, so that the corners of the mill might not make bumps in his sides and so the mill remained hidden.

But, alas, he forgot that coffee-mills turn. As he humped up his back to cover his guilt, the coffee-mill inside rolled over, and as it rolled began to grind-*rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr*!

"Alas, you have swallowed the mill!" cried the cook.

"No, no," said Sooty Will. "I was only thinking aloud."

At that out stepped the Genius that lived under the Great Ovens and, with his finger pointed at the cat, said in a frightful voice, husky with wood-ashes, "Miserable beast! By telling a falsehood to cover a wrong, you have only made bad matters worse. For betraying man's kindness, a coffee-mill shall remain with you until the end of the world. Whenever men stroke you in kindness, the

memory of your guilt shall make you hump up your back, as you did to avoid being found out. And in order that this lesson shall never be forgotten by your family, whenever man is kind to a cat the sound of the grumbling of a coffee-mill inside shall perpetually remind him of your guilt and shame!"

With that the Genius vanished in a cloud of smoke.

And it was even as he said. From that day Sooty Will could never abide having his back stroked without humping it up to conceal the mill within him. And never did he hump up his back but the coffee-mill began slowly to grind, *rr-rr-rr-rr-rr!* inside him. So that, even in the prime of his life, before his declining days had come, being seized with a great remorse for these things which could never be amended, he retired to a home for aged and respectable cats. There, so far as the records reveal, Sooty Will and his coffee-mill lived the remainder of his days in charity and repentance.

But the matter has come down even to the present day, as the Genius that lived under the Great Ovens said it would. Though cats have probably forgotten the facts and so,

when stroked, hump their backs and purr as if in pleasure, these actions have to do with their ancestor Sooty Will, and their purring sounds are like the grinding of his coffee-mill.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE

Dame Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle
Or washed in a bowl:
She held rats and mice
In such antipathy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice, scared
By this fierce whiskered crew,
The seven poor cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle,
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces

Before they took tea.
“Were there ever such dears!”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For Stitlings; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for the cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see;
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleased,
And ran out to market;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee.
“Well done, my good cats!”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice;
When she came back
They were skating on ice.
“I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps two or three,
I’ll wager a crown!”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
“If you sit like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said, “Beautiful! Hark!”
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
They sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly,
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
On a tomtit and sparrow,

And wheeled a sick lamb
Home in a wheelbarrow.
“You shall all have some sprats
For your human-ity,
My seven good cats,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb:
They turned up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
“I shall ne’er want a nurse,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good-night,
And went up to bed;
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats had all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
“Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame’s heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep;

She fondled and patted
Each purring Tom-my,
“Ah! welcome, my dears,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother;
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about;
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Through the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.
You shall presently see;
Said he, “All my stock

For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when turned round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, “I suppose
She’s as deaf as can be,
Or this ne’er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

To show them his poultry,
He turned them all loose,
When each nimbly leaped
On the back of a Goose,
Which frightened them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drowned the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
“I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows,” said he;
My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

WHY

WHY THERE ARE TAILLESS CATS

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there was a flood of waters sent to the earth, and Father Noah built himself an ark to shelter all the flying and the slow moving and the creeping creatures of the earth. Deep and wide and high did Father Noah build the ark and then he looked out of the door and he called to all the creatures to come in, two by two, for shelter with him.

In those days there lived a cat who was a great and famed mouser. She was the first mouser and she lived on the Isle of Man from which she was busy ridding the earth of rats and mice. This cat had good ears. Yes, she had excellent hearing, but when Father Noah called from the door of the ark for all the creatures to come in to him for shelter from the waters, this cat looked up at the sky and saw that it was still blue.

“There will be plenty of time for me to catch another mouse before I start for the

ark," this cat thought to herself and with that she set out hunting and did not obey the call of Father Noah.

But the cat could find no mouse, although she hunted for a day and a night, and the longer she searched the more did she desire that mouse. She would not allow herself to look at the procession of the animals, two by two, taking their way across the plains and the hills to the ark. And as she hunted, a raven flew by.

"You will be too late! You will be too late!" croaked the raven, "all of us who fly above the earth have been summoned to sail with Father Noah in his ark."

"Well, what is that to me?" growled the cat, and she paid no heed to the warning of the raven.

But the cat was still unable to find a mouse, although she hunted another day from sunrise to sunset, and all that day the procession of the animals passed her, two by two, taking their way across the mountains and the streams on their way to the ark. And as she hunted, the ox stopped for a moment.

"You will be too late! You will be too late!" the ox said to the cat in his deep and

rumbling voice. "All of us slow treading beasts of the earth are summoned to sail with Father Noah in his ark."

"Well," spit the cat, "where are your eyes, dull ox? Am I slow moving? There is yet time for me to reach the ark before you," and she continued her hunting.

But still the cat was unable to find a mouse. She looked in all the corners and underneath the grain piles and wherever there were holes, but not so much as the tip of a mouse's tail could she spy. And the longer she hunted the surer was she that it was more important to catch a mouse than to obey Father Noah. And all day and all night the procession of the animals went by, two by two, taking their way across the islands and the mainland, all of them hurrying on their way to the ark. But in the procession was a friendly ant who stopped.

"You will be too late! You will be too late!" said the ant in a tiny, tiny voice to the cat. "All of us who creep upon the earth have been summoned to sail with Father Noah in the Ark. Come, cat, and join us!"

"I could crush you with my paw!" said the cat in a surly voice to the ant. "I am not a

creeping creature. I am almost as swift a runner as the deer—": But that was all the Cat said, for she suddenly felt a drop of rain fall *plump* on the tip of her pretty pink nose.

She was astonished, for she had never had her nose wet before, and she was also frightened, for she did not like the feeling of water and it began to rain hard. The sky was darkened, the drops of rain changed to a shower and the shower changed to a torrent. The Cat ran; oh, how she ran! But she was not able to catch up with the end of the procession of the animals, two by two, on their way to the shelter of the ark, because they had all started at the first call of Father Noah.

On through the dark and the rain ran the cat, over plains and hills, climbing mountains and running through valleys. And at last she came to the edge of things, for this was the cat who lived on the Isle of Man. She must swim if she were to reach the mainland and the ark, and she had never been a swimmer. But the cat plunged into the water and swam toward the ark, whose light she could make out through the darkness, for cats, you know, are able to see in the dark. It is said that this is one of the reasons why all cats, ever

since, have disliked the water, because there was a cat on the Isle of Man who had to swim to the ark.

However that may be, the cat reached the the land and ran, dripping and crying and very much ashamed of herself, up to the door of the ark which Father Noah was just closing, for he thought that all the animals were safely inside. The waters were rising fast so he called, "Come, pussy! Hurry, Pussy!"

She entered the ark, and Father Noah slammed the door just in time, but, alas, he shut in her tail and it came off. Yes, this cat was obliged to leave her tail outside the ark. And lucky she was to get in even in that condition. She realized that. But ever since then the Manx cats, the cats who live on the Isle of Man, have no tails. And it is said that this is because the first cat delayed in reaching the ark when she should have.

WHY THE CAT CATCHES MICE

ONCE upon a time, long ago, when there were castles and deep forests and packs of hounds that lived in the castles and hunted with their masters in the forests, there was a law about these dogs. The law was this, that whatever fell from the long table where the knights and hunters dined in the castle hall should belong to the dogs. They sat waiting patiently while their masters partook of roasted fowls and game pies and savory joints, so it was but just that the scraps from the feasting should be theirs. That was the decree.

But when the dogs met in council an old hound, who was wise and had been trained for the law when he was young, suggested that the matter really ought to be put in writing upon parchment.

“We can trust our present masters,” said this hound, “but how do we know that the little boys now growing up in the castle will

treat our puppies as well as their fathers treat us? No, I say we are not at all sure of this unless we put it in the form of a document.” The old hound nodded his head sagely as did all the other dogs who sat around him at the meeting. It was decided that he was right.

Seated in one corner of the dogs’ council chamber was a cat named Tom, who was the secretary. He had served the dogs well in this office for some time, he never spilled the ink and he had a quill pen always behind one ear ready to write a letter for any dog with his clever paw. So Tom was asked to bring a long piece of parchment, and on it, in the presence of the dogs’ council, the law was set down, that all the meat which fell from their masters’ tables, for all time and until their puppies’ puppies were great grandfathers, should belong to the dogs who waited patiently beside their masters’ chairs.

The parchment was neatly rolled up by Tom and he decided that he ought to find the safest place in the world in which to hide it. He sealed it, tucked it under one paw and started up to the attic of the castle where he lived.

The attic was far away from everything, higher than the tower and the battlements

even. And Tom had never met anyone there except some long-legged spiders who ran off as soon as they heard his footsteps. Tom took the parchment law which had been written out in such a learned manner, and he crept into the farthest and darkest corner of the attic where a low beam sloped down to the floor. Under this beam Tom hid the document and then he left it there secure and safe for years, he felt sure.

For a long time everything went well with the dogs in that country. They served their masters faithfully, and in return they were so well fed that they grew fat and careless. The King of the dogs had no need of even consulting the law of the parchment; he never would have needed it, if it had not been for young Tray, a carefree and vagabond dog who had no castle but lived as he liked on the roads and in the hedges.

Tray came up to the Miller's house one Sunday when the Miller's wife was cooking a goose. He smelled its savory stuffing and he crept into the kitchen of the mill-house and followed the Miller's good-wife as she bore the goose, steaming and bursting with its fat, in to the Miller upon a wooden trencher.

But, alas, the good-wife dropped the goose! It was heavy and she did not see the loose board in the floor on which she stumbled. *Plop*, down went the goose! *Gobble*, up Tray took it in his mouth and off he ran to eat it at his pleasure in the woods beyond the mill.

Here was a difficult situation. The Miller went after Tray and caught him, although not until he had devoured the goose. He rubbed Tray's paw in the ashes to teach him not to steal and Tray went limping to the King of the dogs, who was in council at that time, to demand that the Miller be prosecuted, for he had broken the law of food as it had been given to the dogs and set down by them on parchment.

Of course no master had ever intended to drop a whole stuffed goose beneath his table for his dogs. The dogs in council knew that and so did the vagabond, Tray, but the King of the dogs thought that it would be well to consult the writing. There might have been some clause in it which would fit such a case as this.

"Tom," called the King of the dogs to their secretary, "Go as fast as you can and bring us the parchment."

So Tom ran on his soft paws up to the attic and to the darkest corner under the beam where he had hidden the precious roll; he went to this attic in which he had met only a few long-legged spiders in all the years he had been secretary to the dogs. But the parchment was gone. All that remained of it was a tiny pile of tiny scraps, and beside it sat a small gentleman in a gray velvet waistcoat and with a long thin tail curled over his back. His bright little eyes twinkled at Tom, for he knew what had become of the roll of parchment. He was the little mouse who had eaten it.

Tom's eyes grew fiery and he showed his sharp claws as he pounced toward the little mouse, but the mouse was too quick for him and ran into its hole in the wall. Disgraced, ashamed, Tom went back to the council and had his quill pen taken away from him and was discharged as secretary to the dogs. The matter of the goose never was settled very well. Tray was of one opinion and the dogs who were gentlemen were of the opposite opinion, but there was just one idea in the mind of Tom, the cat. He was going to catch that mouse up in the attic.

Perhaps he did and perhaps he did not. The story does not go that far, but this is known—that cats have been chasing mice ever since. It is said that this was when the desire of a cat for a mouse began, when one little gray mouse in the attic of a castle cost Tom his position as secretary to the King of the dogs.

WHY THE CAT DISLIKES WET FEET

ONCE upon a time, in Story-Telling Land, there was a wealthy cat.

He was such a rich cat that he could have fish every morning for breakfast without having to worry about his bank account. He had a cook-cat, who broiled his fish for him and brought it to him on a silver platter covered with cream sauce. He had a fur cloak and ear-laps and two pairs of overshoes for the winter. And he had two pairs of goloshes and a little green umbrella for the spring, for this wealthy cat had never, never set his paws in a mud puddle.

It was to be expected that he would leave, at least, the little tail of his fish every morning for his cook-cat's breakfast. But there came a day when this rich cat decided that even the little tail of his breakfast fish belonged to him. So he ate it. Then he decided that he ought to be served two or more fish, tails and all, and finally all the fish that swim, tails and all, just

for himself. This was impossible for the cook-cat, so the wealthy one put on his two pairs of rubber goloshes and took his little green umbrella daintily in the curved tip of his tail, and started out to get for himself all the fish that swim.

He had never been out alone in the world before, and he did not know his way. Before long the cat came to a green toad, and the toad spoke to him.

“Will you be so kind as to loan me your little green umbrella, sir?” the toad asked the cat politely. “I am obliged to remain out here in the rain all day long to catch the garden grubs, and my new spring suit is getting wrinkled and damp.”

The wealthy cat looked scornfully at the toad, “Not I,” he said, “This is my green umbrella and I need it, for I am on my way to catch all the fish that swim. Can you direct me to them?”

The toad looked surprised, but he motioned in the direction of the cross-roads, so the cat went on, holding his little green umbrella carefully in the curved tip of his tail, and lifting his feet in his two pairs of goloshes high. And when he came to the cross-roads, the cat met a

clucking hen. The hen was looking in all directions and seemed very much distressed. "Will you be so good as to lend me two of your goloshes, sir?" asked the hen of the cat politely. "I made a mistake this spring and sat on ducks' eggs instead of on my own, and the little ducklings I hatched are on their way to the mill pond. I am following to look after them, for they are very young and inexperienced, but two goloshes would help me to get over the ground faster."

The wealthy cat looked scornfully at the hen. "Not I!" said he. "I always wear two pairs of foot covering. You don't expect me to walk on my back feet, do you, when I also am in a hurry? I am on my way to find all the fish that swim. Can you direct me?"

The hen seemed disappointed, for her feathers were draggled and her feet were muddy, but she clucked cheerfully in reply. "Follow me, sir," she advised the cat. "My family is not fond of fish, but it is possible that I can lead you to them."

So the wealthy cat, holding his umbrella high in the curved tip of his tail and lifting his two pairs of rubber goloshes high, went along with the poor, draggled hen. They took

the right-hand road and then crossed a marsh, and on the other side of the marsh they met a duck. The duck seemed to be in haste, but she stopped and spoke to the cat.

“Will you be so good, sir,” asked the duck, “as to let me walk beside you, sharing your umbrella? I have just had word that there is a brood of young ducklings, hatched out by mistake by a hen, down at the mill pond with no one to teach them to swim. I am on my way to them, and I have not stopped to oil my feathers.”

The hen told the duck that she was on the same errand, that of trying to protect the little ducks, but the cat spoke scornfully.

“Not I,” he said in reply to the duck’s request. “This is my own, personal umbrella, cut just wide enough to keep the rain out of my ears and off my whiskers. If I allow you to walk under it, here at my side, I may get wet. I am on my way to find all the fish that swim. Can you direct me to them?”

The duck and the hen looked at one another. Then they winked at each other and the duck said.

“Follow us, good sir. I know a place where hundreds of fish swim; trout, butterfish,

flounders, perch, bass, pickerel, eels, and the most entrancing little minnows." The duck could scarcely quack fast enough to enumerate the fish. So the wealthy cat, his mouth watering for fish, and keeping to one side of the road under his little green umbrella and wearing his two pairs of goloshes, followed the hen and the duck.

They went to the end of the road and as far as the mill pond. There they found the ducklings swimming safely and well all by themselves, so the hen and the duck had nothing to think of but directing the cat.

"Here you are, sir," clucked the hen.

"Here you will find trout, butterfish, flounders, perch, bass, pickerel, eels and the most delicious little minnows," quacked the duck.

"Walk right in and fish," said they both.

So the wealthy cat, holding the green umbrella jauntily in the curved tip of his tail walked, in his two pairs of rubber goloshes, right into the mill pond and he immediately went down to the bottom.

When he came up, his green umbrella was floating down toward the mill rush, and he had to kick off his goloshes before he could get to

an overhanging branch and reach the shore. The fish were too slippery for his claws, and he sat there, wet and shivering and shaking his paws, for he had never been wet before.

He went home a wiser cat, and after that he always gave his cook-cat the tiny tail of his breakfast fish. And ever since this thing happened in Story-Telling Land, cats have shaken their paws when they got them even the least bit wet.

OF FAITHFUL DOGS

¹ THE DANCING DOG

ZAMORE was a little dog, as black as ink, except for two yellow patches over his eyes, and a stray patch on his chest. He was not in the least handsome, and no stranger would ever have given him a second thought. But when you came to know him, you found Zamore was not at all a common dog. No one could possibly have guessed that such a very quiet and reserved dog was at heart as gay and cheerful as the silliest kitten that ever was born, but so he was, and this is how his family found it out.

One day he was walking as seriously as usual through a broad square in the outskirts of Paris, when he was surprised at meeting a large gray donkey, with two panniers on his back, and in the panniers a troop of dogs, some dressed as Swiss shepherdesses, some as Turks, and some in full court costume. The owner of the animal troupe stopped the don-

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key close to where Zamore was standing, and bade the dogs jump down. Then he cracked his whip; the fife and drum struck up a merry tune, the dogs steadied themselves on their hind legs, and the dance began.

Zamore looked on as if he had been turned into stone. The sight of dogs dressed in bright colors, this one with his head covered with a feathered hat, and that one wearing a turban, all moving about in time to music, and making little pirouettes and bows! Were they really *dogs* he was watching, or some new kind of men?

Anyway he had never seen anything so enchanting or so beautiful, and if it were true that they were only dogs—well, he was a dog too!

With that thought, all that lay hidden in Zamore's soul burst forth, and when the dancers filed gracefully before him, he raised himself on his hind legs, and in spite of staggering a little, prepared to join the ring, to the great amusement of the spectators.

The dog-owner, however, did not see matters in the same light. He raised his whip a second time, and brought it down with a crack

on the sides of Zamore, who ran out of the ring, and with his tail between his legs and an air of deep thought, returned home.

All that day Zamore was serious and gloomy. Nothing would tempt him, hardly even his favorite dinner, and it was quite plain that he was turning over something in his mind. But during the night his two young mistresses were awakened by a strange noise that seemed to come from an empty room next theirs where Zamore usually slept. They both lay awake and listened and thought it was like a measured stamping, and that the mice must be giving a ball. But could little mice feet tread so heavily as that? Supposing a thief had got in?

So the braver of the two little girls got up and stealing to the door softly opened it and looked into the room. And what do you think she saw? Why, Zamore, on his hind legs, his paws in the air, practising carefully the steps that he had been watching that morning!

This was not, as one might have suspected, a mere fancy of the moment, which would be forgotten the next day. Zamore was too serious a dog for that, and by dint of hard study

he became in time a beautiful dancer. As often as the fife and drum were heard in the streets, Zamore rushed out of the house, glided softly between the children, and watched with absorbed attention the dancing dogs who were doing their steps; but remembering the blow he had from the whip, he took care not to join them.

He noted their positions, the figures, and the way they held their bodies, and in the night he copied them, though by day he was as solemn as ever. Soon he was not contented with merely copying what he saw, he invented for himself, and with a stateliness of step few dogs could reach. Often his dances were watched by his two little mistresses through a crack in the door; and so earnest was he, that at length, worn out by dancing, he would drink up the whole of a large basin of water which stood in the corner of the room.

And when Zamore felt himself the equal of the best of the dancing dogs he began to wish that, like them, he might have an audience.

Now in France, the houses are not always built in rows as they are in England, but sometimes have a square courtyard in front, and in the house where Zamore lived, this

court was shut in on one side by an iron railing, which was wide enough to let dogs of a slim figure squeeze through.

One fine morning there met in this courtyard fifteen or twenty dogs, friends of Zamore, to whom the night before he had sent letters of invitation. The object of the party was to see Zamore make his *début* in dancing, and the courtyard was to be the ballroom, which Zamore had carefully swept with his tail.

The dance began and the spectators were so delighted, that they could not wait for the end to applaud, as people ought to do, but uttered loud cries of "*Ouah, ouah,*" that reminded you of the noises you hear at a theatre. All except one old water spaniel who was filled with envy at Zamore's dancing, and declared that no dignified dog would ever make such an exhibition of himself. But all the others avowed that Zamore was the king of dancers, and that nothing had ever been seen to equal for grace and beauty his minuet, jig, and waltz.

Of course, if he had chosen, he might now have joined the troupe of dancing dogs, but the love of his home proved greater than his love

of his art. It was only during his dancing moments that Zamore unbent. At all other times he was as faithful as ever, and never cared to stir from the rug unless he saw his master take up his hat and stick. To the last he remained unknown, except to his admiring family.

A DOG OF FLANDERS

A DOG of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century—slaves of dogs, dogs of the people, beasts of the shaft and the harness who died breaking their hearts on the stones of the streets.

His master was a brute. He was a dealer in hardware who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. He piled Patrasche's cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets and other wares of crockery, brass and tin, and left the dog to draw the load as best he might while he himself lounged idly by the side or stopped at the inns they passed along the road.

One day, after two years of this long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to Antwerp. It was full midsummer and very warm. His cart was heavy, and his master sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by a crack of the whip as it curved round his quivering loins. He stopped often, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop for a minute for a drink from the water of the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and, which was far worse, not having had water for nearly twelve, being blind with the dust, sore with blows, and lame with the load of earthenware and goods of metal, Patrasche, for once, staggered and then fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun. He was sick unto death and motionless. His master kicked him and beat him with an oak cudgel, but Patrasche was beyond feeling pain. He lay without moving in the white powder of the summer dust, and his master, deeming life gone in the dog, struck the leathern bands of the harness, kicked his body heavily aside in

the grass and pushed the cart lazily along the road up hill. He had got a fair use and good profit out of Patrasche. A dying dog, a dog of the cart—why should he waste time looking after him when it was the last day before *kermess* at Louvain and he was in haste to reach the fair and get a good place for his truck of brass wares?

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to Louvain. Some saw him; most did not look. All passed on. A dead dog more or less, a dog who had toiled ceaselessly from sunrise to sunset, through summer and winter, in fair weather and foul—it was nothing to anybody on a holiday.

After a time, though, amongst the holiday-makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was in no guise for feasting; he was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way through the dust and the pleasure-seekers. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch and surveyed

the dog with kindly eyes of pity. With him was a rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child who also stopped and stood gazing with sadness and affection at the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two met—the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

The upshot of it was that old Jehan Daas, the grandfather of Nello, with great effort, drew the dog home to their own little hut a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, brought on by the heat and thirst and weariness, passed away, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

For many weeks he had been useless, sick, but in all that time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed, and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night to tell them that he lived. And when Patrasche was first well enough to try a loud, hollow, broken bark, they laughed aloud and

almost wept for joy that he was better, and Nello hung around his rugged neck a chain of daisies and kissed him.

So, then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that here was so much kindness for him, and his heart awakened to a mighty love. He, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche pondered long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his two friends.

Now Jehan Daas was an old soldier, but he could do nothing for their living but limp about with a small cart, in which he carried daily the milkcans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. It suited them to send their milk by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, and their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was

lying in the sun with a wreath of daisies round his neck.

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it, and placed himself between the handles, and showed as plainly as he could his desire and his ability to work in return for the kindness that he had shared. They resisted long, for the old man thought it a shame to bind a dog for work, but Patrasche would not be gainsaid. Finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan Daas gave way, for the dog's desire was so plain. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life henceforward.

It seemed heaven for Patrasche. After the frightful burdens that his old master had put upon him, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed play to step out with this little light green cart with its bright brass cans, with Nello beside him to stroke and caress him all the way. Beside, his work was over by three or four of the day, and after that he was free to do as he would—to stretch himself, to sleep

in the sun, to romp with the little boy, Nello, or to play with other dogs.

The little Nello was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat. And many an artist sketched the two as they took their way with the milk—the green cart with the brass flagons, and the great tawny-colored, massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed merrily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the little fair children of the master painter of Antwerp, Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and joyfully together that Jehan Daas had no need to stir out, but could sit in his doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three and watch for their return.

And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of joy, and Nello would tell of all that had happened to them on the way, and then they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and

milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire.

A dog of Flanders—Patrasche was very happy.

THE DOG WHO LOST HIS MASTER

THERE was once a dog who had a master whom he loved very dearly, and this man went away from the dog's house one day when the dog was out running with his friends. When he came home toward supper time, and hurried up to the room where this man, his master, had lain in a wide bed for a long time, there was no one there. The dog was sure of this, because he stood up beside the bed and put his paws on the coverlet and his warm, loving tongue on the pillow, but the bed was empty.

The dog's house was a large, stately one with many rooms and a carriage entrance with an awning in front, and it stood so far back from the village street that it was quite a run from the carriage entrance to the street. There were many servants, and friends came to the house, but of all people the dog loved his master the most, and even though he was often too busy during the day to stay up in

his master's room, the dog had never failed to visit him late in the afternoon. He had never allowed his duties about town to interfere with this.

This dog had come to his master's house in a green town among the hills from a city, and he had felt that he should, almost from his first day in the town, be neighborly. So every morning, before even the cook had come down to the kitchen, the dog set out without his breakfast to go the rounds of the nearby houses with the milkman. There were babies in some of these houses and the dog barked to let their mothers know that the milk had come.

After he had made the rounds with the milkman, the dog hurried home for the breakfast which the cook always had ready for him, and when he had eaten this it was his time for going out with the postman. Nearly all the houses on his street were set back, as his was, far from the street among trees and gardens, making a long walk for the postman with each delivery of mail. The postman would tie the letters and papers together for each house and the dog would take this package of mail carefully in his mouth and deliver it at the

front door. This kept him busy each morning until the sun was high when he would come home again and see if the cook had his dinner ready. After dinner he met some of his dog friends and ran with them, or he went down town and sat on the hotel steps as he saw some of the townsmen do. All this time the dog may have seemed a bit unsociable, for he never allowed anyone to pat him when he was carrying mail, nor did he pay attention to anyone in the street except members of his family.

He was a big, shaggy dog, who looked a good deal like a muddy sheep, and the smaller dogs came to know him as a fighter. He seemed to have no thought all day except his own dog business, but this was not true. He was on what he thought was his master's business and he had his master in his mind all the time.

When he came home and went upstairs to visit with his master, the dog almost spoke his love. The thumping of his tail was a drum beat of joy. If his master so much as laid one weak hand on the dog's head, he was all a-tremble with happiness. And when the dog found his master's bed empty he could not understand it.

He went down and sat in front of the house at the carriage entrance waiting for his master to come in from a drive, and he waited for him there all night. He growled when the servants tried to coax him in. When morning came, the dog went the rounds with the milkman and had his breakfast and followed the postman as usual. Then, after his dinner, he went out and pretended to the other dogs that he felt just as usual. He even barked and ran when some stranger whistled, making-believe that he had heard his master call. But this was only a make-shift with the dog. He went home in the afternoon and lay awhile outside his master's empty, locked room and then he waited all of another night at the carriage entrance for his master to return from some journey, and he did not return.

The dog was very valuable. His ancestors had been fine Irish terriers and he felt a thing more earnestly than some dogs do. He felt sure that his master would not have gone away without telling him good-bye. Or, if he had been called away suddenly, the dog felt that his master must return. He expected him any day by way of the carriage entrance,

so the dog watched there no matter what the weather was.

Each day he carried on his milk and mail delivery duties, but he lost his appetite, and what little he ate he took out there in front of the house. When his master had gone, an arrangement had been made to keep the house open and a servant to feed and look after the dog as long as he was happy, but the dog grew thin. His hair was matted and full of lumps of mud. His big brown eyes looked farther than human eyes could see as he waited for his master, and there came a time when he would not touch food and showed his teeth if anyone came near him.

The house next door to the dog's had never interested him very much. It was just as large, and it stood just as far back from the street among its trees and flowers, but the dog's master did not live there so he never visited it. It was just as quiet a house as his, or it had been as quiet until one day several weeks after his master had gone away, when the dog heard a sound from it.

He lay there, weak and thin, in his driveway, expecting his master at any moment but

hardly able to wait much longer, when he heard this sound—a little child's voice. He looked over. There she was, a little girl who was now big enough to play out on the piazza in the sunshine, and she was calling the dog. "Here, Pat! Good old Pat! Come over and see Marjorie." She tried to whistle, although her rosebud mouth was much too small.

The dog stood up on his shaking legs. A great thought had come to him. The child was, for the moment alone. Suppose a strange dog or a tramp were to see that nice little girl next door? Strange, how he had never realized before how she needed him!

The dog left his post and went over there, next door. He lay down on the piazza, wagging his tail beside the little girl. She patted him and her small hand on his head gave him something like the same feeling of happiness that his master's hand had.

Then a strange thing happened to this dog. It was not that he forgot his master. Oh, no, indeed. But the little girl needed him and so he went next door to live. They closed his old house and the servants went away, and the dog hardly noticed it, so busy was he with dolls and balls and keeping watch that his lit-

the girl did not stray off her lawn. He still helps the milkman and the postman. He still runs with the other dogs as far as the hills sometimes, pretending that a sudden, faraway whistle is the call of his master. But he is a fat, cheerful, busy dog, a dog who lost his master but was able to hear the voice of the little girl who lives next door.

OF CATS AND DOGS

THE QUARREL OF THE CAT AND THE DOG

IN the childhood of the world, when Father Adam named all the animals and ruled over them, the dog and the cat were the greatest good friends. They were inseparable chums in their recreations, faithful friends in all their transactions, and devoted comrades in adventures, pleasures and sorrows. They lived together, shared each other's food and confided their secrets to none but themselves. It seemed that no possible difference would ever arise to cause trouble between them.

But at last winter came. It was a new experience to them to feel the cold wind cutting through their skins and making them shiver. The dismal prospect of the leafless trees and the hard, cold ground weighed heavily upon their hearts and, worse still, there was less food. The scarcity grew serious and hunger plunged them into unhappiness and despair. The dog became melancholy, while puss grew

peevish, then petulant, and finally developed a horrid temper.

"We can't go on like this," moaned the cat. "I think we had better dissolve partnership. We can't find enough to share when we are together, but separately we ought to discover sufficient forage in our hunting."

"I think I can help you, puss," suggested the dog, "because I am the stronger."

Puss did not contradict, but she thought the dog a bit of a goose and too good-natured. She knew herself to be sly and intended to rely on that quality for her future sustenance. The dog was deeply hurt at the cat's desire to end their partnership, but he said quietly, "Of course, if you insist on parting I will agree."

"It is agreed then," purred the cat.

"Where will you go?" asked the dog.

"To the house of Father Adam," promptly replied the cat, who had evidently made up her mind. "There are mice there. Father Adam will be grateful if I clear them away. And I shall be given all the food I want."

"Very well," assented the dog, "Then I shall wander further afield."

But just at this moment the cat had an idea. She spoke solemnly.

“We must each take an oath,” she told the dog, “never to cross the other’s path. That is the proper way to terminate a business agreement. The serpent who lives in Father Adam’s garden and who is the wisest of all, says so.”

So the dog and the cat put their right fore-paws together and gravely repeated on oath never to interfere with each other by going to the same place. The dog then trotted off sorrowfully but the cat did not do so. She scampered as fast as she could to the warm, cozy house of their Father Adam.

“Dear Father Adam,” she purred. “I have come to be your slave. You are troubled with mice in the house. I can rid you of them, and I want nothing from you for my services except a little food.”

“Thou art welcome,” said Father Adam, stroking the cat’s warm fur.

Puss rubbed her head against his feet, purred, sat beside the fire, and when she had warmed herself she ran off to look for mice. She found plenty and soon grew fat and com-

fortable. Adam treated the cat kindly and she soon forgot all about her former comrade.

The poor dog did not fare very well. Indeed, he had a rough time. He wandered aimlessly about over the frozen ground and was not able to find the slightest scrap of food. After three days, weary, paw-sore, and dispirited, he came to a wolf's lair and begged for shelter. The wolf took pity on him, gave him some scraps of food and permitted him to sleep in his lair. The dog was very thankful and, sleeping with his ears on the alert, he heard stealthy footsteps in the night. He told the wolf.

"Drive the intruders away," said his host in a surly tone.

The dog went obediently to do so, but outside the lair he found a pack of wild beasts who fell upon him and nearly killed him. He was lucky to escape with his life. After bathing his wounds at a pool in the early morning, he wandered all day long, but again he could find nothing. Toward night when he could scarcely drag his famished and wounded body along, he came upon a monkey in a tree.

"Kind Monkey!?" pleaded the dog, "give

me shelter for the night. I am exhausted and hungry."

"Go away! Go away! Go away!" chattered the monkey, jumping and swinging swiftly from branch to branch, moving his lips quickly and opening and shutting his eyes in an odd way. The dog waited, hoping that he would relent, but the monkey now threw cocoanuts down at him. So at last the poor dog crawled miserably away.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. Hearing the bleating of some sheep, he made his way to them and asked them to take compassion on him.

"We will, if you will watch over us and tell when the wolf comes," the sheep said to the dog.

To this the dog agreed willingly, and after he had devoured some food he stretched himself to sleep like a faithful watchman, with one eye open. In the middle of the night, he heard the wolves approaching, and, anxious to serve the sheep, he sprang to his feet and began to bark loudly. This aroused the sheep, who awoke, ran wildly in all directions, and lost some of their number by dashing into

the pack of wolves where they were killed. The dog, although he had tried to do his best, was almost broken-hearted at this and he made up his mind that he would keep away from all creatures after his failure.

Once again he set out on his travels. Whenever he met an animal he ran in the opposite direction. He went by lonely paths and along unfrequented roads. He grew weak and thin and he was always in danger from wild beasts.

At last the dog came in sight of a house. He crept up to the door and begged for a little food, at the same time warning the man of the house that wild beasts were in his neighborhood making a raid. This man jumped up at the news, seized his bow and arrows and drove off the beasts. Then he called the dog to him, patted him and said, "Good dog! You shall stay here, and you will find Father Adam kind."

But the dog was nonplussed at this. "Father Adam," he exclaimed. "I did not know that this was your house. I must not stay here!"

"But I insist!" said Father Adam. "I have no house-dog, and you are the very one I

want, honest, faithful, and a good watch-dog.”

So the dog was forced to accept Father Adam's invitation. He went into the house, and there sat the cat beside Father Adam's fire. She was amazed, then angry to see the dog. Then she arched her back, threw out sparks of fire from her tail and spit at the dog. “Villain!” said the cat, “you have broken your oath!”

Father Adam was a peaceful man and he at once came to the help of the dog, when he understood how matters stood between him and the cat. “He did not mean to break his word,” he told the cat. “He is also very useful to me. Let him stay. He won't hurt you, Puss, and there is room for you both.”

“No, there isn't!” the cat said spitefully, growing more and more ugly and showing her sharp claws. “He broke his oath. He is wicked. You dare not overlook such an offence.”

The dog sat in the doorway dejectedly, his tail between his legs. “I didn't know I was in your house,” he said, “and I am tired and half starved, miserable and weary.”

But the cat showed no mercy. She advanced and tried to scratch the face of her old

friend. She would have succeeded if Father Adam had not interfered.

The dog remained in the house and did his best to be faithful and to make friends with the cat, but she would do nothing but quarrel. She stole his food, occupied the best place by the fire and told tales about him to Father Adam. At last the dog could stand it no longer. He found a good situation in the house of Seth and told Father Adam that he must leave.

“Won’t you make friends with Puss?” asked Father Adam.

“With pleasure,” said the dog, “but she won’t.”

“You blame each other. I can’t make you out.” said Father Adam at last, losing his patience. “It looks as if you would go on quarreling forever.”

And his words proved true. Ever since that time the cat and dog seldom agree, and Puss is the one who makes the most objection to being friendly.

THE CAT THAT COULD NOT BE KILLED

ONCE upon a time there lived a dog and a cat who were always fighting. The cat could say what she pleased to the dog, for whatever he did to her it did not hurt her. The dog used to worry the cat and beat her as hard as he could, but she only danced about and laughed at him, and called out,

“You can’t hurt me! You can’t hurt me! I had a little pain, but it is all gone.”

At last the dog went to a wise starling and said to him, “What shall I do to punish the cat? I bite her and it doesn’t hurt her. I beat her and she only laughs. Though I am a big dog, she is also a big cat, and when she bites me and beats me it hurts me dreadfully.”

“Bite her mouth as hard as you can,” said the starling, “that will hurt her.”

So the dog bit her mouth as hard as as he could, but the cat only danced about, and laughed at him, and called,

“You can’t hurt me! You can’t hurt me! I had a little pain but it is all gone now.”

“What am I to do?” said the dog to the starling, for he went at once and told him what had happened.

“Bite her ears and make holes in them!” said the starling. “That will be sure to hurt her.”

So the dog bit the cat’s ears and made holes in them, but the cat only laughed and danced about, and cried out,

“You have not hurt me. Now I can wear rings in my ears as I have always longed to!”

And the cat put fine rings in her ears, and tossed her head at the dog, and was prouder than ever.

So the dog went to a mighty elephant who lived not far away, and he said to this elephant, “Help me kill this cat. She vexes me night and day, and nothing I do seems to harm her in the least.”

“Very well, I will kill this cat for you,” the mighty elephant replied. “I am so huge, and she is so small in comparison that a touch will do it.” And with that, the elephant approached the cat, picked her up in his trunk, and threw her far off into a field. But the

cat returned singing and dancing, and she called out to the elephant,

“You can’t hurt me! You can’t hurt me! My fur is so soft that I can be thrown farther than that without coming to harm.”

This made the mighty elephant angry. “I will teach you a better dance than that,” he told her, and he put his foot right on top of the cat, hard, so as to flatten her out. He then lifted his foot and out came the cat for she was used to flattening herself, and she danced around on the tips of her paws, laughing and calling out, “You didn’t hurt me! You didn’t hurt me! But now I will hurt you.” And with that the cat dug her claws into the trunk of the mighty elephant and scratched him so hard that he ran away. And when the dog spoke to him about it, the elephant said that there was nothing more that he could do with the cat. The dog would have to find someone else to attend to her.

“Nonsense!” thought the dog to himself. “I can attend to the cat myself, if I only put a little more thought upon the matter.” So the dog thought and thought, and then he made up his mind that he would bite a hole in the cat’s nice, soft, pink nose. So the dog bit a

hole in the cat's nice, soft, pink nose and instead of mewling with pain, the cat was only pleased. She laughed and danced about, and called,

"You can't hurt me! You can't hurt me! I always longed to be able to wear a ring in the end of my nose."

So the cat put a splendid gold ring in the hole in her nose, and now she wore earrings and a nose ring, and she held her head higher than ever, and was full of pride, and perfectly safe.

And the dog went to a fierce leopard and he said to the leopard,

"Will you kill this cat for me? She troubles me night and day, and nothing I do to her has the slightest effect upon her."

"I will bite the tail of the cat in two," said the leopard, but when he approached her, the cat said, "That is what I want most of all. I want to have my tail cut in half, for it is too heavy for me to carry about. But if you will follow me to my house, I will cook a fine dinner for you, and you may take your time about cutting off my tail afterward."

So the leopard went with the cat, but she suddenly took to her heels and ran so fast that

the leopard could not catch her, and so she was able to keep her fine long tail. She returned to the dog, shaking her earrings and her nose ring, and holding her head and her tail very high with pride, and he decided that she would *have* to be killed. So the dog went to the bear, and said,

“Help me kill this cat. She pursues me night and day, and nothing I do to her hurts her at all.”

“Come here,” growled the bear, “and let me kill you, cat!” And the bear caught the cat beneath his great claws, but she slipped out between his toes, and, oh, how she scratched his nose with her own sharp little claws! The bear ran away into the woods, and the cat laughed and danced, calling,

“Nothing can kill me. Nothing can kill me, for there is no animal so clever as I am!”

This was almost true, and it was at that time that the cat began to have nine lives, and also that most dogs began to be afraid to come too close to a cat, not wanting to have their noses scratched.

OLD SULTAN

THERE was once a peasant who owned a faithful dog called Sultan now grown so old that he had lost all his teeth, and could lay hold of nothing. One day the man was standing at the door of his house with his wife, and he said, "I shall kill old Sultan tomorrow; he is no good any longer."

His wife felt sorry for the poor dog, and answered, "He has served us for so many years, and has guarded us so faithfully, he deserves food and shelter in his old age."

"Dear me, you do not seem to understand the matter," said her husband; "he has never a tooth, and no thief would mind him in the least, so I do not see why he should not be made away with. If he has served us well, we have given him plenty of good food." The poor dog, who was lying stretched out in the sun not far off, heard all they said, and was very sad to think that the next day would be his last. He bethought him of his good friend,

the wolf, and slipped out in the evening to the wood to see him, and related to him the fate that was awaiting him.

“Listen to me, old fellow,” said the wolf, “be of good courage. I will help you in your need. I have thought of a way. Early tomorrow morning your master is going hay-making with his wife, and they will take their child with them, so that no one will be left at home. They will be sure to lay the child in the shade behind the hedge while they are at work. You must lie by its side, just as if you were watching it. Then I will come out of the wood and steal away the child and you must run after me, as if to save it from me. Then I must let it fall, and you must bring it back again to its parents, who will think that you have saved it, and will be much too grateful to do you any harm. On the contrary, you will be received into full favor, and they will never let you want for anything again.”

The dog was pleased with the plan, which was carried out accordingly. When the father saw the wolf running away with his child, he cried out, and when old Sultan brought it back, he was much pleased with him, and patting him, said;

“Not a hair of him shall be touched. He shall have food and shelter as long as he lives.” And he said to his wife; “Go home directly and make some good stew for old Sultan, something that does not need biting. And get the pillow from my bed for him to lie upon.”

From that time old Sultan was made so comfortable that he had nothing left for which to wish. Before long the wolf paid him a visit, to congratulate him that all had gone so well.

“But, old fellow,” he said, “you will have to wink at my making off by chance with a fat sheep of your master’s. Perhaps one will escape some fine day!”

“Don’t reckon on that,” answered the dog, “I cannot consent to it. I must remain true to my master.”

But the wolf, not supposing it was said in earnest, came sneaking in the night to carry off the sheep. But the master, who had been warned by the faithful Sultan of the wolf’s intention, was waiting for him, and gave him a fine hiding with the threshing-flail. So the wolf had to make his escape—calling out to the dog, “You shall pay for this, you traitor!”

The next morning the wolf sent the wild

boar to call out the dog, and to appoint a meeting in the wood to receive satisfaction from him. Old Sultan could find no second but a cat with three legs; and as they set off together, the poor thing went limping along, holding her tail up in the air.

The wolf and his second were already on the spot. When they saw their antagonists coming, and caught sight of the elevated tail of the cat, they thought it was a sabre they were bringing with them. And as the poor thing came limping on three legs, they supposed it was lifting a big stone to throw at them. This frightened them very much. The wild boar crept among the leaves, and the wolf clambered up into a tree. And when the dog and the cat came up, they were surprised not to see any one there. However, the wild boar was not perfectly hidden in the leaves, and the tips of his ears peeped out. And when the cat caught sight of one, she thought it was a mouse, and sprang upon it, seizing it with her teeth. Out leaped the wild boar with a dreadful cry and ran shouting away, calling as he went,

“There is the culprit up in the tree!”

And the dog and the cat looking up caught sight of the wolf, who came down, quite ashamed of his timidity, and made peace with the dog once more.

ON THE FARM

THE FIERY STEED OF TASSEL TOP FARM

NEXT to the minister's was a field where the iceman kept an old horse out at pasture. Bit by bit Ethel, the minister's little girl, and this horse became great friends. It began with mutual glances, and then, one day, coached by her mother, Ethel pushed some green corn husks through the fence. The horse ate these as though they were ice cream, meanwhile keeping enraptured eyes upon his little friend.

As you may guess it wasn't long before he came running to the fence every time he saw her; and when he bent his head to eat the sugar or the bunches of grass that Ethel held out to him, she learned to pat his neck and run her hand the length of one glossy ear.

After that Ethel adopted horses as her own particular pets, smiling at them whenever they looked at her, or shyly patting them as she saw them in the street hitched to a curb. She only did this, though, when she thought no one

was looking, being that kind of child blessed by the fairies, who has a dread of showing off.

Not long after this Ethel began going every summer to Uncle Orlan's farm. Uncle Orlan had three horses—a team with backs as broad as circus horses and a rangy, long-legged horse with a wicked eye, named Dan. Everybody on the place, Tassel Top Farm, told Ethel to look out for Dan.

“Why?” she asked.

“He's tricky,” said Uncle Orlan. “Squeezes you up against the side of his stall, tries to step on your toe when you're leading him, *swishes* his tail hard in your face and then pretends he never knew you were there. He's full of tricks! He bobs his head when you're putting the bridle on him and tries to knock your chin off. He jumps for the stable door when you're putting the harness on him. Now you remember and stay away from Master Dan, or he'd as soon as not lie right down and roll on you.”

Of course Ethel wanted to have a good look at this remarkable horse just as soon as possible. She stood still a safe distance from his stall, and Master Dan looked back at her with a knowing look as though he were say-

ing, "So you've been hearing tales about me, eh?"

"Yes, I have," said Ethel, "and I am surprised at you." And then she fed him a handful of fresh clover that she had picked especially for him at the side of the road. He watched her as he ate this, and then he seemed to say,

"Look at me!" The next moment he was leaping off in a circle, and throwing his heels up with a curious double motion as though he were kicking twice where an ordinary horse would be able to kick only once. "There," he seemed to say, "That's the kind of horse I am! Now aren't you afraid of me?"

Ethel gave him another handful of clover and rubbed his nose as he ate it.

"I like you," she said, "You're a funny horse!"

Ethel used to go down and watch Uncle Orlan cultivate the corn; and after riding one of the fat horses back to the stable a time or two, he let her ride all one morning between the rows, guiding the horse to the right or the left when the planting was crooked and turning him around at the end of each row.

"As good a man on a horse as any I know!"

said Uncle Orlan to Aunt Flo when he went up for his dinner. "Took to it like a regular little jockey!"

So Aunt Flo found Ethel a pair of small trousers to wear beneath her gingham dress, and after that she had a regular job whenever the corn was being cultivated.

But one morning, when the fat team had gone to the village for a load of grain, Uncle Orlan said he'd have to do the cultivating alone that day.

"Why?" asked Ethel, who had her trousers on, ready for work.

Uncle Orlan told her. "I'm going to work Master Dan today."

"I can ride him!"

"No, no, no! No, sir-ree! He's too tricky."

"Well, let me try just once." the little girl begged. "Ple-e-ease, Uncle Orlan! And if Dan cuts up, I'll get right off."

It took a great deal of coaxing, but Uncle Orlan finally gave in, never having raised a little girl himself and not knowing how to steel himself against one. They walked down to the field together, the three of them, Master Dan in the middle, and Ethel taking long

strides and patting as high as she could reach. At the beginning of the first furrow the horse was hitched to the cultivator and then, with many wrinkles in his forehead, Uncle Orlan lifted Ethel upon Dan's back.

"Pw-r-r-r-!" exclaimed Master Dan, feeling ballast.

"Look out!" cried Uncle Orlan, keeping hold of her ready to swing her off, "he's up to his tricks!"

"No, he isn't. Wait a minute! Now give me the reins."

At the sound of her voice Dan looked at her over his shoulder.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he seemed to say to himself, "Look who's here!"

"Good old Dan!" said Ethel, even if her voice did shake a little bit. "See, Uncle Orlan. He knows me! He won't hurt me now."

"Well, I will be jiggered!" Dan seemed to say again. "I've been hearing something about this from those two big lummoxes who share my stable, but I didn't believe much of what they told me. But here she is—on me! Well—now, I guess I shall have to show her how a real gentleman carries a little lady.

I guess it's my duty to show her how it's done right."

So tricky Master Dan arched his tail and arched his neck and started out cultivating corn with such dainty steps that Uncle Orlan was very much surprised, stepping along behind the cultivator and watching the horse and the corn both as well as he could. After a few minutes of this putting on airs, Dan settled down to work; but he did not act tricky with Ethel on his back once, not one single time all that morning.

Among horses he was a model of deportment, a perfect Mr. Turveydrop.

But noon came. Uncle Orlan lifted Ethel down to the ground and let go of Dan's bridle while he unfastened the stable door. In a jiffy Dan had his hind legs up so that he was almost fanning Uncle Orlan's ears with his heels. Then, charging like a war horse, he ripped up the road, snorting, and he never came back until he was hungry at supper time. And then Master Dan wouldn't have gone in the stable if Ethel hadn't opened the door for him and said, "Poor old Dan!" just as if he had needed to have anybody sorry for a tricky horse.

But he went in, almost tearful, and sighed to himself as he started to eat a large supper of hay and held his head down when Uncle Orlan said to Ethel, "I always told you he couldn't be depended upon!" But perhaps he felt better when he heard Ethel say,

"That's true, Uncle Orlan, but he wasn't a bit tricky with me!"

WHY THE SQUIRREL GAVE UP FARMING

THERE was once a hard-working squirrel who had a fine farm all his own. He had ploughed and planted it and watched his yams and corn day and night, but he had never taken time to build himself a road. It was quicker and easier for the squirrel to go to his fields by way of the trees, scampering from one bough to another and then jumping to the next tree. It would really have been a waste of time, he decided, to bother building a road.

Now in those days the spider walked on two of his long, thin legs and used all the rest for making trouble for other people, and you may be sure that he made a great deal of trouble, since he had so many spare legs. The spider had no farm and never raised any yams or corn, but he heard of the squirrel's fine, fertile fields and he made up his mind that he would have a hand in the harvesting.

But how should he go about it? At last the spider thought of a plan. He went right to work building a neat road from the grove to the squirrel's farm. It was exactly the kind of a road which ought to lead to any farm, and as he worked the spider scattered bits of broken pottery along it, as if the squirrel's children had broken their dinner pots as they worked on the road, helping their father.

When the road was completed, the spider called his children and they ran swiftly along it straight to the squirrel's farm and began cutting down his corn. They used so many legs cutting the corn and binding it into bundles that before the squirrel came over to look at his crop that day, it was all gone. The corn field was nothing but a waste of stumps and the spiders, the bundles of corn under their legs, were speeding to the nearest village to sell it at the market.

All would have gone well with the wicked spiders if the squirrel had not heard of a large harvesting of grain being taken toward the village. He was told this news by the crow, who was always on the lookout for corn. The squirrel ran easily through the tops of the trees and dropped down right in

front of the company of thieving spiders, heavily loaded with so many bundles of the stolen corn.

“That is my corn!” the squirrel accused them. “By what right are you taking it to the village?”

“By the right of having it on the road,” said the older spider. “Is this not a road leading to and from a farm? Is it not the only road, and does that not prove that the farm is mine?”

The poor squirrel was indeed puzzled. There was the road, strewn with bits of pottery such as he used in his home at the roots of a tree, and here was his crop of corn being taken to market. What was he to do about it?

“Suppose you take counsel from a lawyer,” suggested the shrewd spider. “Anyone who has studied the law can settle this matter for you.”

This seemed sensible so the squirrel led the spiders with their bundles of corn to the tree of an old monkey nearby, who was learned as an advocate. They put the case to him, but the squirrel got not a bit of satisfaction.

“Who ever heard of a farm without a road leading to it!” jabbered the monkey. “Of course it must be the spider’s farm and this must be his corn since he is on his road with it. I should arrest you, Mr. Squirrel, for making a false accusation against this innocent family of industrious spiders!”

The spiders were well pleased with this decision and they hurried on toward the market, but suddenly a storm came up. Spiders are poorly equipped for the rain, having such quantities of legs that they can’t afford shoes, so these particular spiders laid their bundles of corn down beside the road and went into holes for shelter. When the rain was over, they ventured out again.

At first they thought that they had lost the corn, for it was nowhere in sight. Then they saw that the crow was guarding it for them, his wide black wings spread over it there in the road, like the roofs of storehouses. “Thank you, Mr. Crow!” said the spider, “You are a friend in need! Now we will relieve you of your trust and take our corn.”

“*Your* corn!” said the crow with a scornful caw. “I am waiting here only to show you that the monkey’s decision holds good. This

is *my* corn, because I found it on the road." And with that the crow took all the bundles of corn and flew away with them.

Ever since then the crow has been especially fond of corn, and the spider uses all his legs for running away on, because he is ashamed of himself. And the squirrel has given up farming, for he never was a road builder. He still takes his way through and by way of the trees, and does not trouble with the difficult business of farming.

WHEN THE LAMB WAS A HERO

ONCE upon a time, in the long-ago days, the lamb was larger than he is now and he thought that he was one of the greatest and most heroic of all the animals. Up and down the world he walked proudly, wearing his beautiful wool coat, and he challenged all whom he met to prove themselves more of a hero than he.

And once, in the course of his travels, the lamb met a small toad who lived not far from the sea, and the toad, after listening to the Lamb's boasting, told him that he could pull him right up to the very edge of the sea.

"Foolish one!" said the lamb, "that is impossible! I am many times your size and as many times your strength."

But the toad persisted. "Try me and see!" he said. And he brought a long and thick rope and asked the lamb to take hold of one end tightly in his teeth. "Stand still until I am out of sight," said the toad, "for, as you

say, I am but a little fellow and must be careful of my strength. Do not move until you feel a slight tugging on the rope."

With that, the toad took the other end of the long rope in his mouth and off he hopped, *hopity, hopitty, hop*, until he was far out of sight, taking the rope with him. And on he hopped until he had come to the edge of the sea. Then he hopped up into the top of a tree and from the top of the tree, he hopped far out onto the back of a whale whom he knew. "Carry me out to sea for a little ride," begged the toad who still held the end of the long rope in his mouth. This the whale did.

The lamb felt suddenly a tugging at the rope. Harder and harder it came until he was pulled off his legs almost and had to go skipping down the road as fast as he could. Harder and harder pulled the rope and faster and faster skipped the lamb on his hurried way to the sea. He was not able to stop until he came to the water's edge, and saw the little toad sitting in triumph on the back of the whale, and laughing at the lamb's discomfiture.

So the toad was the winner this time, but

after a while the lamb, taking his frisky way up and down the world, forgot all about the fact that a little creature had outwitted him. And one day he came again upon his friend, the toad, sitting and basking beside the road. The toad winked and blinked his eyes and once more challenged the lamb. "I will race with you!" said the toad. "This will not be a tug of war, but a contest to see which of us can reach the sea first on our own legs."

"Well, that seemed easy to the lamb, who had long legs and was swift at racing. "I accept!" he said.

"Very well," said the toad, "but wait until tomorrow so that we will both be in the best of condition."

The morning of the race dawned and there was the toad waiting for the lamb. "The word for you is *laculay, laculay*," said the toad in his hoarse voice. "When you call *laculay*, I will answer *gulubango, bango, lay*."

Then they were off, the toad going *hopitty, hop*, and the lamb frisking along as fast as he could and far outrunning the toad. He did not stop to look behind him at the toad or call for some time, but when he did call as he had been instructed, "*Laculay, laculay*,"

he heard the reply, "*Gulubango, bango, lay.*" from a long distance in front of him instead of from behind where he had left the little toad hopping slowly along.

That was odd. The Lamb ran on until his heart beat so fast that it seemed as if it would burst. And presently he came up to the toad far ahead of him. He must have passed the lamb so swiftly that the lamb had not seen him, but the lamb passed him now. On he ran faster and faster.

But he called again after a little. "*Laculay, laculay!*" called the lamb and once more the answer, "*Gulubango, bango, lay.*" came from far in front of him instead of from the rear. So the lamb knew that again the toad had passed him swiftly, and he hurried on until his heart beat and thumped faster. It beat to bursting and as he ran he called loudly, "*Laculay, laculay.*"

But always the reply came, "*Gulubango, bango, lay,*" from far ahead of the lamb, not from behind.

The lamb began then to feel that perhaps he was not quite the hero he had always thought himself. With his heart going pitter, patter, thump, he went on until he reached the goal

and there sat the toad, basking in the sun and blinking and winking. But it was the first toad's twin brother, and he had stationed his other brothers and his father and even his grandfather along the road to answer when the lamb called. He, himself, had never stirred from the starting point, for there are more ways than one of winning a race.

After that the lamb stayed meekly in a pasture, avoiding the open roads and hoping to be able to escape the toad's laughter. But when he did come upon the toad, catching flies in the pasture grass, the toad spoke to him quite seriously. "Even if you did not win the race, Friend Lamb," said the toad, "you might serve as a horse, a beast of burden. I spoke of you recently to the daughter of the King and she said how amusing it would be to see you with a bridle in your mouth and carrying a rider, perhaps a rider so humble as myself."

Oh, but the lamb was angry! He put his head down and butted the toad so that he was obliged to hop away for his life. And then the lamb ate himself fat and puffed himself out with pride until he had to lie down by the edge of the road. He had eaten so much that he was a very ill lamb indeed.

And there at his side lay the toad, also humped up and ill, and the two took pity on each other and tried to think of ways of helping one another. "I might be able to carry you home on my back, Friend Toad," suggested the Lamb.

"You are indeed kind, Friend Lamb," said the toad, and he crawled feebly up on the lamb's back.

Now, although the lamb did not know it, the toad was not ill. He was due at a party being given by the Princess, and he put a rope of grasses in the lamb's mouth and directed him by means of a whip of cane until they were on the road to the castle. "This rope is only that I may hold myself better upon your woolly back, and the whip is to keep off the flies," the toad explained to the lamb, but now they were in front of the castle and the lights shone full on them; a hero, a large woolly lamb, bringing a little green toad to the Princess' party on his back!

The Princess laughed. The King laughed. All the courtiers laughed. They led the lamb into the castle and put a blue ribbon with a tinkling bell on it around his neck and gave him food and drink. But the lamb felt very

meek. He has been meek ever since, and smaller and quiet. He seldom has anything to say, and when he does speak in some farm pasture it is timidly and as if he were ashamed of himself.

OF WORKERS

THE BEAVER BUILDS

HE thinks and builds better than any other living animal!

He builds dams both great and small to provide water in which to live, to store food and to escape from his enemies. He builds air-tight houses of sticks and mud, either on islands or on the shore. When he cannot live as a pond beaver with a house he cheerfully becomes a river-beaver. He lives in a river-bank burrow when house-building in a pond is impossible; and he will cheerfully tunnel under a stone wall from his pond when he wants to have an adventure and travel.

He cuts down trees, both great and small, and he makes them fall as he wishes them to fall. He trims off all branches, and leaves no "slash" to cumber the ground. He buries green branches in great quantity in the mud in the bottom of his pond, so that in the winter he can get them under the solid ice. He digs canals, of any length he pleases, to float logs

and billets of wood from hinterland to pond.

If you want beavers in your pond, and are wise, you can persuade them to build their dam where you wish it to be. This is how it was done in the Zoological Park of the City of New York.

We dug out a pond of mud in order that the beavers might have a pond of water; and we wished the beavers to build a dam forty feet long, at a point about thirty feet from the iron fence where the brook ran out. On thinking it over we concluded that we could manage it by showing the animals where we wished them to go to work.

We set a twelve inch plank on its edge, all the way across the dam site, and pegged it down. Above it the water soon formed a little pool and began to flow over the top edge in a little waterfall. Then we turned loose four beavers and left them.

The next morning we found a cart-load of sticks and fresh mud placed like a dam against the iron fence. In beaver language this said to us;

“We would rather build our dam here,—if you don’t mind. It will be easier for us and quicker.”

We took away all their sticks and mud; and in our language this action said to them; “No, we would rather have you build over the plank.”

The next night more mud and sticks piled against the fence said to us; “We really *insist* upon building here.”

We cleared away their materials a second time, saying in effect; “You *shall not* build against the fence. You *must* build where we tell you to.”

Thereupon, the beavers started in building over the plank, saying; “Oh well, if you are going to make a fuss about it, we will let you have your way.”

So these beavers built a beautiful water-tight dam precisely where we had asked them to, and after that our only trouble was to keep them from overdoing their work, and flooding the whole valley.

THE HORSE WHO WORKED IN THE DARK

“WHEW!” whistled the stable boy. “Why, the poor little thing’s blind!”

“A pity to kill it,” said his master, coming presently to the stable and naming the new foal, Caliban, although he wondered if it were worth feeding. Then the little foal was left with his mother, who saw no blemish in him.

And though he was blind, little Caliban’s other senses made up for it. He learned to move about the stable and the yard. But when it came to frolicking in the fields, he was apt to stray in the wrong direction and needed calling when Mayflower, his mother, moved on. It puzzled Mayflower at first to find that little Cal did not see her when she came toward him, but at last she understood that he was blind and she redoubled her care and tenderness of him.

But there came a day when Caliban lost his mother. He was old enough to go to the

plough and the man who owned the stable where he had been born sold him at the village fair to a thrifty farmer who liked a bargain. The strange colt was turned into a field with a number of other horses, who in quite a human way, disliked the coming of this blind stranger. One horse, who had been soured by a master who had kicked him, tried to kick Caliban. Another made a point of pushing him to one side as he was about to graze. Caliban was meek and frightened; no creature on God's earth was more unhappy and lost than he as he whinnied vainly for his mother.

Soon there rose up for him a champion in the shape of a handsome horse known as Brutus.

"Leave him alone, you cowards!" Brutus neighed until the others dispersed, and after that Brutus took the blind horse under his protection.

Brutus and Caliban were stalled side by side. Whether they talked together or not, they understood each other. It may have been the way they breathed or their manner of rubbing noses and laying their ears together, but the blind horse could read Brutus' language. And if Caliban strayed into the wrong field,

Brutus would go too and put himself right in his way so that Caliban was bound to run into him. And Caliban would sniff Brutus and neigh and find his way back to the grazing pasture by following him, all right and happy because he had found his friend.

But there came a time when Caliban fell again upon evil days, for Brutus was sold at the next fair. Caliban had learned to find his way about among the other horses of the farm and they were used to him, but with his friend gone he felt the ache of loneliness that is worse than any other pain. It made his wits dull and he blundered and stumbled at every turn, and the stableman kicked and cuffed him as a hopeless idler.

“Turn Caliban out on the common to fend for himself!” the farmer ordered at last, worn out with his stupidity, “and if anyone makes an offer for him, take it.”

But no one wanted Caliban, and all through the winter he was cold and hungry. It was a mystery how he lived. Now and then some children on their way to school in pity shared their lunch with the blind horse, or a kindly woman saved scraps from her pig tub for the

wandering creature who had no one to care for him. It seemed to be nobody's business to see how he fared, and Caliban was dying by inches, suffering so with thirst and hunger that it was a wonder how he stood it.

One bitter night a countryman crossed the windy common, taking a short cut home. He had been delayed at market and was in a hurry. Rather than wait for another day, he was ready to venture over rough ground trusting to luck to guide him. Darkness had set in early, and no stars were in the sky, but snow clouds which hid the light of the moon. This countryman, Conrad, hastened on, holding the same old lantern before him that had taken him as a boy to school at seven o'clock on a winter's morning. An icy blast, scudding round the corner, suddenly blew it out, and as he groped his way past a bush, his hand came in contact with something moving. As Conrad tried to grasp it, a ghostly moan fell on his startled ears, and he drew back, shuddering.

"What are you?" he cried, calling to the gaunt form that suddenly loomed beside him. Then, for a moment, the clouds parted and he

saw in the moonlight the old blind horse. Conrad spoke to Caliban as he would have to one of his own bairns;

“My poor old fellow,” he said tenderly as he picked up one end of the frayed rope that served as a halter. “Ah, how thin—how thin!” he added, as he touched his side. “You shall come home with me, and I will feed you. Don’t be afraid—I am a friend.”

The blind horse knew this without any telling, and as fast as his stiff legs would carry him he followed where Conrad led. The shed in which he presently found himself was a humble one, but it was warm and dry, and the kindly man fed him and rubbed him down, talking softly to him the while.

“You shall live with us, poor beastie,” he told Caliban.

Caliban filled out amazingly on the good fare with which he was now provided. Conrad gave up his pipe that his horse might have his fill of corn. Caliban was quite a fine horse again by the time spring had returned, and Conrad, who had contracted to carry Her Majesty’s mails between the village and a distant hamlet, began to ride instead of walking every day.

Soon the horse knew, by his sense of touch, every inch of the way. He could ford a stream as well as if he could see, and each twist of the road was fixed firmly in his mind. He stopped without being told at the usual halting places, and since the mails in those long-ago times of Queen Victoria were carried at night, so as not to interfere with Conrad's business in the day time, the horse's blindness was actually a good thing. Darkness and light were the same to him, and if the lantern went out by chance in the wind, no one was any the worse.

By and by the long rides grew too much for Conrad and his son took the mails instead. He was heavier than his father, was Jasper, but Caliban liked him and everything went well until mid-December, when Jasper caught a chill. He was very ill indeed and couldn't risk the night ride with the bag of letters, but a deputy postman was promised. He was to be sent from the nearest market town. The mail bag was waiting, but still this deputy did not arrive.

When nine o'clock arrived without him, old Conrad got up shakily from his chair, declaring that he must carry round the mail himself.

But his little grandson, come ten on Christmas Day, who from his bed in the loft had heard the talking, ordered him back. He was eager for the lonely ride; it would be a grand adventure for him.

“Know the way?” Titus laughed to his grandfather, “I should think I did! And if I didn’t, wouldn’t old Cal take me? Go to sleep, all of you, and don’t worry. This is my job.”

So Titus was carefully muffled up, his shock head topped with a warm fur cap that had been in the family for a hundred years, going down from father to son. With a proud feeling of being upon the Queen’s business and with two piping hot cookies stowed away in the pockets of his greatcoat the boy mounted old Caliban and started gaily on his journey.

At first it was fun, while Titus’ young blood beat against the biting cold, and the midnight ride was thrilling. The stars shone out for him like the silver lamps they always sang about on Christmas Eve, and the snow threw back the glitter. The dense black shadows the horse made as he trod the crisp white path before him were rather terrifying in the deep stillness, though the boy wouldn’t have owned

it for the world. So he lifted his voice and tried to sing, and old Caliban whinnied back.

But now they became aware how cold it was. From the trees they passed hung dazzling icy fingers, and it seemed to Titus that he would soon be a figure of ice himself. He couldn't feel his feet at all, and when he reached a lonely farm where he had to drop some letters into a hollow tree, his hands were almost too numb to grasp them. Caliban waited patiently while Titus fumbled, and then hastened his steps as they proceeded to make up for lost time.

Now Titus cried, "Oh!" when a prowling fox darted out across the path but Caliban did not slacken his pace or swerve, for his nose told him what it was. The dreary hoot of an owl from a ruined shed made Titus jump, but the horse neighed, "Don't be frightened!" and hurried on. The boy clasped him tightly round the neck, laid his head against his soft mane, and drifted off into dreamland.

Titus awoke with a start, not knowing how long he had been asleep, though he fancied they must have passed the wayside receiving-house where he ought to have left a bulging packet. It was to have been thrust in,

according to his grandfather's instructions, through a little window behind the porch which was always left open when the post was late so that the good folk within were not disturbed. Clapping his hand to his head as he tried to puzzle out where he was, Titus found that his cap was gone—the precious cap which had belonged to his grandfather when he was a boy. It could not be replaced.

“It's got to be found!” he told Caliban, almost crying as he scrambled down from the horse's broad back, prepared to spend the night in searching for it. Leading the horse, he retraced his way along the frosty road, scanning the crisp snow anxiously.

Two or three miles back he came to the receiving house at which he should have called some hours since. He could leave the letters now at any rate, he remembered, but Her Majesty's mails seemed of slight importance compared with the loss of his cap. Leaving Cal standing in the snow, Titus pushed through the swinging gate and made for the tiny window. To his surprise and delight, he found the cap lying just beneath it, while deeply imprinted in the snow were the footprints of a horse. He was staring at them

with wide open eyes when a voice called him from the door.

“Is that you, Posty? What is the matter? Your beast woke us all up a short time since, a-pawing and snorting and kicking up his heels until we came out for the mail. And now here you are back again!”

“I’m sorry and there’s nothing wrong,” said Titus hurrying off. Caliban stood just where Titus had left him, except that he had turned his face toward home. And as Titus clambered back into the saddle, his small round face was red with shame.

He, a boy named Titus, and ten years old come Christmas, had gone to sleep at his post, while his blind horse, a poor dumb beast, had done his best to remind him of his duty. Knowing that he ought to stop at the receiving house, Caliban had pushed through the gate and made his way to the little window that served as a letter box. The pawing and snorting must have been to wake Titus, since old Caliban was the quietest of creatures usually. And, even if he had not been able to wake him, Caliban had succeeded in knocking off Titus’ cap.

“You are a better postman than I, old

Cal!" said the boy as he trotted down the dim road.

The long journey came to an end presently, and the honest little lad gave the horse all the glory of the safe delivery of Her Majesty's mails.

"Ay, he works well in the dark!" said Conrad quietly, though his eyes glowed with pride in his blind horse.

And Caliban continued to work and ended his days in peace, a loved and honored comrade.

WYLIE

SHE was an exquisite shepherd dog, fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and as handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got her thus.

William and I being but young boys then, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweed-side, having been on every hill-top from Muckle Mendie to the Lee Pen, we discovered early one spring that there was some odd moss to be found, west of Newbie Heights.

We resolved to start out the next day on a search for this moss, which was supposed to be very beautiful, and we climbed all the way up the Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie *hirsels*, whom we knew, having been nursed by his daughter, Nancy. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark; and on coming near the cottage heard them at their worship.

But we got in, and made ourselves known, and had a famous tea with such cream and oat-

cake! Old Adam thought us two crazy lads to have climbed so far for a wee bit of moss, which after all we had not been able to see for the shortness of the day, and he asked us to stay the night with them. And as we turned into the box-bed for the night, Wylie came and thrust her long head in between us to be patted.

It turned out that Adam, having made some money and being frail as well as old, was going to leave on Sunday and live with his son in Glasgow. We boys had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect form of Wylie, the finest collie I ever saw, and I asked,

“What are you going to do with Wylie?”

“Indeed,” said old Adam, “I hardly ken. I can not think of selling her, though she’s worth four pounds, and she’ll not like the town.”

So I said, “Would you let me have her?”

And Adam, looking at her fondly—she came instantly to him, and made of him—said, “Aye, I will, if you boys will be good to her.” And so it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent to us by the carrier.

Wylie came and we all loved her, even

grandmother. And though she was often quiet, as if she was thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home and behaved in all respects like a lady. When she took a walk with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she grew quite excited and helped with the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy.

And so her small life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening Wylie disappeared. We tried to watch her but in vain. She was always off by nine o'clock in the evening and was away all night, coming home the next day weary and covered with mud as if she had traveled far. She slept all the next day.

This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature! She looked wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us where she had been if she could, and she was always especially fond of us then, but tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket with Wylie at my heels and two

shepherds there started, looking at her, and one of them said,

“That’s her! That’s the wonderful wee one that nobody kens where she comes from nor whither she goes!”

I asked this shepherd what he meant, and he told me that for months past Wylie had been making her appearance by the first daylight at the sheep-pens and had worked without stopping and to excellent purpose getting the sheep and lambs in for the shepherds. The shepherd said, “She’s a perfect miracle, and as supple as a fawn. She flies about like a fairy and never goes wrong. She beats all our dogs.” Then he told how the shepherds all knew our Wylie and said as soon as she appeared, “There’s that little wonderful one! We’ll get the lambs in now!”

And the shepherds had tried to coax her to stop and be caught, and have a bone or two with the other dogs. But, no. Wylie was gentle about it but she was off as soon as she had finished herding the sheep and the lambs.

For many a season the wonderful wee one was spoken of by these rough men. And Wylie lived with us and went on with her work once a week until she died in peace.

OF OLD HORSES

THE OLD HORSE

WE had an old, old man, Pimen Timofeitch. He was ninety years of age. He lived at his grandson's house, but did no work. His back was bent; he walked with a stick, and found it hard to drag one leg after the other. All of his teeth were gone; his face was wrinkled. When he walked and when he talked he had no control over his lips, so that it was impossible to make out what he was saying.

There were four brothers of us, and we all liked to ride horseback; but we had no gentle horses fit for us to ride. We were permitted to ride on one old horse whose name was Blackie.

One day mother gave us permission to have a ride, and we all ran with our tutor to the stables. The coachman saddled Blackie for us, and the first to ride was our eldest brother.

He took a long ride. He rode over the threshing floor and around the park, and when he came back, we shouted:

“Now start him up!”

Our eldest brother began to kick Blackie, and to strike him with his whip, and Blackie galloped past us.

After our eldest brother had ridden, the next oldest took his turn. He also had a long ride, and whipped Blackie until he galloped down the hill. He wanted to ride even longer, but the third brother begged him to give him a chance as soon as possible.

The third brother also rode over the threshing floor and around the park, and then along through the village and then he came galloping down the hill toward the stable. When he rode up to us, Blackie was winded and his neck and flanks were black with sweat.

When my turn came, I wanted to surprise my brothers and show them how well I could ride, and I began to urge Blackie on to his utmost speed; but he would not stir from the stable.

In spite of my blows Blackie would not gallop but only shied and backed. I grew angry with the horse, and pounded him with all my might with my whip and legs. I tried lashing him in the places where he was tenderest. I broke my whip, and with the broken handle

I began to pound him on the head. But still Blackie would not budge. The tutor then spoke to me;

“He has been ridden enough, sir; come down. Why torture the horse?”

I was vexed, and said; “Why? I have not ridden Blackie at all! I will make him gallop! Give me a stronger whip; I will warm him up!”

Then the tutor shook his head. “Ah, sir, have you no mercy? Just think; the horse is twenty years old. The horse is tired out. He is all winded; yes, and he is so old! Just think how old he is! It is as if Pimen Timofeitch were here in our stable. If you should mount on Pimen Timofeitch and should whip him with all your might, say, now, would not that be a pity?”

I knew well about Pimen, and I obeyed the tutor. I dismounted from the horse, and when I saw how he was laboring with his sweaty sides, and was puffing with his nostrils, and was switching his thin tail, then I realized how cruel I had been to the horse. But till that time I had supposed that the horse enjoyed it as much as I did.

I became so sorry for Blackie that I began

to caress his sweaty neck, and to ask his forgiveness for the beating I had given him. Since that time I have grown older, and I still always pity horses, and I always remember Blackie and Pimen Timofeitch when I see any one abusing a horse.

RIBSY

THE road was very dreary and dusty, and wound in and out in the most tiresome way until it seemed to have no end, and Davy ran on and on, feeling as if he should have to keep going for about a week. Indeed, he might have done so, if he had not, at a sharp turn of the road, come suddenly upon a horse and a cab.

The horse was fast asleep when Davy dashed against him, but he woke up with a start and, after whistling like a locomotive once or twice in a very alarming manner, went to sleep again. He was a very frowsy looking horse, with great lumps at his knees and a long, crooked neck like a camel's. But what attracted Davy's attention particularly was the word "RIBSY" painted in whitewash on his side in large letters. He was looking at this, and wondering if it was the horse's name, when the door of the cab flew open and a man fell out. After rolling over a few times in the

dust, he sat up in the middle of the road and began yawning.

He was even more odd-looking than the horse, being dressed in a clown's suit, with a morning-gown over it by way of a top-coat, and a field-marshal's cocked hat. In fact, if he had not had a whip in his hand no one would ever have taken him for a cabman. After yawning heartily he looked up at Davy drowsily and said, "Climb in if you like, but don't put your feet on the cushions!"

Now this was a strange thing for him to say, for when Davy stepped inside, he found the only seats were some three-legged stools huddled together in the back part of the cab, all the rest of the space being taken up by a large bath-tub that ran across the front end of it. Davy turned on one of the faucets, but nothing came out except some dust and a few small bits of gravel, and he shut it off again, and, sitting down on one of the little stools, waited patiently for the cab to start.

Just then the cabman put his head in at the window and, winking at him, said, "Can you tell me why this horse is like an umbrella?"

"No," said Davy.

"Because he's used *up*!" said the cabman.

“I don’t think that’s a very good conundrum,” said Davy.

“So do I,” said the cabman, “but it’s the best I can make about this horse,” and with that he disappeared from the window. Presently there was a loud trampling overhead, and Davy, putting his head out at the window, saw that the cabman had climbed up on the top of the cab and was throwing stones at the horse, who was still sleeping peacefully.

“He doesn’t mind,” said the cabman cheerfully, as he caught sight of Davy, “if he doesn’t start pretty soon, I’ll give him some snuff. That *always* wakes him up!”

“Oh, don’t do that!” said Davy anxiously. “I’d rather get out and walk.”

“Well, why don’t you?” said the cabman in a tone of great relief. “This is a very valuable stand, and I don’t care to lose my place on it.” This seemed odd to Davy, for there was nothing to be seen anywhere around save the long road, but he jumped out of the cab, and walked away.

But suddenly he heard the sound of galloping hoofs behind him, and Ribsy came clattering along the road, with nothing on him but his collar. He was holding his big head high

in the air, like a giraffe, and gazing proudly about him as he ran. He stopped short when he saw the little boy, and, giving a triumphant whistle, said cheerfully, "How are you again?"

It seemed rather strange to be spoken to by a cab-horse, but Davy answered politely that he was feeling quite well.

"So am I," said Ribsy. "The fact is, when it comes to being beaten about the head with a three-legged stool—if that horse is going to leave at all, it's time he was off."

"I should think so," Davy replied earnestly.

"You'll observe, of course, that I've kept on my shoes and my collar," said Ribsy. "It isn't genteel to go barefoot, and nothing makes a fellow look so untidy as going about without a collar. The truth is," he continued, sitting down in the road on his hind legs, "the truth is, I'm not an ordinary horse, by any means. I have a history."

"I'd like to hear it if you please," said Davy in surprise.

"Well, I'm a little hoarse," began Ribsy.

"I think you're a great big horse," said Davy in surprise.

"I'm referring to my voice," said Ribsy

haughtily. And giving two or three preliminary whistles to clear his throat, he began:

“It’s very confining, this living in stables,
And passing one’s time among wagons and carts;
I much prefer dining at gentlemen’s tables,
And living on turkeys and cranberry tarts.

“I find with surprise that I’m constantly sneezing;
I’m stiff in the legs, and I’m often for sale;
And the blue-bottle flies with their tiresome teasing,
Are quite out of reach of my weary old tail.

“By the way,” said Ribsy, getting up and turning himself around, “what does my tail look like?”

“I think,” said Davy, after a careful inspection, “I think it looks something like an old paint-brush.”

“So I supposed,” said Ribsy gloomily, and, sitting down again, he went on with his history.

“As spry as a kid and as trim as a spider
Was I in the days of the Turnip-top Hunt,
When I used to get rid of the weight of my rider
And canter contentedly in at the front.

“I never was told that this jocular feature
Of mine was a trick reprehensibly rude,
And yet I was sold, like a commonplace creature,
To work in a circus for lodgings and food.

“I suppose you have never been a circus
horse?” said Ribsy, stopping short in his
verses again and gazing enquiringly at Davy.

“Never,” said Davy.

“Then you don’t know anything about it,”
said Ribsy. “Here we go again:—

“Pray why, if you please, should a capable
charger

Perform on a ladder and prance in a show?

And why should his knees be made thicker and
larger

By teaching him tricks that he’d rather not know?

“Oh, why should a horse, for society fitted,

Be doomed to employment so utterly bad,

And why should a coarse-looking man be per-
mitted

To dance on his back on a top-heavy pad?

“It made me a wreck, with no hope of improve-
ment,

Too feeble to race with an invalid crab;

I'm wry in the neck, with a rickety movement
Peculiarly suited for drawing a cab.

They pinch me with straps, and they bruise me
with buckles

They drive me too rapidly over the stones;—
A reason, perhaps, why a number of knuckles
Have lately appeared on my prominent bones.”

“I see them,” cried Davy eagerly, “I
thought they were corns.”

“Thank you,” said Ribsy haughtily, “As
the next verse is the last, you needn't trouble
yourself to make any further observations.

“I dream of a spot which I used to roam over
In infancy's days, with a frolicsome skip,
Content with my lot which was planted with
clover,
And never annoyed by the crack of a whip.

“But I think my remarks will determine the ques-
tion

Of why I am bony and thin as a rail;
I'm off for some larks to improve my digestion,
And point the stern moral conveyed by my tail.”

Here Ribsy got upon his feet again, and,
after a refreshing fillip with his heels, can-
tered off along the road, whistling as he went.

Two large blue-bottle flies were on his back, and his tail was flying around, with an angry whisk, like a pin-wheel.

Davy was about to start on again when he heard a voice and, looking back, saw the cabman coming along the road at a brisk pace, dragging the cab after him.

“Get in! Get in!” he shouted excitedly as the door flew open and a cloud of dust came out. “I’ve just turned on the dust to make believe we’re going tremendously fast.”

Davy scrambled in and the cabman started off again. The dust was pouring from both faucets and the cab rocked from side to side like a boat in a stormy sea. Davy was almost choked and he sat down on the floor of the cab, very uncomfortable. But suddenly the motion ceased, the air cleared and the cabman came to a sudden stop, and Davy, to his astonishment, found himself sitting in the road in front of the little house that Jack built.

The cabman and his cab had disappeared entirely, but, curiously enough, the cab door was standing wide open in the wall of the house, just above the porch, and in the opening stood the red cow gazing down upon him and solemnly chewing.

“How did you get here?” she suddenly asked.

“I came in a cab,” said Davy. “We came along behind the horse.”

“People in cabs usually do,” said the cow.

“But this horse was running away,” said Davy.

“Where was the cabman?” asked the cow suspiciously.

“He was drawing the cab,” said Davy.

“Oh, come, I say,” said the cow, “good afternoon!” And with this the cow disappeared from the opening, and the cab door shut to with a loud bang.

Davy sat still for a moment, hoping that the dog or even a cat would appear, so that he might explain himself. None of them came, and the house itself began to *go*.

First the chimneys sank down through the roof. Then the roof itself with its gable and dormer windows, softly folded itself flat down upon the house, out of sight. The cab door and the latticed windows fluttered gently for a moment and then faded away, one by one. Then the porch gravely took itself to pieces and carried itself, so to speak, carefully in

left of Ribsy, the cab, the house or the cow through the front door. There was nothing save a brick wall, with climbing roses running all over it.

Davy sat quite still, expecting something marvellous of this wall, but it showed no intention of doing anything, or going anywhere. Davy watched it attentively for a few moments, then got up and resumed his journey along the road.

WINDING UP TIME

THE boat's keel grated on the pebbles and Jack saw two little old women approaching, gently driving a white horse before them. The horse had panniers, one on each side, and when his feet were in the water he stood still.

“Will you be so kind as to tell me if this is Fairyland?” Jack asked one of the old women. She was very handsomely dressed in a red satin gown, and did not look in the least like a washer-woman, though it afterwards appeared that she was one.

Neither of them answered but they began to empty the panniers of many small blue and pink and scarlet shirts, and coats and stockings; and when they had made them into two little heaps they knelt down and began to wash them in the river, not taking any notice of Jack whatever. The old white horse, who was hanging his head over the lovely clear water, had a disconsolate air.

At last the washer-woman in the blue satin

cloak said, "I shall leave off now. I've got a pain in my works."

"Do!" said the other. "We'll go home and have a cup of tea. "Then she glanced at Jack, who had landed. "Can you strike?" she asked.

"If I choose," he said, astonished. And then the red and the blue washer-women wrung out the clothes, and taking the old horse by the bridle began gently to lead him away. They were such odd little creatures, no taller than Jack. He ran after them, and as one said, "Whoa!" to the horse, and the other in the same breath said, "Gee!" Jack was astonished to see the old horse stop and say, speaking in a manner through his nose, "Now, then, which is it to be? I'm willing to *gee*, and I'm agreeable to *whoa*, but what's a fellow to do when you say them both together?"

"Why, he talks!" exclaimed Jack.

"It's because he has a cold in his head," observed one of the washer-women. "He always talks when he's got a cold, and there's no pleasing him. Whatever you say or do, he's not satisfied. *Gee*, Boney, do!"

"*Gee* it is then," said the horse and began to jog on.

"It appears that your horses don't talk," observed the blue washer-woman to Jack.

"Never," replied Jack. "They can't."

"You mean they won't," interrupted the old horse. "You'll find out some day, perhaps," he continued, "whether horses can talk or not."

"Shall I?" asked Jack very earnestly.

"They'll *tell!*" proceeded the old horse. "I wouldn't be you when they tell how you've used them."

"Have you been ill used?" said Jack in an anxious tone.

"Yes, of course he has," one of the old women said, "but he has come here to get all right again. This is a very wholesome country for horses, isn't it, Boney?"

"Yes," said the horse.

"Well, then jog on, there's a dear," continued the old woman. "Why, you will be young again soon, you know—young and game-some, and handsome. You'll be quite a colt by and by, and then we shall set you free to join your companions in the happy meadows."

At this the old horse pricked up his ears and quickened his pace considerably.

“He was shamefully used,” observed the red washer-woman. “Look how lean he is; you can see his ribs.

“Yes,” said the blue one. “And he gets low-spirited when he thinks of all he has gone through, but he is a vast deal better than he was. He used to live in London. His master always carried a long whip to beat him with, and never spoke politely to him.”

“London!” exclaimed Jack, “why that is in my country. How did the horse get here, in Fairyland?”

“That’s no business of yours,” answered one of the old women, “but I can tell you he came because he was wanted.”

“You be polite to the boy,” interrupted the horse in a querulous tone. “I don’t bear *him* malice.”

“You see,” observed the red old woman, “what a good disposition Boney has. Pray, are you a boy?”

“Yes,” said Jack.

“A real boy, who needs no winding up?” asked the blue old woman curiously.

“I don’t know what you mean, or what you

meant about my being able to strike," Jack answered, "but I am a real boy certainly."

"Ah!" she replied, "Well, I thought you were by the way Boney talked to you. How frightened you must be! I wonder what will be done to all your people for working and driving and beating so many beautiful creatures to death every year that comes. They'll have to pay for it some day, you may depend."

Jack grew alarmed, but the other old woman spoke. "But Boney's all right now," she said, "or will be soon. Only he has to begin at the wrong end."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Why in this country," she answered, "they begin by being terribly old and stiff, and they seem unhappy and jaded at first, but by degrees they get young again, as you heard me reminding him."

"This must be a very nice country to live in," said Jack.

"For horses it is," said the old lady significantly.

"Well," said Jack, "it does seem very full of haystacks, and all the air smells of fresh green grass."

At this moment they came to a beautiful

meadow, and the old horse stopped and turning to the blue-coated woman said, "Faxa, I think I could fancy a handful of clover." Upon this Faxa snatched Jack's cap off his head, and in a very active manner jumped over a little ditch, and gathering some clover presently brought it back full, handing it to the old horse with great civility.

"You don't need to be in such a hurry," observed the old horse: "Some day, if you are not more careful, your weights will be running down."

"It's nothing but my natural zeal," the old woman replied. And as she came closer to give Jack his cap, he heard a curious sort of little ticking noise, which startled him, for it came from inside of her.

But they hurried him on. "I hear the bell," urged the old woman, who was called Dow by Boney, "and we are a long way from the palace."

Jack himself, in fact, heard a violent ringing of a bell at some distance, so they all four ran. And as they ran, people gathered from all sides—fields, cottages, mills—until at last there was a little crowd and they were all making for a large house, the wide door of which

was standing open. Jack stood with the crowd and peeped in. There was a woman sitting inside upon a rocking chair, a tall, large woman, with a gold-colored gown on, and beside her stood a table covered with things that looked like keys.

“What is that woman doing?” he said to Faxe, who was standing near by.

“Winding us up, to be sure!” she replied. “Winding up old and tired horses and folks. You didn’t think, did you, that a horse or a washer-woman could go on forever?”

“Winding you up every evening, just like watches?” asked Jack in amazement.

“Unless we have misbehaved ourselves,” she answered, “and then she lets us run down.”

“And what then?”

“What then?” repeated Faxe, “why, then we have to stop and stand against a wall until the Queen is pleased to forgive us, and let one of our friends carry us in to be set going again.”

Jack looked in. Near the door lay a beautiful brown mare. She was lying in a languid and rather affected attitude, with a load of fresh hay before her, and two grooms, one of whom stood holding a parasol over her head,

and the other was fanning her. Inside, everybody passed in and stood close by the woman. One after the other she took by the chin with her left hand, and with her right hand selected a key which pleased her. It seemed to Jack that there was a tiny key-hole in the back of their heads, and that she put the key in and wound them up.

“You must take your turn with the rest of us,” Boney told Jack.

“There’s no key-hole in my head,” said Jack.

“But you must do as the others do,” Boney persisted, “and if you have no key-hole, our Queen will make you one.”

“Make a hole in my head,” exclaimed Jack, “no such thing!”

“We shall see,” said Faxe quietly. And Jack was so frightened that he set off, and ran back toward the river as fast as he could.

Many of the people called to him to stop, but they could not run after him, because they needed winding up. However, they would certainly have caught him, for before he got to the river he heard behind him the footsteps of those who had first been wound by the Queen, and he only just had time to spring

into the boat when they reached the edge of the water.

No sooner was he on board than the boat swung round and he was out in the middle of the stream. He saw that the sun was dropping down in the west, and by this time he felt quite tired and sleepy. So he laid down in the bottom of the boat, and fell into a doze, and then into a dream. In the dream was Boney, now a sportive young colt whom Jack, in the happy meadows, was not able to catch.

OF FRIENDS

THE ELEPHANT WHO WAS LONELY

THE King's elephant lived in a fine stable and outside there lived a dog, only a mongrel dog, but friendly. And it came about that the dog formed a habit of going in the stable and visiting with the elephant, feeding on food that the elephant left after his meals. After a while these two, the great elephant with his mighty body and his long swinging trunk, and the little yard dog became the fastest of friends. They took all their meals together in the stable. When the elephant felt sad, the dog howled. When the dog was happy, the elephant would lift him gently in the end of his trunk wound about the dog's small body, and either give him a ride on his back or swing him up in the air.

They fed, sorrowed, rejoiced, even slept together until one day a Rajah of that country, riding by and seeing the strange sight of the friendship of these two, remarked upon it. "That is a very clever dog!" the Rajah said

to the elephant's keeper. "Will you sell him to me? I will take him home to my country house to amuse me."

There had never been any special value set on the little mongrel cur of the stable yard, but when the elephant's keeper heard the words of the Rajah and saw him open his bag and take out a handful of gold, he bowed low and said that the dog might go at once. So the dog, who was the elephant's best friend, was sold and taken to a place in the country far away from his own stable yard.

Now an elephant, for all his size and clumsy appearance, thinks and seldom forgets those whom he loves. And when it was his supper time, and the little dog was not there in the stable to share the food with him, the King's elephant would not eat. Not even his keeper could make him take food. When morning came, and the elephant was not awakened by the good-morning bark of the dog at his great feet, again he refused to eat. He would not bathe, for he and the dog had made the elephant's bath a frolic, the elephant squirting water from his trunk over the dog. And it seemed to the elephant's keeper,

and to the other keepers and to the servants and to even the chief servant that the elephant must be ailing.

News of this carried to the ears of the King, who rode in his palanquin on the back of the elephant to hunt in the jungle. The King had word that his most prized elephant mourned in the stable and would neither eat nor bathe. So the King sent for the chief of the servants to enquire if he had heard any rumor as to what was the cause of the elephant's strange illness.

"Your Majesty," said the chief of the servants, "there seems to be nothing the matter with the elephant's body, but his mind and heart are affected. The elephant mourns for the loss of his playmate."

"A playmate?" asked the King.

"Yes, your Majesty," said the chief of the servants. "The elephant had a little mongrel dog from the stable yard with whom he used to eat and play and sleep. But the keeper tells us that this little dog went away a period of three days ago, since when the elephant has sorrowed and refused his food. He will die if this sorrow continues with him."

So the King sent for the keeper and of him he enquired about the whereabouts of the dog.

“I do not know,” the keeper told him dishonestly. “All I know is that the dog went away three days ago and has not been seen since. It may be that some farmer passing by and seeing how good-natured our dog was, took him away.”

“That is well, then,” said the King. “I shall send couriers for the length of the kingdom to try and find this little friend for whom my elephant mourns. If any man has this dog and will turn him loose, I will give him a bounty in gold.”

So the wicked keeper was outwitted, for the King's couriers went to the ends of the kingdom, spreading the news, and they soon found the little dog, also mourning in the palace of the Rajah, for he too was lonely. When the dog was brought back to his own stable yard he ran, barking and wagging his faithful tail, until he reached the huge elephant standing, bowed and weak, in his place. And there at the feet of the elephant, the dog stood looking up at the elephant's small, half-shut eyes, so far away, and yet seeing him.

The elephant was transformed. He lifted his little friend, the dog, in his trunk and set him very gently upon his head, between his big flapping ears. Then he paraded up and down the grounds giving the dog a triumphal ride. After this, with the King and all his retinue watching, the two ate together. It was a sight for even a King, this devotion in friendship.

And the elephant and the dog lived together in happiness and friendship all the rest of their lives.

THE DOG AND CAT FROM THE SKY

IN the olden days when there were Tsars wearing crowns in Russia, a lad came into his inheritance, which was three hundred gold roubles, and he went at once to the market place to spend it.

Furs and grain and horses and fine kiosks and all manner of beautiful samovars were displayed there, all of these useful things for a lad who was thinking of setting up house-keeping for himself. But he saw, in a far corner of the market, a neglected dog and a cat, who for warmth's sake were huddled close together. And this lad, foolish but good-hearted, bought the cat and the dog, although he was obliged to pay a hundred roubles apiece for the pair of them.

He put the cat under one arm and the dog he dragged along at his side, and he was about to go home in order to escape the gibes of his neighbors, who laughed at the manner in which he had wasted his patrimony, but just then,

at a goldsmith's stall, this lad saw a curious ring.

It was made of iron, or some such metal, broad and oddly carved, and nobody was bargaining for it, although its sides were cut with designs of heroes. The lad's fancy was struck by the ring and he asked its price, his eyes big with his desire for it. Of course the goldsmith, who had picked it up from a heap of loot after a battle, put no value on an iron ring but he set a high price on it just the same, for he was avaricious.

"One hundred roubles and cheap at that!" he said.

Well, our lad had exactly an hundred roubles left, so he took them out of his wallet and paid for the ring, which he put on his finger and hurried home. All his gold gone, his inheritance wasted, and nothing to show for it but a dog, a cat, and a worthless old ring. The lad set the cat down on the doorstep. How strange! He had not noticed this when he bought her, but the cat had a long, golden tail, like the rays of the sun or the flaming tail of a comet! It gave her a fine appearance. The dog, also, looked valuable, for he had a pair of long silvery ears that hung

down the sides of his head as far as the ground. The lad rubbed his forehead and in so doing he twisted the iron ring about. Presto, and marvellous! There stood thirty serving boys and one hundred and seventy heroes in shining mail, crowding his poor courtyard and ready to do him service! And when he turned the ring again, they disappeared. He could summon and dismiss them at his will.

So the lad had bought good fortune after all, and the first thing he did was to set out for a neighboring province where there lived a beautiful but haughty princess, for he had a mind to win her and bring her back to his village. He started at once, carrying the cat whose golden tail shed a radiance like the day in his path, and leading the dog with the long silver ears. So they traveled, summoning the soldiers by a turn of the ring when they met robbers in the forest, and sending the serving boys ahead to provide cream and bones and bread for their food. By these means they came to the kingdom of the beautiful but haughty princess, who said she would be willing to return with the lad to his village, but first he must prove his worth.

A bountiful meal of rich meats and rare wines was set before him, and the lad ate and drank so unwisely that he fell into a deep sleep. During his sleep the warriors of the princess entered his chamber and took his magic ring. Then they went off to battle, the princess at their head with the ring which would summon enough warriors to make them victorious and so add to their possessions. And before they went, they were careful to lock the gates, so that the luckless lad would awake to find himself a prisoner.

The cavalcade took its proud way, thinking the princess would be invincible. But behind them went two whom they had not counted on, the dog and the cat. They were faithful to their master, and they were brother and sister in those days. On they hastened, sleeping under hedges and hiding behind trees in the forest, and when they came to a stream, the dog carried the cat across upon his back although at every stroke the cat became heavier. He swam bravely until they reached the opposite bank, and to reward him for this service, the cat went ahead and led him through the darkness of the night, for her eyes could pierce the dark.

All the way, the forces of the princess, through the help of the magic ring, were victorious. The princess took up her dwelling upon the edge of a valley, where from her tower, she could watch her army, and night and day she wore the ring. Presently two humble wayfarers, the dog with the long ears and the cat with the golden tail, came to her gates and offered their services as cook and housemaid. They were at once engaged, and proved very useful. The dog caught and cooked game to perfection, and the cat, her beautiful tail waving behind her, went softly through the rooms of the princess' dwelling, sweeping them and gathering up every speck of dust.

The two worked at night even. The cat would not rest until she had seen that the princess was sound asleep. She sat by the casement, slowly waving her tail like a gorgeous fan, and looking silently out at the stars until the soft breathing of the princess beneath her silken coverings told that she was asleep. And one morning the princess awoke to find that her ring was gone. And her cook and her matchless housemaid were also gone, for they had remained only long enough to get their

master's property and start back with it, the cat carrying the ring for safety in her mouth, to release the lad from his imprisonment.

Soon they were followed by the princess and her soldiers, for they fell into sore straits without the ring to summon help. They followed the paw prints of the dog and the cat, and one day close to evening they were about to ford a stream, when the princess saw a strange sight. As usual, the dog stepped boldly into the water and his sister, the cat with the golden tail, placed herself upon his back. They seemed to lose themselves in the ending of the day, the cat's tail floating above the water like the golden glow of the rising moon, and the dog's long ears lying on the surface of the stream as does the image of the pale twilight. And the princess did not dare to ford the stream that night, for she knew that she had been served by two animals from the sky. She had been allowed to see Eyes of the Blind, the cat who comes from the moon, and Legs of the Lamé, the dog who admits the twilight after the gates of day are closed, and who lives in the moon.

In the morning, there were the cat and the dog on the other side of the river, so the prin-

cess and her train joined them in great respect and humbleness. They went on together to the kingdom, which this princess, who was a daughter of a Tsar, shared with the lad who had spent his inheritance so wisely.

THE MONKEY WHO BROUGHT THANKSGIVING

THE monkey lived in a boarding house in a small town. With him lived a well-to-do cat, who had to have special food to make her fur grow longer and silkier, a prize dog who ate too much and so was having a special diet, and several other animals including a disagreeable poodle, who had once danced in a circus and talked about it too much.

They were all there for the purpose of being taken care of, all except the monkey. He had been taken in out of charity in his ragged little cap with its draggled feather, his scarlet velvet coat and with his tin cup for pennies when he had been deserted by his hurdy-gurdy master.

Everybody was tolerant of the monkey in the boarding house, but they talked to themselves about his manners. He insisted upon wearing his cap at meals, and he would shake his little tin cup when the owners of the ani-

imals came to call on them, although this was because he had been taught to do it. At last they spoke about the monkey openly.

“An ill-bred creature indeed!” snarled the circus poodle, if the monkey came near him.

“Don’t touch my nice long fur!” spit the well-to-do cat if the monkey so much as looked at her.

“Don’t make me watch you eat!” growled the dog-show dog who was dieting, “I am weak myself for lack of food.”

So the monkey formed a habit of sitting by himself in the crotch of a tree in the garden of the boarding house and watching over the garden wall the seasons and the people passing. He was a very lonely little animal for, although you may not have known it, the monkey loves company. He likes to run with his family.

So he sat there in the crotch of the tree, which was an apple tree, and once he grew bold enough to pick an apple and throw it over the wall at a boy who was going by on his way to school. Oh, how big the eyes of the boy grew! And the monkey chattered merrily as he had not before in a long time. After that he made a practice of throwing ap-

ples and nuts and once a cooky at the children, until he had made friends among them. That was late summer, and soon it was fall and then Thanksgiving time.

Now that the leaves were off the trees, the monkey could see a long way down the street. He may have remembered hearing stories from his mother of how his grandfather and great-grandfather used to run by themselves, scampering among the branches of great trees and scurrying along the silent paths of the forest. However that may have been, the monkey did something very bold the day before Thanksgiving. Wearing his ragged little cap with its feather and his still more ragged little scarlet velvet coat, and swinging his tin cup on a chain around his neck, he went all the way up to the top of the apple tree. He waved his tail airily at the well-to-do cat basking below him in the late sunshine of the garden wall. He shook one paw at the disagreeable poodle, who was too busy remembering his past to plan new adventures. Then he jumped to the wall, down to the street, and was off.

The monkey came very near tripping up Tommy Parker, who was helping his grandmother take home the Thanksgiving turkey

and the cranberries and the nuts and the raisins in a large basket.

“Look at the monkey!” they cried, and they followed him.

Then he met Jane Brewster who had been to the bakery with her mother and together they had many packages of buns and pies and cakes and other goodies for Thanksgiving.

“Look at the monkey!” they cried and they also followed.

More and more children followed, for it was the Thanksgiving vacation when much shopping and marketing had to be done. Children with jugs of molasses, children with baskets of turnips and potatoes, children with packages of sugar and boxes of eggs, children with bags of crimson cranberries and baskets of rosy apples and all the rest of the spicy, sugary Thanksgiving dinner things followed until the procession behind the monkey was several blocks long and they could not see him.

“There is a monkey somewhere ahead!” one child would say to another, and so they went on around corners, up one avenue and then down a side street and back again as a rabbit road goes, doubling and crossing itself. All the time the monkey skipped along merrily, and

after a while a policeman and a man who wrote stories for the town newspaper joined on at the end of the line.

On raced the monkey, his tin cup rattling and the feather in his cap floating as he hurried on, thinking he was his grandfather or his great-grandfather in the forest with the tribe running at his heels. On, on went the monkey until he reached the end of the town and went right in Bridget's and Tommy's kitchen.

Bridget and Tommy were not going to have any Thanksgiving dinner, for their father was ill upstairs, but they had enough food to share with a tired out little monkey, come like a gift of the fairies, out of the street and up onto their kitchen table. He chattered, trying to tell them why he had come. When Tommy Parker and Jane Brewster reached the house, the monkey was eating a piece of bread and butter as if he had always lived in that kitchen. But there was such a crowd that had followed him that the small yard would not hold them, so only the policeman and the man who wrote for the newspaper went in to see the monkey.

After the monkey had been patted by the policeman and had told the newspaper man

that he had left his boarding house forever, people and children began giving him things for Thanksgiving. They gave him a turkey and turnips and pies and nuts and raisins, all the good things they had been carrying so far and so long as they followed him.

But he gave his Thanksgiving dinner to Bridget and Tommy, for all he wanted or cared for was enough food and kindness to fill his little tin cup. His picture was put in the newspaper and the boarding house invited him to come back again, but the monkey never did. He had brought Thanksgiving and found himself a friendly family, so what else mattered? He could curl his tail scornfully and shake his paw at all the disagreeable poodles and well-to-do cats in the world.

IN THE FOREST

HOW THE CAT BECAME HEAD FORESTER

IF you drop Vladmir by mistake, you know how he always falls on his feet. And if Vladmir tumbles off the roof of the hut, he always falls on his feet. Cats always fall on their feet, on their four paws, and never hurt themselves. And as in tumbling, so in life. No cat is ever unfortunate for very long. The worse things look for a cat, the better they are going to be.

Well, once upon a time, not so very long ago, an old peasant had a cat and did not like him. He was a Tom-cat, always fighting; and he had lost one ear, and so was not pretty to look at. The peasant thought he would get rid of the old cat and buy a new one from a neighbor. He did not care what became of the old cat so long as he never saw him again. It was no use thinking of killing him, for it is a life's work to kill a cat, and it's likely enough that the cat would come alive in the end.

So the old peasant took a sack, and he

bundled the Tom-cat into the sack and he sewed it up and slung it over his back and walked off into the forest. When he had gone many *versts* into the forest, he took the sack with the cat in it and threw it away among the trees.

“You stay there!” said he, “and if you do get out in this desolate place, much good may it do you, you old quarrelsome bundle of bones and fur!”

The bag flew through the air, and plumped down through a bush to the ground. And the old Tom-cat landed on his feet inside it, very much frightened but not hurt. Thinks he, this bag, this flight through the air, this bump means that my life is going to have a change. Very well; there is nothing like something new now and again.

And presently he began tearing at the bag with his sharp claws. Soon there was a hole through which he could put his paw. He went on tearing and scratching, and soon there was a hole through which he could put two paws. He went on with his work, and soon he could put his head through, all the easier because he had but one ear. A minute or two after this, and he wriggled out of the bag,

stretched himself and stood up in the forest.

He washed himself all over, curled his tail proudly in the air, cocked his only ear, and set off walking under the forest trees.

“I was the head Tom-cat in my village,” he said to himself. “If all goes well, I shall be head here too.” And he walked along as if he were the Tsar himself.

Well, he walked on and on and as he was walking, he met a fox, a vixen, a very pretty young thing, gay and giddy like all girls. And the fox saw the cat and was very much astonished.

“What a strange looking animal!” she said to herself, “and with only one ear. How handsome!”

And she came up and made her bows to the cat, and said,

“Tell me, great lord, who are you? What fortunate chance has brought you to this forest? And by what name am I to call your Excellency?”

The cat arched his back, set all his fur on end, and said, very slowly and quietly,

“I have been sent from the far forests of Siberia to be Head-forester over you. And my name is Cat Ivanovitch.”

“O Cat Ivanovitch!” said the pretty young fox, making more bows, “I did not recognize you. I beg your Excellency’s pardon. Will your Excellency honour my humble house by visiting it as a guest?”

“I will,” said the Tom-cat. “And what are you called?”

“My name, your Excellency, is Lisabeta Ivanovna.”

“Let us start then, Lisabeta,” said Cat Ivanovitch.

So they went together to the Fox’s earth. Very snug, very neat inside it was; and the cat curled himself up in the best place while the fox, Lisabeta Ivanovna, made ready a tasty dish of game. And while she was making the meal ready, she dusted the furniture with her tail and got out all the dainties that she had, including the best tea. And she started the samovar for the great Cat Ivanovitch, the cat with one ear who had come from the far Siberian forests to be the Head-forester.

They ate up everything there was in the place.

Next morning the pretty young fox went off busily into the forest to get food for her

grand guest. But the old Tom-cat stayed at home and cleaned his whiskers and slept. He was a lazy one, that cat, and proud.

The fox was running through the forest, looking for game, when she met an old friend, a handsome young wolf, and he started to make polite speeches to her. But the fox would not be delayed.

“Have you not heard?” she asked, “that the great Cat Ivanovitch, who has only one ear, has been sent to us from the far Siberian forests to be Head-forester over all of us? He is a guest in my earth.”

“No, I had not heard, Lisabeta Ivanovna,” said the wolf, “When can I pay my respects to his Excellency?”

“Look you,” said the fox, “Get a sheep, and make it ready, and bring it as a greeting to him to show that he is welcome and that you know how to treat him with respect. Leave the sheep near by and hide yourself, for if Cat Ivanovitch were to see you before he eats, things would be awkward.”

“Thank you, thank you, Lisabeta Ivanovna,” said the wolf, and off he went to look for the sheep.

The pretty young fox went on, but idly now

and enjoying the air, and presently she met Bruin, the bear.

“Good-day to you, Lisabeta Ivanovna,” said the bear, “as pretty as ever, I see.”

“I cannot stop,” said the fox. “Have you not heard that the great Cat Ivanovitch has been sent from the far Siberian forest to be Head-forester over us all? He is a guest in my earth.”

“Is it forbidden to have a look at his Excellency?” asked the bear.

“It is forbidden,” said the fox. “Cat Ivanovitch will be raging angry if I let anyone come near him. Presently he will be taking his food. Get along with you quickly; make ready an ox, and bring it by way of welcome to him. Leave the meat near by, and hide yourself so that the great Cat Ivanovitch shall not see you before he eats. If he were to see you, things might be awkward.”

The bear shambled off as fast as he could to get an ox.

And the pretty young fox, after enjoying the fresh air, went slowly home to her earth and crept in very quietly, so as not to wake the great Head-forester, Cat Ivanovitch, who

had only one ear and was sleeping in the best place.

Presently the wolf came through the forest dragging the sheep. He did not dare go too near the fox's earth, so he stopped well out of sight and arranged the sheep so as to seem a nice, tasty morsel. Then he stood still, thinking what next to do. He heard a noise, and there was the bear, struggling along with the ox he had killed.

"Good-day, brother Michael Ivanovitch," said the wolf.

"Good-day, brother Levon Ivanovitch," said the bear.

Then they saw that each had come on the same errand, to bring an offering to the great Cat Ivanovitch, but they saw also that they must hide until he had eaten."

"It will be best to climb trees," said the bear. "I shall go up to the top of this fir."

"But I can't climb a tree for the life of me," said the wolf.

"Crouch down under these bushes then," said the bear, "and I will cover you with dead leaves."

"May you be rewarded, brother Michael,"

said the wolf, and he crouched down under the bushes, and the bear covered him up with dead leaves, so that only the tip of his nose showed. Then the bear climbed slowly up into the fir tree, into the very top, and looked out to see if the fox and Cat Ivanovitch were coming.

They were coming; oh, yes, they were coming! But what a little one was Cat Ivanovitch, the Head-forester with only one ear!

The cat came on, and arched his back and set his fur on end, and threw himself upon the fresh meat, tearing it with his teeth and claws. And as he tore he purred. And the bear listened, and heard for the first time the purring of a cat and it seemed to him that the Head-forester was saying "Small, small, small—"

And the bear, Michael Ivanovitch, whispered, "He's no giant, but what a glutton! Why, we couldn't get through a quarter of that, and he finds it not enough. Heaven help us if he comes after us!"

The wolf, Levon Ivanovitch, tried to see but could not, as all but his nose was covered up with leaves. Little by little he moved his head, so as to try and clear the leaves away

from his eyes. Try as he would to be quiet, the leaves rustled. The cat listened.

“I haven’t caught a mouse today,” he thought.

Once more the leaves rustled.

Cat Ivanovitch leaped through the air and dropped on all fours, his claws out, on the nose of Levon Ivanovitch. How the wolf yelped! The leaves flew like dust, and the wolf ran away as fast as his legs would carry him.

When the wolf leaped up out of the leaves it frightened Cat Ivanovitch. He howled and ran up the nearest tree, and that was the tree where Michael Ivanovitch, the bear, was hiding.

The bear trusted to luck, and jumped from the top of the tree. Many were the branches he broke as he fell; many were the bumps he gave himself when he crashed to the ground. He picked himself up and stumbled off, groaning.

The pretty young fox, Lisabeta, sat still and cried out, “Run, brother Levon! Quicker on your pins, Brother Michael! His Excellency is behind you! His Excellency is close behind!”

Ever since then all the wild beasts have been

afraid of the cat, and the cat and the fox live merrily together, and eat fresh meat all the year round.

And that is what happened to the old Tom-cat with one ear, who was put in a bag and thrown away in the forest, for the worse things look for a cat, the better they are going to be.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

At the back of the king's castle was his pleasure garden and in the center of the garden was a wonderful tree which bore only apples of gold.

The king had other fruit trees, those which bore yellow pears, crimson cherries and luscious peaches, but this was the only one upon which there hung golden fruit. Each day the king counted his golden apples, and what was his astonishment one morning to discover that one was missing! Something must be done about it. The king had three sons, and he at once appointed the eldest to watch all night in the garden and discover the thief.

But the prince went to sleep. In the morning a second apple was missing, so the second son was commanded to keep vigil for the thief. Alas, he too slept and a third apple was stolen.

The youngest prince was looked upon as a

rather good for nothing young fellow, but now there was nothing to do, since his brothers had failed, but for him to take up the watch under the tree with its glittering burden in the garden. And he kept his eyes wide open, for he was awake always for adventure. The clocks struck twelve. The prince heard the sound of a rushing of unseen wings above the tree. Suddenly he saw a great golden bird swoop down and peck off an apple before the arrow from the prince's bow had touched it.

The bird was off as swiftly as it had come, but one of its feathers had fallen with the arrow. The prince grasped this and took it in the morning to the council room of the castle where he showed it to the king.

The king was full of wrath. "One feather is of no use to me," he told the prince. "I give you full credit for discovering the thief, but bring me the golden bird. Go you to the uttermost ends of the earth, and do not appear again in my sight until you bring me the bird."

So this youngest prince of the kingdom set off on what seemed an impossible errand.

This was a country of long distances and deep forests in which wild animals lived and

had speech like men. The prince had not gone a very great distance when he came upon an old red fox sitting beside a woodsy trail as if he had been waiting for him to come along. The prince knew the fox for what his fine brush and his thick red coat stood, a master trickster, and he pointed his gun at him. But the fox bowed low and begged him not to shoot.

“I happened to know that you are in need of advice, sir,” said the fox. “You have been sent on a search on which many have gone and few have been successful, the search for the golden bird. It may be that I can help you. Keep on through this forest until you come out at a high road and there you will find two inns, facing each other, one on each side of the highway. One of these inns will have candles shining from every window and you will hear pleasant sounds of fiddles and dancing feet and singing voices. This will seem the inn for you, but I warn you not to stop there. Do not judge by appearances. Stop the night at the darker inn.”

The prince went on, and he found everything that the old fox had told him to be true. He came to the high road and there, facing each other on opposite sides of the road, were

the two inns, one bright with candles and the other dark.

“Light and fiddles for me!” said the prince to himself. “I am weary and lonely. What can an old red fox, the most tricky animal of the forest, know?” So the prince entered the forbidden shelter. And there he ate and made merry and slept, and all remembrance of the golden bird passed from him. He was like a man who puts on new garments and leaves his life behind him with his old coat.

So the prince lived and grew slothful and fat and dull. But one day when he was out in the forest gathering fagots for the innkeeper, who had made a kitchen boy of him, he saw a familiar flash of red fur behind a tree, and then a paw tapped his arm. “Shame on you, sir,” said the old red fox. “Will you never learn wisdom or listen to the advice of one who knows better than you? Are you going to continue your search for the golden bird, or will you be conquered as so many of your fellows have been?”

The prince gaped and rubbed his dull eyes. Then, with the words of the fox, memory came to him and he begged the fox to help him.

“This once, then,” said the fox. “Leave

your pleasant living and go on until you reach a great castle standing upon a hill, before which you will find a band of soldiers. You will not need to trouble yourself about them, for they will be sleeping. Enter the castle boldly and make your way through the rooms until you reach one in which there is a golden bird hanging in a cage of brown rushes. Close by will stand a gold cage of state, but I warn you against taking the golden bird out of the cage of rushes, however much the gold cage seems to you to become it."

With this, the fox pointed the way and the prince set out.

Again, it all came to pass as the fox had said. There was a great castle on a high hill, and there were soldiers in great number, but snoring in the courtyard. Traversing many rooms, the prince came to the one in which the golden bird, like the light of the sun at midday, hung in a mean cage of brown rushes. And close by stood the golden cage which befitted it.

"The advice of an old red fox!" scoffed the prince, "Of what value is it?" and he opened the door of the rush cage and put the golden bird in the glittering cage.

There was a cry of terror from the bird and suddenly the room was full to crowding with armed soldiers. They seized the prince and put him in irons. They brought him before the lord of that castle, and it did not avail him anything that he confessed, and begged pardon, and explained that he was upon his father's business. The lord of the castle set him a task.

"There is a golden horse far from here," he told the prince, "on which I have had my eye for some time. Bring him to me and I will give you the golden bird as a reward. Fail, and I will have your head!"

The prince started off sadly. But he suddenly felt the fox's tail brushing his legs. "You do not deserve my help. Will you never learn wisdom?" asked the fox. "But seat yourself upon my brush and I will take you to the stable in which stands this golden horse."

The prince, indeed in need of help, seated himself on the fox's tail. Away they flew over hill and valley, over stock and stone until they had reached a stable in a woods, the yard of which was full of sleeping guards.

"I can go no farther," said the fox, "take your way boldly among these snoring men, for

they will not harm you. Go into the stable and saddle and bridle the horse. But be sure that you put on a plain leather harness, for that will be the best for the journey home."

The prince looked back to thank the fox, but he was gone. He took his way safely into the stable and there, like the steeds of the morning which bring the sun to the earth, stood a golden horse. His mane was flowing brass. His eyes were topaz. His golden hoofs struck fire. And beside his stall hung two sets of harness, a common leather one, and one with a bridle of jewels and trappings of cloth of gold.

"I am not such a dullard," thought the prince, "as not to know which harness belongs on so rare a steed," and with that he led out the golden horse and put upon him the glittering trappings.

The horse stamped and neighed loudly. The men in the yard awoke and crowded into the stables. The luckless prince was carried before the king to whom the horse belonged and was condemned to death. "You may live only on condition that you level the mountain that hides from my view the forest," this king told the prince. That seemed an impossible feat,

but the prince took his life in his hands and went to work the next day.

Day in and day out, and from one season to the next, he dug. Always the mountain seemed unchanged although he was making a little progress. He persevered, and after much labor he came suddenly upon the old fox, who looked mockingly at him from his den in the side of the mountain. "You do not deserve help," said the fox once more, "but you are learning, and you are persevering. Once more I will help you, and move the mountain."

The mountain was gone, as if it had dropped into the earth! The prince rubbed his eyes, but it was no dream. The mountain was levelled and beyond it one could see the forest in all its green and brown splendor. He hastened to the king and for a reward was given the golden horse. The prince mounted the golden horse and hastened over hill and dale, over stock and stone until he reached the lord of that castle, who had promised him the golden bird in return for the golden horse. He received the golden bird and was just about to set out for home when he heard a scratching in the twigs at his feet in the forest.

The old red fox it was, cringing and whining, and reminding the prince how much he owed him.

“What will you give me for a reward, little master?” asked the fox.

“Well, what would you like; the half of our kingdom?” asked the prince.

“Little master,” begged the fox, “I desire that you should slay me, and after you have slain me I beg that you cut off my hands and my feet.”

The prince thought this a strange request. He was about to go on, but the fox followed him. “Now you have your heart’s desire,” said the fox, “everything that you wished for is yours and you will come into the kingdom, because that golden bird is worth more than twenty kingdoms put together. But my misfortunes are endless. It lies with you to free me, for only by laying aside my brush and my red coat, can I be born again. I pray of you slay me, and after you have slain me cut off my hands and my feet.”

Now, the prince understood that the fox was serious in his request. He shot an arrow straight into the fox’s heart, and then he cut off the fox’s hands and his feet.

And the fox stood before the prince, a man like himself. And now there was nothing lacking in their happiness, so long as they lived.

THE PRINCE WHO WAS AFRAID

ONCE upon a time, in the Land of Make-Believe, there was a little prince who was afraid. He was afraid of mice and he was afraid of cats. He was afraid of cows and he was afraid of dogs. He was afraid of the highway and also of the woods. He was afraid, in fine, of all animals and the time had come for him to make a journey into the land of his grandfather, who would give this prince his family crown.

It was a very beautiful crown made of white gold, and the jewels of it were red rubies and blue sapphires set in clusters and rows. The glory of the crown shone for the courage of the country, and here was a prince of a very old family of that country who would be afraid to go and get it.

The prince's grandfather lived on the other side of some deep woods. How, the court asked itself, could a little prince who was such a coward about the forest cross it? And how, unless he found courage, would he ever be able to wear a crown creditably?

But one day he started out, armed with his father's sword and with his mother's picture hung in a locket around his neck. He carried a roll of bandages and a large bottle of arnica and a lot of telegraph blanks for sending back a message if he were able. And he wore a large helmet and carried a shield. He looked like a walking peddler when he set out and when he came to the edge of the woods he met there a wise woman, who enquired of him why he was so fully armed.

"I am dreadfully afraid of the animals that live in this forest," he told her. "I must go through it in order to get to my grandfather on the other side and bring back my crown."

The wise woman, who was no taller than a little wrinkled tree stump, looked up at the prince and smiled, and her smile reminded him of his mother's.

"Well," she said, "this is a forest, and I don't deny that there may be animals, but pluck up courage. Leave some of your senseless trappings with me, and come close so that I may give you a magic word for a charm when you meet danger on your way. Lean low while I whisper it to you."

So the prince leaned down to the wise woman and she repeated the magic word several times so that he would surely remember. Then he left his telegraph blanks and the arnica and the bandages and his shield and helmet behind, for they were heavy and clumsy, and he went boldly into the deep, dark woods.

He had not gone very far when he heard a scampering and scurrying down among the dried roots and leaves of his path. He saw long tails and bright eyes, and heard shrill little piping voices.

"Mice!" said the prince, "and I am afraid of mice!" but he raised his head high and said the magic word the wise woman had given him, and suddenly a wonder happened. There they were, the mice, close to him. They were chocolate mice, begging the prince to nibble them. Some of them, even, were chocolate cream mice!

So the prince feasted on the chocolate mice and then he went on through the woods. But he had not gone very far when he heard a loud purring and he saw two large green eyes looking out at him from the path.

"A cat!" exclaimed the prince, "and I am

afraid of cats.” However, he stood straight up as the cat came purring and rubbing herself toward him, and just as they met he repeated the word in a loud, clear voice. Ah, here was another wonder for the prince. This was a cat of gingerbread. She was crisp and brown and well baked. She had currant eyes and spots of sugar on her back, and she offered herself for lunch to the prince. She was indeed an obliging cat!

So the prince lunched on the gingerbread cat and went on through the woods. It was now well on toward afternoon and he was beginning to feel quite brave. But he suddenly heard a mighty grunting from the path beyond.

“I am afraid that is a wild pig!” said the prince to himself, “a very wild pig!” He was right, for as the pig came in sight he saw that it was a dark red pig, not a pink one such as lives in the barnyard. But the prince advanced bravely toward it, repeating the magic charm, and when he came close to it, the wild pig became a pig, and then a *piggy*; and last of all a nice little rubber pig with a whistle for company. Surely there could not have been a more harmless one!

And now the prince's journey was almost over and it was nearing supper time. The prince was not in the least afraid, so useful had he found the wise woman's charm. He blew the rubber pig's whistle and he himself whistled as he hurried on until suddenly the bushes parted, and out of them stretched the head of a great brindled creature with horns.

"Here comes a cow," exclaimed the prince, "and I know I am afraid of cows." But they met safely, the prince saying his charm in a loud, clear voice and as they passed, he saw a sign hung around the cow's neck. "Ice-cream and Apple-Tart Annie" the sign said. A very quiet and peaceful cow that!

By supper time the little prince reached his grandfather's kingdom and received great praise for his courage and was given the crown. It was a red, white and blue crown, just as he had been told, for courage, so everything was all right and he started home the next day wearing it.

But the magic word? Oh, yes, you shall have it too, if you will promise to use it.

"I will *not* be afraid!" was the charm that turned the forest of fears into a forest of friends.

OF FAIRY CATS

THE WHITE CAT

ONCE upon a time there was a King who felt that he was growing old, in which case he would have to choose between his three sons as to which was the best able to wear his crown. And the King found this a difficult matter, for they were all brave, noble princes. So at last he called the three together in the council room and made them a strange offer.

“There is coming a time, my dear sons,” said the old King, “when I shall need to be relieved of the affairs of state and at that time I do not want to be left without some kind of diversion. I want, in fine, a dog for my declining days. I want the most perfect little dog in the world. Whichever one of you brings me that dog shall rule over the kingdom in my stead.”

The young princes were aghast. But they were accustomed to obeying their father and set out off at once on the search for the little dog, going in three different directions, and

vowing to meet at the castle in a year's time, the limit set by the King. So they set out, but it is the youngest prince whom we will follow in his travels.

He hurried from village to village buying a poodle only to exchange it for a spaniel and then to discard the spaniel. He came at last, after a long time, to a deep, strange wood. A sudden storm came up and the prince saw in the distance a faint, small light. He pushed his way toward it, and suddenly he stood at the door of a white marble palace. The door itself was of yellow topaz, studded with emeralds which shone like eyes in the darkness. The door opened for the prince and he found himself in a reception room whose walls were of fine painted china and hung with tapestries on which were embroidered in silver, small scampering mice. At one end of the room hung a mouse's head of silver with diamond eyes which the prince saw was a bell-rope. He pulled it and this door, which was of solid gold, opened to him.

There was no one to welcome him, but the prince was amazed to see twelve white hands in the air about him, each holding a lighted

torch to guide him. These hands, holding the torches, beckoned to the Prince and they led him from one room to another of the palace, each more richly furnished than the last, until he came to one with a warm, cozy fireplace, in front of which the hands set a comfortable chair for the prince. They took away his wet clothes and furnished him with dry linen and a gold basin in which to bathe. They gave him a velvet suit and when he was rested and dressed, the hands conducted him to a dining hall where the table was set with silver and gold and crystal, with roses in the center. But there were plates at the table for *two*.

As he wondered about this, the prince saw the door open and a strange sight met his eyes. He saw a small, graceful and beautiful creature coming to dine with him. She was covered with a thick lace veil. She was not more than a foot high, and on either side of her walked a cat dressed in black. Following, came a long line of cats, all dressed in velvet cloaks and trains and carrying, some of them, full mouse-traps, and others rat-traps in which were rats. The small creature came toward the prince, drew back her veil, and he

beheld a cat, a beautiful White Cat, softer, and with sadder blue eyes than he had ever seen in his life. She spoke to him,

“Welcome to my palace, Prince,” said the White Cat. “Let us sit down and sup.”

Then the mysterious hands began placing food before the two, a pie of fat pigeons for the prince and a patty made of mice for the White Cat. And when the prince hesitated before cutting into his steaming pastry, the White Cat seemed to understand his thought and assured him that there were no mice in it.

They enjoyed the meal, the White Cat asking the prince politely about his journey, and when they had finished, the hands led the prince to a luxurious bed chamber for the night. There he slept until a sound of mewing in the courtyard awoke him. He dressed and looked out of the window. How wonderful! A hunt was being arranged for his pleasure. More than five hundred cats were assembled in their hunting jackets, awaiting him, and the White Cat, wearing a dragoon's cap and mounted on a prancing monkey, led the others. She had provided a wooden horse for the prince, and off they rode on the wings of the wind, the cats going faster than rabbits and

following the call of the White Cat's horn that was always ahead of them. Up and down trees went the cats, catching birds, then on over the hills and hollows in their chase of hares and squirrels. Whatever they caught they laid at the feet of the White Cat and the Prince. And he found that his wooden horse was the swiftest steed he had ever ridden to the hounds.

That night he and the White Cat supped again together on the sweetest, most rare viands. Again the hands led him to his bed chamber. Each day for a long time there was something planned for his pleasure, but he was in constant terror lest his brothers reach home first with the prize dog. At last the prince told his trouble to the White Cat.

"I am lost, dear Cat," said the Prince. "I shall never be able to find a dog small enough to suit my father, the King."

"Never fear," said the White Cat. "Carry home this acorn with you."

She had his wooden horse brought to the door and she put in his hands a hollow acorn, holding it to his ear. A small bark could be heard from inside the acorn!

It was the end of the year's search and the

Prince galloping home on his wooden horse met his brothers in the throne room. They had brought the smallest dogs they had been able to find and to enhance the dogs' beauty had wrapped them in silks and satins. But their younger brother opened his acorn and out jumped a tiny, tiny dog. It was a perfect little dog with silky curling hair, but it could jump nimbly through the King's signet ring. There could be no doubt that this was the best little dog in the world.

But the King, during the absence of his sons, had been feeling very well and young himself. He had decided that he did not wish, just yet, to give up his kingdom and his crown. So he said that the dog was welcome, but not exactly what he needed. What he must have, in order to exchange his crown for it, was a length of fine cambric, such fine cambric that it might be drawn easily through the eye of a needle. They might search a year, said the King, for this wonderful fabric, but without it not one of the princes might hope to inherit his father's crown.

Once more, we will go with the youngest of the three brothers who mounted his wooden horse and galloped as fast as its hoofs would

carry him back to the palace of the White Cat. She seemed to be expecting him. At any rate she was very glad to see him, provided him with a banquet at once, and when the prince told her his new trouble, the White Cat said,

“Be of good courage, dear Prince. I have cats in my employ who will be able to spin the cambric of the fineness that you need.”

So at the end of a year of delightful entertainment and sport in her palace, the White Cat gave the Prince—not the fabric he had been expecting—but a walnut. She provided him with a coach whose sides of gold were studded with diamonds. Twelve white horses drew it and a troop of mounted horsemen rode at his side, but the prince looked with wonder at the small nut in his hand until he reached home.

There were his brothers, each with the finest cambric ever spun by hands, but neither length could be pulled through a needle's eye. So the youngest Prince opened his walnut, but there was nothing inside it but a filbert. Now the whole court was laughing at him, for his brothers had brought home their cambric, each in a jeweled casket. But the prince cracked the filbert. He was not going to lose faith in

his friend, the White Cat. And inside the filbert was a cherry stone!

How his brothers laughed at him! A cherry stone in exchange for a kingdom! The prince was about to throw it away in disgust, but first he cracked it. Out of the cherry stone he took a grain of wheat. He opened the grain of wheat and took out a millet-seed. This was also only a joke, apparently.

“Have you then deceived me, dear White Cat!” the Prince said to himself, but just as he had this thought he felt a sharp prick on his arm. It was exactly as if the White Cat had scratched him in impatience at his lack of faith in her.

The Prince carefully split open the millet-seed, and out of it he drew forth a piece of fine cambric that was a hundred yards long and so delicate that it was easily threaded into the eye of a needle.

The court was amazed. The King declared that his crown should be given to his youngest son, but he said,

“You will need a Queen to help you in your management of affairs. And your Queen must be the most beautiful creature in the

world. Her skin must be as soft as silk and as white as milk. Her eyes must be as blue as a lake when the sky is reflected in it. Her footsteps must be soft and gentle, and she must come of an honored and old family. Go and search for this Queen. When you return with her, the kingdom shall be yours!"

This seemed to the Prince an impossible search. He was discouraged, but he entered his coach and returned to the palace of the White Cat." I would live out my days with her," he thought to himself, "for nowhere have I found such comfort as in her domain."

And the Prince told the White Cat that never again would he be able, in spite of all her help, to see his home again.

But the White Cat appeared before him in her best silken robes and her long lace veil and she gave him a sharp sword with a jeweled hilt.

"Cut off my head and my tail!" she commanded him.

"I will die first!" said the Prince. "I love you."

"Then prove your love by doing my will," said the White Cat.

So the Prince cut off the White Cat's head

and her tail, and there suddenly stood before him a beautiful Queen.

Her skin was as soft as silk and as white as milk. Her eyes were as blue as a lake when it reflects the sky. Her footsteps were soft and her manners were gentle, and she belonged to an old and honored family, being a princess disguised as the White Cat.

So the Prince married her and they ruled long and well over his father's kingdom, for this is the very old, once-upon-a-time story which tells us that the White Cat is one of the most beautiful and comfortable creatures in the world.

PUSS IN BOOTS

THERE was hardly anyone so important in connection with the mill as he, sleek, fat Puss. So when it came time for the miller to die and he called his three sons to his bedside to will them his property, Puss came into that bargain.

The eldest son received the mill, because he had learned how to run it. The second son was given the miller's donkey, who was a strong, willing beast for carrying loads to market. And the youngest son received, what do you suppose, from his father? Why, he was given Puss!

"Dear me!" the youngest son exclaimed. "I don't think much of my legacy, I must say—nothing but a pussy cat! The only thing I have ever known her to do was to watch the mill for mice. Now I shall surely starve."

But just then something soft touched the youth on his hand and he heard a gentle purr. Looking down he saw Puss and he stroked her furry back.

“At any rate, old Puss,” he said, “you are an old friend and we shall be obliged to try our fortunes together.”

“*Meow!*” said Puss, “that we will.” This was odd! She was using human speech. “Remember,” went on Puss, “to be kind to me. Kindness to an animal is sure to bring its own reward. I am small, and have always had to walk on four legs, but what hurts you hurts me as well. Now, my dear friend, go you and buy me a pair of small hunter’s boots that will come up as far as my knees. Stones and prickles always hurt my feet. Leave everything else to me, and we will start out to seek our fortunes.”

It happened that the miller’s son had just enough money left in his wallet for this errand. He went to town and had a shoemaker make a pair of little hunting boots, red and long enough to reach to Puss’ knees. Puss drew on the boots with much gratitude and pride and stood up on his feet in them. The lad shouldered his pack and off the two went, down the highroad to seek their fortunes.

They traveled for a day and a night and then for another day and by that time their

food had given out. The miller's son lay down on the edge of a wood exhausted and went to sleep. While he slept, Puss in Boots crept into the deep woods carrying their empty sack which he spread out upon the ground. He shook a little bran which he had saved for an emergency under the sack and then hid himself behind a tree.

When the moon had risen, out from their burrows came some wild hares. They sniffed the bran and then scampered beneath the sack to eat it. Out jumped Puss in Boots and gathering together the corners of the sack, caught the rabbits which he carried in triumph to his master for their supper.

So Puss in Boots had saved the day once, and it was not long before he proved his worth a second time.

The two journeyed on and perhaps a distance of twenty miles beyond the woods where he had caught the hares they came to a river, and beyond the river stood the castle of a king. Fair and white and forbidding stood this castle, and the miller's son would have turned back, but Puss in Boots would have none of such cowardice. He caught a brace of fine fat hares, put them in his sack, shouldered the

sack and trotted across the drawbridge to make a call upon the king.

He rang the bell, and how the servants who answered it did stare to find a cat in a pair of small red hunting boots, with an offering of game on his back, standing at the door!

“Get out!” they cried, thinking that he was a creature bewitched.

“*Meow!* Have a care how you speak to me!” said Puss in Boots. “My master, the Lord of Carabas, waits outside. He had unusual luck at his hunting to-day, and the best of his hares are here as a present for your king.”

Of course this was very far from the truth, but Puss in Boots was only a puss after all and had not learned the difference between the truth and a falsehood. And the servants, being an ignorant lot, were at once humbled at the name of his master, the great Lord of Carabas. It sounded well to them. So they allowed Puss in Boots to enter and go into the very throne room with his sack of game for the king.

So it went on safely and merrily. Every night Puss bagged rabbits, and every day he took them as a gift from the Lord of Carabas,

to the king, until the king and all the court were sure that they had known and heard of for years this great nobleman who waited at their gates. But the Miller's son, fed each day by Puss, grew each day more ragged. His clothes, not to be boasted of in the beginning, were hanging in tatters and shreds.

"Suppose the king asks for me?" he said to Puss in Boots.

"He does often ask," replied Puss, "and I fear that even today he rides out to meet you and bring you to the court. But jump in the river and have a swim, leaving your poor clothes upon the bank. I have thought of a way out of our dilemma."

Puss in Boots had not been a second too soon with his advice. Just as his master took refuge in the water there was a great crash of trumpets and a clash of swords. Over the drawbridge from the castle came the coach with the king inside surrounded by his retinue.

Puss in Boots stood in front of them making a loud caterwaul. "*Meow!* You are just in time. Help, help!" he cried. "My master, the renowned and noble Lord of Carabas, drowns and it is well known that I can not

swim to save him. Thieves but a moment ago passed by and stripped him of his jewels and even of his clothes, leaving their ragged garments on the bank. They threw my lord into the river. Save the Lord of Carabas!"

Of course this was very wrong, but Puss in Boots was only a cat after all. And the King and his train were dull enough to be taken in by the story. They saved the miller's son and hurried him home to the castle where he was given suits of shining silk, very gorgeous to the eye, and lace ruffles and velvet cloaks with buttons made of gold and set with jewels.

"Stay for dinner," urged the king, "and then, fed and clothed, the Lord of Carabas shall be driven home in state."

Puss in Boots scratched his ear. Here was a problem. Their humble cottage behind the mill was hardly the home that would be expected of the lord he had made of his master. Puss dropped the chicken bone he was enjoying and ran out of the castle, over the bridge and up the high road.

"Make way! Stop your work! Shout for my lord, the high and mighty Lord of Carabas, who will shortly ride by!" Puss called as he ran. And the sight of a cat in a pair of

small red hunting boots, walking upright, so astounded the men in the fields along the road that they dropped their flails and their sickles, and they shouted for the Lord of Carabas when he was driven along in an hour.

On went Puss in Boots, and he did not stop until he came to the castle of an ogre, one of the largest and hungriest and most important ogres of all the country round about. Puss in Boots, bowing and scraping, went up to where the ogre stood so huge and terrifying in his front door.

"They tell me, sir," said Puss in a small, weak voice, "that you are so clever that you can change yourself into any shape you wish, at will. I came to see if you would do me the honor of demonstrating this wonderful power."

Now the ogre, although a large man, was small so far as his vanity was concerned. He was flattered by Puss. "You have heard aright, little cat," he said. "I shall be glad to change myself into whatever form you wish."

"A lion then," begged the cat, "providing you will do me no harm."

On the instant a roaring lion pawed the

ground in front of Puss in Boots, who pretended to be dreadfully frightened.

“Could you take on the body of a mouse?” asked Puss.

There, right under his paw, was a little gray mouse. So Puss in Boots ate the ogre then and there and, of course, he had a castle now for his master, the Lord of Carabas.

When the king’s train came, there was the cat standing in the door of a very fine castle to welcome his master. It was too much. The miller’s son was a good deal of a simpleton—but he was an honest lad.

“Forgive this cat. He acts the seer
Because he loved us so.
The difference ’twixt a lie and truth,
A cat will never know”

said the youth to the king.

Then he explained how he was nothing but the youngest son of a poor miller, but that he loved Puss and the cat loved him.

“Which makes you a man of sorts in your own right,” exclaimed the king, who had grown very fond of Puss in Boots. So he took his sword from its sheath and then and there

knighted the miller's son and gave him a small kingdom of his own, with a special barn full of fat mice for Puss, and a special shoemaker to make Puss more boots when his small red ones would be worn out trotting on his errands for others.

PINOCCHIO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CAT

PINOCCHIO, the odd little wooden puppet with such a long nose and jointed arms and legs, had run away from his father, a very kind old wood carver who had made him. And he had not gone very far along the road when he met two travelers, a fox and a cat. The fox, who was lame, walked leaning on the cat, and the cat, who appeared to be blind, was being guided by the fox.

"Good day, Pinocchio," said the fox politely.

"How do you come to know my name?" asked the puppet.

"We have seen your Papa at the door of his shop, looking for you!" the fox replied.

"Poor Papa!" said Pinocchio, feeling a slight remorse. "But I shall go home soon now. I have earned five gold pieces and with them I intend to buy my Papa a new coat made of gold and silver with diamond buttons,

and if there is any of the gold left, a spelling book for myself.”

The cat began to laugh but she concealed it as she combed her whiskers with her fore-paws. “Learning is of very little use,” she said.

“Look at me!” said the fox, “through my foolish passion for study I have lost a leg.”

“Look at me!” said the cat, “through my foolish passion for study I have lost the sight of both my eyes.”

At that moment a white blackbird, who was perched on the hedge by the side of the road, began his usual song and said;

“Pinocchio, don’t listen to the advice of bad companions. If you do you will repent it!”

Poor blackbird! The cat, with a great leap, sprang upon him and without giving him time to say O, ate him in one mouthful, feathers and all.

“I did that to teach him a lesson,” the cat said to Pinocchio. “He will learn another time not to meddle in people’s conversation.”

The cat’s eyes had been open, but having swallowed the blackbird and cleaned her mouth she closed them and feigned blindness

once more. All three then traveled along together. Presently the fox spoke;

“Would you like to double your money?” he asked the puppet in a sweet tone of voice, kind and persuasive. “Would you like to make of your miserable five gold pieces a hundred, a thousand, even two thousand?”

“I should think so, but how?”

“The way is easy enough. Instead of returning home to your Papa, you must go with us to the Land of the Owls.”

“It is this way,” said the cat. “You must know that in the Land of the Owls there is a magic field called by everybody the Field of Wonders. In this field you must dig a little hole and you put into it, we will say, one gold piece. You then cover up the hole with a little earth. You must water it with two pails of water from the fountain, then sprinkle it with two pinches of salt, and when night comes you can go quietly to bed. In the meanwhile, during the night, the gold piece will sprout and flower and when you go to the field in the morning, what do you find? You find a beautiful tree laden with as many gold pieces as a fine ear of corn has grains in the month of June!”

“Oh, how delightful!” cried the little wooden puppet. “As soon as ever I have obtained those gold pieces, I will make you a present of five hundred each!”

“We could never accept a present,” said the fox. “We work only for the good of others.”

“Others!” repeated the cat.

So the three walked, and walked, and walked, until, toward evening, they arrived very tired at the inn of the Red Craw-fish. Having gone in at the fox's suggestion they sat down at a table, but none of them had any appetite.

The cat, who was suffering from indigestion, could eat only thirty mullet with tomato sauce and four portions of tripe with Parmesan cheese; and because she thought the tripe was not seasoned enough, she asked three times for the butter and grated cheese.

The fox, also, would rather have picked only a little, but as his doctor had ordered him a strict diet, he was forced to content himself simply with a hare dressed with a sweet and sour sauce and garnished lightly with fat chickens and early pullets. After the hare he sent for a made dish of partridges, rabbits, frogs, lizards and other delicacies, but he did

not touch anything else. He had such a dislike of food, he said, that he could eat hardly anything.

The one who ate the least was Pinocchio. He asked for some walnuts and a bit of bread, and left everything on his plate. The poor boy had his mind on the Field of Wonders, and had no appetite.

When they had supped, the cat ordered rooms and told Pinocchio that, after a little rest, they would proceed at midnight to the Field of Wonders and no sooner had Pinocchio got into bed than he fell asleep at once and dreamed. In his dream he was in the middle of the field which was full of shrubs covered with gold pieces and as they swung in the wind they went *zin, zin, zin*, as if they were calling him to come and pick them. It was the host of the inn who awoke Pinocchio at midnight.

“Are my companions ready?” asked the puppet.

“Ready! Why, they left two hours ago. The cat said that she had received a message to say that her eldest kitten was ill with chilblains in his feet.”

“Did they pay for their supper?”

“What are you thinking of? They are

much too well educated to dream of offering such an insult to a gentleman like you. They will try to meet you at the Field of Wonders tomorrow at daybreak."

Pinocchio paid one of his gold pieces for their supper and then left the inn of the Red Craw-fish. He remembered the warning of the white blackbird, but the lure of the field was too much for him. He had been told by the cat the general direction, so he traveled on throughout the night until he reached a big oak tree on the edge of a clearing, and he fancied that he heard people amongst the bushes. He stopped. Two persons, in fact, did come out to meet him, the fox and the cat.

"We shall have to make haste!" said the cat. "The Field of Wonders has been bought by a gentleman and after tomorrow no one will be allowed to bury his money there."

"Is this it?" asked the Puppet.

"No, indeed," the fox told him. "The Field is about two miles off, but come with us. In half an hour you will be there. You can bury your money at once, and in a few minutes you will collect two thousand, and this evening you will return with your pockets full. Will you come?"

“Let us go,” said Pinocchio, and they went.

After having walked half the day they reached a town that was called “Trap for Blockheads.” As soon as Pinocchio entered the town, he saw that the streets were crowded with dogs who had lost their coats and who were yawning from hunger, shorn sheep trembling with cold, cocks without combs or crests who were begging for a grain of Indian corn, large butterflies who could no longer fly because they had sold their beautiful wings, peacocks who had no tails and were ashamed to be seen, and pheasants who went scratching about in a subdued fashion, mourning for their brilliant gold and silver feathers gone forever.

In the midst of this crowd of beggars and shame-faced creatures, a lordly carriage would pass from time to time, containing a fox, or a magpie, or a cat in cloak and boots.

The three crossed this town and, having gone beyond the walls, they came to a solitary field which, to look at, was just like any other field.

“We are arrived,” said the fox to Pinocchio.”

“Stoop down,” said the cat, “and dig with

your hands a little hole in the ground and put all of your gold pieces in it."

Pinocchio obeyed. He dug the hole, put into it the four gold pieces that he had left, and then filled the hole with a little earth.

"Now, then," said the two to him, "go to the canal close by, fetch a can of water, and water the ground where you have sowed your money."

The puppet went to the canal, and as he had no can he took off one of his old shoes, and filling it with water he watered the ground over the hole.

He then asked, "Is there anything else to be done?"

"Nothing else," answered the cat, "we can now go away. You can return in about twenty minutes, and you will find a shrub already pushing through the ground with its branches loaded with money."

The poor puppet, beside himself with joy, thanked the fox and the cat a thousand times, and again promised each a beautiful present.

"We wish for no presents," answered the rascals. "We are as happy as folks out for a holiday, having taught you the way to enrich yourself."

Thus saying, they took leave of Pinocchio and, wishing him a good harvest, went about their business.

Pinocchio retired a distance from the Field of Wonders, his heart beating fast, *tac, tic, tac*, like a drawing-room clock when it is really going well. He counted the minutes one by one, and when he thought that it must be time he took the road leading to the spot where he expected to find several thousand gold pieces on the branches of a tree. As he went, he built castles in the air.

“Suppose,” thought Pinocchio, “that instead of two thousand gold pieces I were to find five thousand, and instead of five thousand, possibly a hundred thousand? Oh, what a fine little gentleman I would then become! I would buy a beautiful palace, a thousand wooden horses and a thousand stables with which to amuse myself. I would have a cellar full of currant jelly and sweets, and a store-room entirely filled with tarts, plum-cakes, macaroons, and biscuits with cream.”

While the puppet was thinking all this, he arrived in the neighborhood of the field, and he stopped to find if by chance he could perceive the tree, its branches laden with money;

but he saw nothing. He advanced a few more steps—nothing! He entered the field; he went right up to the little hole where he had buried his gold—nothing! He then became very thoughtful and at that moment he heard loud laughter close to him. Looking up, Pinocchio saw a large parrot perched on a tree, who was pruning the few feathers he had left.

“Why do you laugh?” Pinocchio asked in an angry tone.

“I am laughing,” said the parrot, “at those simpletons who believe all the things that are told them, and who allow themselves to be entrapped by those who are more cunning than they. You must know, little wooden puppet, that while you were out of sight, a fox and a cat returned to this field. They dug up your money and then fled like the wind.”

Pinocchio remained with his mouth open, and not choosing to believe the parrot's words he began with his hands and nails to dig up the earth that he had watered. And he dug, and dug, and dug, and made such a deep hole that a rick of straw might have stood upright in it. But the gold pieces were no longer there.

IN COUNCIL



THE LAWS OF THE FLOCKS AND THE HERDS

THE FIRST LAW

THERE shall be no fighting in the family, the herd or the flock, at any other time than in the mating season; and then only between adult males who fight for herd leadership.

THE SECOND LAW

The strong members of a flock or herd shall not bully or oppress the weak.

THE THIRD LAW

Mothers must be held safe from all harm, and their young in no way interfered with.

THE FOURTH LAW

In union there is strength. In separation there is weakness. And the solitary animal is in the greatest danger.

THE FIFTH LAW

We must obey our herd leaders and parents

if the herd and we ourselves are to be safe. And this obedience must be quick and thorough.

THE SIXTH LAW

Of food and land, the weak shall have their share.

THE SEVENTH LAW

Man is the enemy of all the wild creatures and the instant a man appears the whole herd must fly from him, fast and far.

THE EIGHTH AND LAST LAW

Whenever in a given spot all men cease to kill us, there may we accept sanctuary and dwell in peace.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

THERE have been stories of a horse who was born with wings, and of that other horse who had eight hoofs. There is also a story told of another creature of burdens, the mighty elephant, of one who was born in the land of Hindustani white.

Many of the travelers of the desert and the priests making their pilgrimages from one shrine to another along the almost trackless ways of the jungle and forest had seen this elephant. His skin was of the whiteness of milk and as soft as the finest woven piece of silken fabric. His eyes shone like two diamonds, his trunk was a pillar of silver and his mouth had the rich red color of the pomegranate. The workers in lacquer could not burnish their woods like the polished surface of the white elephant's feet. Seeing him approach, slowly and with great majesty through the green lanes of the forest, one was reminded of the grandeur of a snow-capped mountain,

for the white elephant was lofty and beautiful and, it was whispered, ageless.

He was the king of many thousand grey elephants who roamed the untraveled roads of India, who toiled for their masters in the rice lands, or who walked in the processions of the lords of India. Seldom did men see him, but his coming had been foretold among the beasts and they bowed down before the white elephant in the darkness of the night when no man walked in the forest, and his silver trunk raised to command was their sceptre of royalty.

The tribe of the elephants had its good and its bad members, its law-abiding ones and those who scorned authority. There were elephants who roamed the land in wild, stampeding bands, without thought for the men they trampled under their great feet, or the law of their white king that the hordes of jungle elephants must not enter the towns. Because these hordes of wild creatures, bellowing, tearing their way through the brush to the villages, would not heed his command, the white elephant decided to do penance for their wickedness. Their sin was like a dark cloud covering the brilliance of the sun. The white

elephant left his thousands of subjects and went into the deep places of the forest to fast and pray to the gods of the wild for changed hearts among his subjects. And it is said that wherever he set his mighty feet the flowers bloomed in greater profusion, and the pillar of his trunk touching the trees caused vines to come forth and blossom and bear fruit. While the light of his eyes was so brilliant that it put to flight the lions and the panthers who lay in wait to spring upon the elephants and tear their flesh.

In those days there came a poor forester who was hunting with his axe for those rare woods of the forest which were in demand at the bazaars by the furniture makers. He wished bamboo, mahogany, both brown and of rose color, ebony, and white wood which can be polished to the lustre of silver. One tree after another this forester scorned, thinking to find a more valuable wood farther on, until he was lost. Upon all sides this man was shut in by the silent, impenetrable wall of the forest. He cried aloud, but no man answered him.

No man, but suddenly this forester heard a sound as mellow and clear as that of a

trumpet answering his cry, and he saw in the path ahead of him the white elephant whose welcoming bellow it had been. The forester knelt down in fear, but the elephant took him gently in his trunk and set him on his back. Then he carried this lost man to his own camp in the forest where fruits grew and there was a stream of clear water. In the day he kept the insects and wild beasts from troubling his guest and at night he kept the same watch over him. The forester lived with the white elephant until he was rested and fed, when the elephant took him to the beginning of a path that led to the town of Benares. He carried the man all that way, out of the forest and down a mountain side and across the wide valleys where grain stood high and rich. He asked nothing in return save that this forester would not tell of his experience, for the white elephant wished to be left alone to do penance for his subjects.

Well, this man promised, and he came to the bazaar of Benares. There were the rug-makers, their looms of many colored threads set up for all to see. There were the workers in metal who made carved vases and pots, the workers with precious stones and the workers

in ivory. Ah, the men who cunningly carved bits of ivory into exquisite ornaments and the handles for daggers and keys for musical instruments! The forester approached one of these. "Would you like some bits of the whitest tusks in India for your work?" he asked. "Tusks from a live elephant?"

There was a clamor in the bazaar. The forester was surrounded by the ivory merchants and offered a fortune for these tusks. Ivory from a living elephant could not be had. He, however, promised it. And he followed the spoor of the white elephant back the long way to the forest where he was hidden, and he begged the white elephant to give him a part of each of his tusks, because he was starving and could sell them for bread for himself and for his children.

The white elephant kneeled down and offered his great ivory tusks for charity's sake. The ungrateful forester sawed them off as close to the flesh as he dared, and took them back to Benares. Never had such ivory been seen there, so pure, so perfect. Much gold was paid the man for the tusks, but he wasted it playing games of chance, for he had no family. In a month's time he was again pen-

niess and again he made the journey to the land of the white elephant.

He said that he had given his gold for the poor. Now he begged the white elephant for the roots of his tusks, and the elephant once more kneeled down and allowed this wicked man to tear the last bits of ivory from his bleeding flesh. He made no sound at the pain and the man was about to return to Benares with his loot, when a strange thing happened.

One of the spirits of the trees had seen this sin which man had done to the king of the elephants. Word of it was sent among the roots and branches of many trees and there was a pulling and a struggle among them to stretch out and protect the white elephant. They tore a deep fissure in the earth, in which the forester disappeared. After this there came a sound as of a mighty tempest blowing from the sea to the land, breaking ships and carrying villages in its wake. But it was not a tempest. It was the bellowing and the footsteps of eighty thousand elephants, all the elephants who lived in India, come to protect their king, the White One, who had now no tusks with which to defend himself.

It is said that at that time the elephants for-

sook their stampeding and lived only to help carry out the commands of the white elephant. The story tells that he had, by his sacrifice, dissipated the cloud between his people and the sun. He, himself, lived many hundreds of years in happiness until he was called to fare forth according to his deeds, as do all beasts and all men.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE FOX

THERE was a peasant, in the olden days in Russia, living in his hut on the edge of the forest. He had a kind heart and one day, when a great gray wolf ran out of the forest toward him pursued by hunters, what did this peasant do but throw out a big sack in which the wolf crawled and hid himself safely until the hunters had passed by.

There he lay, securely tied up in his sack, for all the world like a huge dog. "He will stay with me now and guard me from the rest of his pack," said the peasant to himself, and with that he unloosed the sack and let the rescued wolf step out. But the wolf, snarling and showing his ugly teeth, turned on the frightened peasant and would have devoured him with no waste of time, save that the man fell on his knees and beseeched for mercy. "Is old hospitality forgotten?" asked the trembling peasant.

The wolf considered this for a moment.

Then he answered, "Yes. Old hospitality is forgotten in my family, but I will take you back in the sack to the forest and save you until I am a bit hungrier. I ate this morning." And the wolf put the peasant in his own sack, tied it at the top and slung it over his back as he started into the forest.

But the peasant was not going to give up so easily. He cried inside his sack and begged, saying, "Give me a chance. Let the first passerby judge this affair!" So, after much talking of this and that, the wolf sat down on a log at the side of the path and waited, with the peasant in the sack, for some one to pass by.

They had not long to wait. The first passerby was an ancient mare, who had been driven out of her stable by her owner in the village, because she had become old and weak. Although she had drawn loads faithfully and patiently for many seasons, she was now an outcast and was on her way to spend her declining years alone in the forest. The peasant put his trouble to her. "Is old hospitality to be forgotten?" he asked. The wolf waited for the mare to reply as she did immediately, sighing. "Yes, old hospitality, old service are

forgotten," she said as she passed by into the forest.

"Does that not settle the matter for you, my friend?" asked the wolf of the peasant, but the man begged for a little more time. "Wait until some one else comes along," he entreated from his sack, "Put the question to the next passerby."

So the wolf remained there at the side of the path until an old dog came along. This hound had served his master long and well, but now that he was too old to bark at night and keep robbers away, he had been expelled from the hearth and was taking his way to the forest where he expected to live out his life alone. To him the peasant put the question, "Is old hospitality forgotten?" he asked.

The dog considered the matter for a moment and then he replied as had the mare, "Yes," he said, "old favors are soon out of the mind. Look at me as an example of this," and he limped along on his way.

"How much more evidence do you need?" asked the wolf, prepared to shoulder the sack and go on toward the forest, but the peasant begged and pleaded. "There should be at least three to judge of so important a matter,"

he said. "Kind wolf, wait for one more passerby before you give me up to so cruel and unmerited a fate."

The wolf was well filled and lazy, so he remained there on his log and presently along tripped the fox, waving his fine brush airily behind him and holding out his paw in good fellowship to the wolf. "Well, well, Sir Graysides!" exclaimed the fox, "a pleasant day to you, and what have you bagged this morning?"

The voice of the poor peasant issued then from the sack. He explained what had happened and put his question to the fox, "Should old kindness be forgotten?" he pleaded.

The fox sat down beside the wolf and considered. After he had given the matter due thought, he said, "Proof, Sir Peasant and Sir Graysides! I am not sure that this wolf was ever sheltered in this sack. He is a large animal and the sack appears to me too small for him. Open the sack, let the man out, and then prove to me, Sir Graysides, that you were ever inside it."

The wolf was much put out that the fox should doubt his word. He let his prisoner out and crawled into the sack himself. The

fox winked at the man. "Now we have done it!" he said. "Tie him up tight and beat him with a stick. And how many chickens from your poultry yard do I receive for this service?"

The peasant looked at the fox in disgust. Then he opened the sack, and the wolf, released, ran as fast as he could into the forest. Then the peasant gave chase to the fox, for this trickery was not to his liking. He gave chase to the fox, who had to run for his life, and ever since then the fox has found it wise, if he is going to keep his brush, to run from man.

ON SUNDAY

NOAH AND THE ARK

NOAH was a righteous man and perfect in his generation. Noah walked with God. And the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God said unto Noah:

“The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy the earth.

“Make thee an ark of gopher wood. Rooms shalt thou make in the ark and shalt pitch it within and without. And this is how thou shalt make it. The length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A light shalt thou make to the ark, and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second and third stories shalt thou make it.

“And I, behold, I do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven, everything that is in the earth shall be destroyed.

“But I shall establish my covenant with thee;

and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons and thy wife with thee.

“And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shall thou bring into the ark to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of the birds after their kind, and of the cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the ground after its kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive.

“And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and gather it to thee; and it shall be food for thee, and for them.”

Thus did Noah. According to all that God commanded him, so did he.

And Noah went in the ark, and his sons and his wife with him, because of the waters of the flood. Of beasts and of birds and of everything that creepeth on the ground there went in two and two unto Noah, as God had commanded Noah.

And it came to pass after seven days that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. Noah was six hundred years old at that time. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, on the seventeenth day of the month, on the same day were all the foun-

tains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

In the selfsame day entered Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and Noah's wife into the ark. They, and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every bird after its kind, every bird of every sort. And these went in unto Noah in the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased and bore up the ark and it was lifted above the earth. And the waters prevailed and increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly, and all the high mountains that were under the heavens were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the ark went upon the face of the waters.

And every living thing that was upon the face of the earth, both man and cattle and creeping things were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only was left, and they that were

with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed.

And God remembered Noah and all the beasts and the cattle that were with him in the ark; and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. The fountains also of the deep, and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained. And the waters returned from off the earth continually. And after a hundred and fifty days the waters decreased. And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month upon the mountains of Ararat.

And it came to pass that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made, and he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground. But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark, for the waters were upon the face of the whole earth. And he put forth his hand and took her and brought her in unto him in the ark. And he stayed yet another seven days, and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark, and the dove came in unto Noah at eventide; and, lo, in her mouth an olive leaf

plucked off! So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet another seven days and sent forth the dove. And she returned not again to him any more.

And Noah removed the covering of the ark and God spoke to him, saying;

“Go forth from the ark, thou and thy family and with thee every living thing of all flesh, both birds and cattle and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth.”

And Noah went forth, and his sons and his wife; every creeping thing, and every bird, whatsoever moveth upon the earth, after their families, went forth out of the ark.

And Noah builded an altar to God and made offerings upon it. And God smelled the sweet savor and said in His heart:

“I will not again curse the ground any more for man’s sake. Neither will I again smite anything living as I have done.

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and winter and summer, and day and night shall not cease.”

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty satraps, who should be throughout the whole kingdom and over them three presidents, of whom Daniel was to be one; that these satraps might give account unto them, and that the king should have no damage.

Then this Daniel was distinguished above the presidents and the satraps, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and the satraps sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the the kingdom; but they could find no occasion or fault, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.

Then said these men, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him touching the law of his God." Then these presidents and satraps assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him;

“King Darius, live forever! All the presidents of the kingdom, the deputies and the satraps, the counsellors and the governors have consulted together to establish a royal edict and to make a strong interdict, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O King, he shall be cast into a den of lions.

“Now, O King establish the interdict, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.”

Wherefor King Darius signed the writing.

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem), and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. Then these men assembled together, and found Daniel making petition and supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spoke before the king concerning his interdict:

“Hast thou not signed a writing that every man that shall make petition unto any god or man within thirty days, save unto thee, O King, shall be cast into a den of lions?”

The king answered and said, "The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not."

Then answered they and said before the king, "That Daniel, who is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O King, nor the interdict that thou hast signed, but maketh petition three times a day."

Then the king, when he heard these words, was displeased, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him. And he labored until the going down of the sun to rescue him. Then these men assembled together unto the king, and said unto him; "Know, O King, that it is the law of the Medes and Persians that no statute which the king establisheth may be changed."

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions.

Now the king spoke and said unto Daniel, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own signet and with the signet of his lords that nothing might be changed concerning Daniel. Then the king went to his palace and

passed the night fasting; neither were instruments of music brought before him, and his sleep fled from him.

The king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came near unto the den he called to Daniel in lament; "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Then said Daniel unto the king; "O King, live forever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me. Forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me, and also before thee, O King, have I done no hurt."

Then was the king exceedingly glad, and commanded that they take Daniel up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him.

A BATTLE HORSE

Hast thou given the horse his might?
Hast thou clothed his neck with the quivering
 mane?
Hast thou made him to leap as a locust?
The glory of his snorting is terrible.
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his
 strength;
He goeth out to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear and is not dismayed;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth upon him,
The flashing spear and the javelin.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and
 rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the voice of the
 trumpet.
As oft as the trumpet soundeth he saith, aha!
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting.

FOR CHRISTMAS

THE SILVER PORRINGER

IN the beginning of the world, when gigantic mountains sent down their thousands of rivers to water the valleys, and the great men of the times were the shepherds and the lords of the cows, there was the son of a herdsman who set out on the road of life. Neither shoes for his feet, or any gold or even a sword had he, but his heart was full of courage and he went along merrily with the hope of bringing back honor to his tribe on the plain.

In those days there were more wild beasts than men, and it is said that these beasts held council and discussed matters with men, but they lived by themselves and did not come down to the plain unless it were to carry off a luckless sheep or cow. This young herdsman had reason to fear for his life among the fiercer of the animals who inhabited the forests, but he strode on pluckily until he had left the tents of his people far behind, and there was nothing to be seen save shadows, and no

sound except the moaning of the winds and the roaring of the mountain torrents. Nothing? Ah, but this youth suddenly heard a noise as if all his tribesmen were met in deadly battle. Snarling, roaring, growling, it was. Not men, but wild beasts fighting.

He was of a strong mind to turn back, but he kept on until he came to a plateau, wild and unfrequented by any man. There, in the center of it, lay a great silver porringer, round and shining and lustrous. About this beautiful gleaming porringer were ranged the beasts. The lion was there, as was also the bear. The elephant and the cow and the lamb, the ass, the dog and the goat! All the beasts were there, snarling and ready to fall upon the weaker ones and tear them, all for possession of the silver porringer.

Then the youth discovered why this bowl was so greatly coveted. It was a porringer of plenty. Whoever of the beasts held it, for him did it fill itself and overflow and refill with what he most desired. Honey, the greenest and most toothsome grass and herbs, rich meat such as is eaten only by lords, fat grain—all these the porringer offered. And each beast wished it for his own possession.

They saw the youth approaching and at once they put the matter to him for decision, "Lord of herds," said the lion, their king and spokesman, "To whom of us shall this porringer belong?"

Now this was indeed a difficult question for even a seer, but the youth had a thought. "If anyone of the beasts controls this porringer alone," he said, "it will lose its magic power, for he will take from it only for his own needs. Share it, the bear enjoying its honey, the meat-eating animals taking its meat in their turn, and not neglecting the weaker animals who need herbs and grain. This use of the porringer will increase its usefulness, for that which is shared begets plenty."

Stupid, clumsy beasts, to whose dull minds this truth had never occurred! The youth left them, each dipping into the silver bowl in his turn and eating and drinking as he needed, until it was the turn of his neighbor. The lad laughed at the simplicity of the thing, but he soon ceased to feel merry.

He was taking his way along the road of life as all the shepherds and herdsmen must, and he was not well set up for the journey. His feet grew sore and he had scant food and

no drink. As he climbed the mountain he felt chill winds and snow fell, and he was poorly clothed for such weather. He was alone and he had a great desire for companionship. He began to lose courage and was of a mind to turn back to the tribe of his fathers, when he felt a touch upon his shivering shoulders.

The lion, remembering his help during the battle of the beasts for food, had given him a mantle of warm skin. At the same time, he looked down in amazement to see that his feet were covered with sandals of goatskin, tough and comfortable for traveling. On his arm hung a skin of cow's milk and from his shoulder hung a cloak of lamb's wool which he might lay down upon the ground and sleep on. The following day the mighty elephant met him and gave him an offering of fine white ivory, which would bring much gold in some market place, for it could be carved into beautiful forms and ornaments. And for his friend and companion, this youth felt the nose of the dog thrust in his hand. All of the beasts, save one, had expressed their gratitude to this youth who was taking his way along the road of life.

So he went on from one great deed to an-

other. He loaded the elephant with fine woods, cedar, and mahogany, and cypress, with which to build a temple in his village. He dug gold and silver and copper from the earth. He planted wide fields of wheat and he set out orchards of olive trees, and vineyards, thick with grapes, sprang up wherever he walked. He forgot about the one animal, the humble ass, that had made no return for his help. When he did think of it, he laughed it aside. "The dullest and most useless of all beasts," he said to himself.

As for the silver porringer, so round and shining and fruitful, it altogether slipped out of his mind. And presently this youth returned to the village of tents from which he had set out, rich and honored, but he found discontent in the tribe. He found that they had no leader; even he, who had gained the goodwill of all beasts and conquered fear and difficulty, was not a king among the shepherds and herdsmen.

"One will come," they said among themselves. "The shepherds have read of his coming in the stars, but we have waited many seasons for him to pass over our plain with his train and rich trappings."

So they waited from one sign in the stars to another, but no king with his loaded camels and his lords and soldiers passed.

But it happened that one evening the youth stood at the door of his tent upon the plain and he looked up into the wide spaces of the night sky. He exclaimed. Rising, round and silver and fruitful from the horizon, he saw the wonderful porringer. It was the moon, dropped to earth when the beasts had found it, and now put back in its proper place in the sky. And as this youth watched he saw, in the silver path the moonlight made upon the the earth, a small, humble company approaching through the village on their way toward Egypt. A man, helping his slow way by means of a staff, walked beside a small beast of burden. As they came closer a mother, carrying a young child closely wrapped in her poor cloak, could be seen riding upon the beast. They were a wandering family, constantly looking backward as if they were in terror of being pursued. When they reached his tent the youth offered them shelter, but they would not stay. They told him that they must be on, because of the persecution of the despot, Herod, but the mother tenderly lifted the

wrappings to show him the soft face of her sleeping little one. A circlet of silver moonlight crowned the child's brow.

The next day a seer of the village ran from tent to tent with his parchment map of the stars.

"A sign!" he cried. "The constellations last night pointed to the passing of a King of Shepherds and Herdsmen. It must be that his train went through the village while we slept."

So the entire village thought, until the youth told them of the poor family fleeing from Herod. He told them there had been no train.

But later, when he had time to sit at the door of his tent and bring back to his mind his journey along the road of life, a vision came to this youth. Each of the beasts of the earth had come to him in his need, save one, and that the most humble. It had been left for this one, the little gray ass, to show him the King of the Shepherds and Herdsmen, as He took his meek way into the land of Egypt.

THE WHITE BEAR'S CHRISTMAS

THE White Bear was the only one near the Dovrefell. A hunter had trapped and caught him near the merry Christmas time and he planned to give him as a Christmas present to the King of Denmark. There, at the King's estate in Finmark, the White Bear would be kept well, bountifully fed and he would be taught tricks by which to amuse the King.

But the Dovrefell, that old place of magic and mystery in those mountains of the North, was deep with snow at the Christmas season. There were no paths broken and the hunter had hard traveling on his way to town. It was the day before Christmas, and he was still a few hours off, and could journey no farther. He came, on the edge of the Dovrefell, at evening, to a small hut and he knocked at the door, asking for a night's lodging for himself and the White Bear.

The owner of the hut came in great haste, loaded with his cloak and staff and packet of

food, to the door. Inside the hunter could see that the house was ready for Christmas. The floor was scrubbed until it was as white as the snow outside and shone in the candle light like patches of brightness from the stars. There was a fir tree standing in the center of the hut bearing gifts, and the Christmas cooking was done; sausages, rice and little salt fishes.

“Can you give me and this bear food and lodging for the night?” the hunter asked. “Will you share your holiday cheer with us poor travelers for the sake of the King to whom we journey at daybreak?”

The owner of the house peered in a terrified way into the dark spaces of the forest of the Dovrefell. Then he lowered his voice as he replied, “That is impossible, good friend. I am on my way to the hut of a relative in the next village, for tonight the trolls take possession of my house for their Christmas merry making. They called to me from the forest when I was out cutting my Christmas tree. I saw none of the creatures but one knows the voice of a troll, deep and hoarse, and one can tell their heavy tread along the paths without seeing them.

“We will come to your house on Christmas Eve,” the trolls warned me. “Be sure that you make ready for us and cook plenty of good things,” they bade me. “I have done their bidding and now I must flee, for it is well known that if a troll but touches a mortal on Christmas, that man will be obliged to return with them to their kingdom under the mountains and never come back to his home again.”

“Well, I know the forest,” said the hunter, “and I am not afraid of the trolls. This bear is as weary as I. Neither of us can go on farther. Let him sleep under your stove and I will find a place for myself in the hay in your barn.”

“If you have the courage, do so,” said the householder, “as for me, I must be on my way,” and off he went, with his wife and all the children.

The White Bear went lumbering into the house and crawled underneath the stove where he soon went to sleep in the warmth. The hunter covered himself with hay in the barn and was soon sound asleep. Then, neither of them knowing it, the magic of the Dovrefell on Christmas Eve began.

The stars rained down from the sky and

danced with the frosted tips of the pine tree branches. The evergreens twined themselves into garlands and wreaths and trimmed themselves with red berries, these berries being, each one, a drop of blood from the wound of a hunted animal of the Dovrefell, blessed in this way on Christmas Eve.

Shepherds, their lambs following as if it were the season of spring, took their way along the forest, and following them men on camels, never seen there before, crossed the Dovrefell going East.

But when these were gone, the trolls came out, treading heavily as they hastened and thinking of nobody except themselves; great trolls and small trolls, trolls with long noses and some with short noses, trolls who limped and trolls who stumbled, but not one of them straight or honest. For the trolls of the Dovrefell were spirits of evil and did not know how to keep Christmas as mortals know.

So the trolls entered the hut on the edge of the forest, tracking the ooze of the marshes and the mud of their kingdom under the mountain over the clean floor. They ate the rice and the sausages and the little salt fish and they danced clumsily about the Christmas

tree, each one trying to crowd his fellow and each snatching food away from the troll next to him.

Suddenly, they saw a white nose sticking out from underneath the stove. They knew whose nose it was, and they were not afraid. They kept cats at home, great ugly cats with long tails and green eyes that glowed in the night. One of the trolls put a bit of very hot sausage meat on the end of a stick and held it out, "Come, pussy, have a bite of Christmas feasting," it said, touching the nose and burning it as he spoke.

Out came the White Bear full of rage at having his nap so disturbed. He rose on his haunches and stood there, towering above the terrified little green trolls. They dropped their food and their Christmas gifts from the tree, and ran out of the door. Nor did they stop until they had reached the depths of the Dovrefell from which they had come.

Christmas was gay that season. On their way to town the hunter called upon the family who had prepared Christmas for the trolls and told them that they might return in peace. The White Bear was welcomed at the palace

and given fine quarters and rich food, while the hunter had a reward of gold.

So the year passed and it was near the next Christmas. The householder was again in the forest cutting his Christmas tree, and again he heard the deep, hoarse voice of a troll, unseen, speaking to him. But it was a very different tune the troll had!

“Have you still your big white pussy, good sir?” asked the troll.

Now it happened that the man did have a fine white house cat. “Yes, and she has six fierce kittens,” he replied.

There was no reply from the troll, no sound except his heavy footsteps sounding farther and farther away.

So the trolls, it is told in old stories, left the Dovrefell, and never again did they demand that a house be given over to them on Christmas Eve.

THE CAT WHO KEPT CHRISTMAS

THE family always packed the box for the poor shortly after Christmas. At that time there were so many old things which the children did not want, because of the beautiful new ones that the holidays had brought. This particular year it was larger than a box; it was an old trunk, for the children were sending a great many cast-off toys and other gifts to little boys and girls who might need them.

Each member of the family had been busy for an entire week getting ready to pack this trunk for the poor. Big Sister had looked over her bureau drawers and had taken out the colored handkerchiefs which had faded a good deal in the laundering, and from her clothespress she had taken out the faded gingham dresses for giving away.

Big Brother had a number of shirts with worn cuffs and he made these look very well for a poor boy by adding his last Christmas neckties and a pair of brass cuff links, sent

him also last year by someone who thought they were gold.

Little Sister washed and ironed the older clothes of last Christmas's doll and glued in the doll's eyes newly. This had been a shut-eye doll, but the eyes had fallen into the back of her head. Little Sister had taken off her wig and found the eyes, but now of course they would never open and close again, and the doll's wig was at a slightly twisted angle.

Little Brother had found ever so many games from which some of the pieces, or the counters, or the bird and the animal cards were missing. He had collected his legless wooden animals and his wheel-less steam engine and cars for packing in the trunk for the poor. And then, to make it look cheerful and as if someone who loved them had sent the things, the entire family had wrapped the gifts in the Christmas papers and tied them with the Christmas holly ribbon and stuffed more red and white tissue papers in the corners of the trunk. When they had finished, it was indeed a full trunk, and larger than any box sent from the neighborhood that year.

But there was quite a little delay about

getting it started. In the first place, the town expressman was too busy to come to the house and take the trunk down to the railway station from which it was going to a far-off missionary place, maybe China. In the next place, the trunk was so stuffed with the family's cast off gifts that it would not close for locking.

"We shall have to wait until the expressman has time to come," said Big Sister, "and then we will ask him to lock it."

And then the family forgot all about the trunk and the expressman and the poor and China, and everything, because of what happened. The cat ran away! She was a beautiful cat, gray and fat and sleek and with blue eyes and a long, sweeping tail. She was eight years old and was called Georgette, because Uncle George had given her to the family. Georgette had always been a model house cat, never taking trips over the garden wall. She spent her days eating and purring and following patches of sunshine about on the rugs. She was greatly loved, and everyone was distressed when she disappeared.

They looked for her in her favorite places,

in the grandmother's hat box, in the basket of clean clothes from the laundry, inside the folds of the best silk and down quilt. They asked the neighbors about Georgette, and they searched the streets for her. They decided finally to advertise for her in the newspaper, offering a large reward for Georgette's return. Little Sister cried herself to sleep and Little Brother would have done the same, except that he was a boy. Then the family woke up, sad, with no Georgette coming purring upstairs to see them. The doorbell rang. It was the expressman, come at last to take out the trunk for the missionaries.

"You will have to close it for us, please!" said Big Sister.

"And lock it, if you will," said Big Brother.

"You could sit on it to get it shut," suggested Little Sister.

"Because it is a very crammed and stuffed trunk," said Little Brother, but then the expressman, trying to do all these things, spoke. "Who is in this trunk?" he asked. "Something moves!"

The family all crowded around the trunk. The expressman lifted the partially closed

lid. Then he raised it all the way. "I heard her stirring about and scuffling," he said. "I almost locked your cat in."

Out stepped Georgette from the tray of the trunk for the poor, arching herself and purring. She had packed herself underneath the many layers of tissue paper and ribbons.

How the family laughed. They remembered how much Georgette liked crinkly tissue paper and trailing ribbons. At Christmas she continually tried to get herself done up in a parcel when the family was wrapping gifts trying, so to speak, to give herself away.

And then the family looked thoughtful. Hadn't their old pussy done something which they had not, given herself in the trunk for the missionaries. Not one of them had given himself or herself; no, indeed, they had packed their cast off belongings. So the trunk was filled over again, filled with spick and span offerings, not so many of course, but better, for now the gifts were those the children would have liked to keep. And Georgette watched, purring loudly, and watching her chance to squeeze herself in, too, but the children would not let her.

FOR EASTER

OF THE SNOW QUEEN'S PALACE

HIS name was Kay, and hers Gerda. They were not brother and sister, but were as fond of each other as if they had been so. Their parents lived exactly opposite in two attics, but as they had window boxes with herbs and a rose tree, that nearly reached across, the children used to get out of their windows, where, seated on little stools under the rose tree, they used to play together.

But once, as they sat there playing, Kay exclaimed, "Oh, something sharp has run into my heart! Now something has flown into my eye!"

The little girl took him round the neck and looked in his eyes, but nothing could be seen. It was not gone, though. A splinter of magic glass, the hateful glass flying about the world to make one's heart turn to ice, had come to little Kay. Poor Kay had got one of those pieces in his heart. It did not hurt him but it was there.

The rose-tree seemed now to Kay to be worm-eaten. He kicked and frowned at little Gerda. When his grandmother told him stories, he said that they were only fit for a baby. The summer passed and the cold winter came on. Now Kay's heart was like a lump of ice. One day he took his sledge and went out to play with the other boys in the street, but seeing a large passing sleigh, he quickly fastened his sledge to it to catch a ride.

The sleigh drove round the square, and then faster and faster. It drove out through the city gates and the snow began to fall so thickly that the little boy could not see before him. He called loudly, and tried to say his prayers, but could only remember the multiplication table. On, on he went, and he did not return to his home.

Oh, what long, dreary winter days those were!

Now came spring and warmer sunshine.

"Kay is dead and gone!" little Gerda cried.

"I do not think so," the Sunshine said in reply.

"Kay is dead and gone!" she said to the Swallows.

"We do not think so," these answered; and at last little Gerda did not think so either.

"I will put on my new red shoes," she said one morning, "these which Kay has never seen, and I will go down to the river and ask it about him."

The river could tell her nothing of Kay. "I will give you my new red shoes if you will restore my little friend to me," Gerda said. And she did this, taking off her red shoes and throwing them far out into the stream. But all the river had to offer Gerda was a boat which took her gently down the water until she came to a little house in a cherry orchard, a strange little house with red and blue windows. It had a straw roof and in front stood two wooden soldiers. A very old woman wearing a plaited straw hat came out of the door and welcomed Gerda. She kept her a long time tending her garden, but she had not seen little Kay. Gerda tarried there until autumn, but Kay did not pass by even. So she went on again.

It was now very gray and cold out in the wide world and Gerda had no shoes. She made her way to a castle where the princess

who lived there took the little girl in for a night, but the princess had not seen Kay. She kindly gave Gerda boots and a muff; and when she wished to leave, a new coach of pure gold with a coachman, footman and outriders. A wise raven of the forest sat by Gerda's side the first ten miles to direct her, and the inside of the coach was lined with cakes and gingerbread and nuts.

But nowhere along the road had anyone seen little Kay. The raven, who had lately taken a bride and had a permanent position with food at the palace, had to leave Gerda. She drove alone through a dark forest, and the coach gave off light like a torch.

"Gold! Gold!" cried a band of robbers, falling upon Gerda and taking away her carriage. It would have fared badly with her now, but for a little robber-girl of about her own age. This robber-girl took Gerda into her hut, for she coveted her muff. And tied inside the hut was a reindeer, who had news of Kay.

Even the wood-pigeons of that cold northern forest could speak of him.

"*Kourrou! Kourrou!*" called the pigeons. "Little Kay sat in the Snow Queen's carriage,

which drove close over our forest, as we lay in our nest. She has most likely gone to Lapland. Ask the reindeer who is tied up here."

"There is ice and snow, and there it is delightful and healthy," said the reindeer. "There the Snow Queen has her summer tent, but her palace is up towards the North Pole."

"Oh, Kay! Dear little Kay!" Gerda sighed. "Do you know where Lapland is?" she asked the Reindeer.

"Who should know better than I?" the animal answered, its eyes sparkling. "I was born and bred up there, and there I have run about in a snow-field."

The little robber-girl went to the reindeer. "I will unfasten you," she said, "and let you out and then you can run to the Snow Queen. But you must make good use of your legs, and carry this little girl straight to the palace where her lost playfellow is."

The reindeer jumped high in the air with delight. The robber-girl lifted little Gerda on to its back, having taken the precaution to tie her fast, and even to give her a little cushion to sit upon.

"Now run!" she said, after taking Gerda's muff, but giving her a pair of fur gloves in-

stead, "and take great care of your little girl!" And the reindeer flew as fast as possible through the great forest, and over heaths and marshes. The wolves howled, and the birds of prey screamed, "*Atsche!*"² It sounded from the sky exactly like sneezing.

"There are my old northern lights," said the reindeer, "see how they shine!" And then it ran even faster than before. It ran day and night.

Gerda suffered with the piercing cold. "Oh, I have lost off my boots," she cried, and then, "I have not got my gloves." But the reindeer would not venture to stop, and it ran on toward the north till it came to a bush with red berries, farther than Lapland, and farther than Finland. There it put little Gerda down, kissed her, and large, clear tears ran down the animal's cheeks when it started off again. There stood poor little Gerda, without boots and without gloves, in the middle of that fearfully cold country.

She ran forward as fast as possible, met by a whole regiment of snowflakes which did not fall from heaven but seemed to run straight along the ground. They grew larger and she

saw that they were the Snow Queen's guard, like fat little bears with bristly hairs. They were living snowflakes. Gerda prayed, and the breath coming like smoke out of her mouth became frozen and dense. It seemed to assume the form of guards wearing helmets and with spears in their hands. They thrust these spears into the fearful live snowflakes, breaking them into hundreds of pieces, and so Gerda went on joyously and in safety.

So she came to the Snow Queen's palace.

The walls were of driven snow, and the doors and windows of the cutting winds. There were more than a hundred rooms, all lighted by the Northern Lights, but they were empty, icy-cold, and shining. There was never any amusement there, not even a bears' ball, never any card-parties, with tea and talk, in the Snow Queen's palace. Gerda saw no one there, but little Kay.

Little Kay was quite blue with cold—indeed almost black. He was dragging some sharp-edged, flat pieces of ice about, and these he fitted together in all possible ways, just as we do small pieces of wood in a puzzle. In those vast, empty rooms Kay was alone, with the

broken glass in his heart, and a bit in his eyes also, thinking and thinking. He stood there quite stiff and still.

Little Gerda pressed him closely to her, and cried, "Kay! dear little Kay, I have found you at last!"

But he stood still, quite stiff and cold. Gerda cried bitter, burning tears, which fell upon his breast, and penetrating to his heart thawed the lump of ice, and dissolved the piece of broken glass. He looked at her, and the tears of joy that came when he recognized his playmate, washed the bits of glass from his eyes.

"Gerda! Dear little Gerda!" cried Kay in delight.

They took each other by the hand and wandered out of the palace. They spoke of their grandmother, and of the rose tree on the roof, and Kay's cheeks were as rosy and his eyes as bright as Gerda's. Wherever they went the winds were lulled and the sun burst forth. And when they got to the bush with the red berries they found the reindeer waiting for them, and another with it. The two reindeer carried them quickly to the border of the coun-

try, and there the first green was springing up.

It was delightful spring, with green leaves and beautiful flowers. They recognized the high steeples and the large city as that in which they lived. So they entered it and went to the grandmother's house, up the stairs and into the rooms, where everything was as it used to be, the clock going "tick, tick!" and the hands moving.

And the cold and empty splendor of the Snow Queen's palace was forgotten like a dream.

THE HORSE THAT BROUGHT THE SPRING

BALDER, that best beloved son of Odin, was dead. He, the pure, the bright, the bringer of good gifts to all the world had been treacherously slain, and there were sounds of lamentation in the castle of Odin.

Down on the shore of the sea they had brought Balder's own ship, the Ringhorn, to anchor and hung the deck with rich trappings and banners. On the ship were placed the most precious things of Balder's brave life, his bow and arrow, his sword, his helmet. The deck was heaped with cedar wood on which were spread rich spices and fragrant leaves and priceless gums. Balder lay in state on this couch and when all was ready they led his horse, Gyller the Golden, bridled and saddled as if for a very long journey on the ship. They pushed the Ringhorn off from the shore and it sailed slowly away, burning crimson in the light of the western sun. Then it seemed

only a ship of smoke on the horizon as the sun set, and the mourners watching it disappear, cried out in their grief,

“Our son is gone with Balder, the Good. What is to become of our lives since this glorious son of Odin has been taken away from us?” Then they returned to their darkened homes and there were no sounds save those of weeping in the land of the Northern Lights.

The earth also sorrowed. The fields put off their summer dress of green and wore dull russet colors. The flowers withered and died. The trees allowed their leaves to dry and then fall to the ground, after which they appeared bare and as if dead. The birds took their way through the air and toward the south as if they were looking for Balder, and the little animals of the forest, the cony, the hare and the fox, found burrows for themselves in which they hid.

There were no longer the sounds of flailing the grain, no songs from the reapers and the whirring of the spinning wheels was stilled. The huntsman's horn was hung upon the wall, no battle drum could be heard, and the only echo of the mourning for Balder came from

the sighing of the leafless trees and the waves beating against the shore from which the hero had sailed.

But of all those who missed Balder, there was none so lonely as his mother. She could not be comforted, nor could his sisters or his father, Odin, who sat upon his throne with his great blue hood pulled low over his face. From morning to gray twilight, the mother of Balder wept for her son and his father listened for the hoof beats of his horse, hoping that Balder would return. Frost and ice and snow covered the earth, and Odin had the fear that, unless Balder were brought home, there would be no sun again. The earth, bound in the chains of winter, would be destroyed. But who could tell whither Balder had sailed, and if he ever would come home again?

They were sure that Hela, the pale Queen of the Kingdom of Night, had Balder in her care. And none had ever gone that way and returned, no matter how greatly mourned was the lost one for whom they sought. But Balder had a younger brother, Hermod, only a slender youth, but brave beyond any warrior twice his size and strength. Balder's horse was gone from the stable of Odin but

there was left Gray Sleipner, Hermod's own horse. And never, from that day to this, has there been such a horse.

Eight feet, eight flashing hoofs had Sleipner. He had been known to vault over the rainbow with his fair haired little master, Hermod, clutching his flying mane and shouting his joy to the stars. Have you seen the flying tail of a comet flash across the sky? That would be Gray Sleipner's tail.

So it came about that Hermod put his arms about his mother's bowed shoulders and begged her to be comforted. "I go to seek my brother," he told her. Sleipner will carry me safely to the dark kingdom of Hela, if any steed can reach that place." And before Odin could hold him back, or anyone tell Hermod how luckless a ride he was about to start out upon, he had mounted Sleipner and they were off.

Away from the lights of Odin's castle, away from the abode of the heroes and on to that shadowy highroad which all souls travel on their way to the land of Hela and eternal sleep—can you see a lad, who had never been so far away from home before, a boy with deep blue eyes and long, fair hair like that of

the vikings, taking his lonely way? It was a fearsome road for a viking, or a god, through mist and fog and over rocks and into ever increasing darkness with countless turnings in the road beyond which lay the night always, and the unknown.

But listen, as you follow Hermod, to the steady, friendly beat of the strong hoofs of Hermod's horse, Sleipner. It seemed as if Sleipner must have known that he was on his way to find his stable mate, Gyller the Golden, who had been carried away with Balder on the ship of fire. Not once did Sleipner balk or rear at the strange echoes his hoof beats made among the hills. Not once did he shy at the pale specters who flitted through the air about his head, at the hooting of the owls or the impish laughter of the goblins who tried to catch his bridle and hold him back.

Clatter, clatter, clitter, clitter, clatter, over the miles of this road of shadows, over bogland and marshland, nine days and nine nights Sleipner, the eight-footed horse, carried the boy, Hermod. Slowly where the road was smooth, pacing up the steep places, wading waterways, spurning the rocks, looking back to tell his master to keep up his courage, on

went Sleipner toward the Land of Night. There is hardly any faithfulness like that of a horse, but Sleipner's was the greatest of all, for he sensed the way of doom they were going but would not slacken his speed while he carried a lad who was seeking his brother.

On they went until suddenly a dim, pale light began to show beyond a valley, and after this there was a plain, and then the banks of a warm, slow flowing river. But now all sounds were stilled, there were no echoes of Sleipner's hoofs on the road, and when Hermod tried to sing for keeping up his courage, his voice was soundless.

This was the river Gjøl and over it stretched a bridge, a narrow footway of gleaming gold with a closed gate at the other side and a maiden in shining white garments to guard the gate and question those who approached. Sleipner brought the boy, Hermod, over the bridge, but the maiden held up her hand as they approached the gate.

"Who are you and what is your errand?" she asked. "You shake this bridge as it did not move with the crossing of five thousand foot passengers bound for the kingdom of Hela, the pale queen, but yesterday. Your cheeks

are rosy like the apples of the earth and your eyes glow like the eyes of the living. Your steed is a mighty horse and his breath is fiery and his eight hoofs strike sparks on the bridge over which only the spirits of the dead cross. Surely, you two have lost your road?"

"Nay, but we have but just found our road," Hermod told the maiden who guarded the gate." My brother, Balder the Good, went from the land of our father, Odin, in the North, and since he left us there has been neither light of the sun or any warmth in the heart of our mother. Until he returns, the earth will be cold and no flowers will spring or the trees bring forth fruit. My horse and I have come a long way. I pray you open to us, if by any chance you can direct me to my brother."

"I do remember the coming of Balder," the maiden now said," Never had such brightness been seen, or such glory as that of his saddle and the trappings of his golden horse. I will open this gate a little way for you, but I must warn you that Balder will never return to his home again, for he has brought his goodness and light to the kingdom of our queen.

He sits at her right hand and the brightness of Balder's face makes light the path of all who approach the kingdom of the dead."

The gate was raised and Hermod rode under, and on to a huge castle that lay, dark and gloomy among the hills. A deep moat full of water surrounded it, and the drawbridge was shut and no watchman answered Hermod's call.

"Good Sleipner," begged the boy, "if you fail me now, I will never find my brother I think." He touched the horse lightly with his spear, and Sleipner rose in the air with the lightness of a bird. He vaulted over the walls of death and carried his master into the courtyard of the pale queen of that place, Hela.

She did not want to give up Balder, who had brought so much sunshine to her castle, not even for a rosy cheeked boy and a fine old horse who had eight feet. She set a task for Hermod.

"Say you?" asked Queen Hela, "that all the earth weeps for Balder?"

"The sea and the forests, the rocks and his mother and father weep for him," said Hermod.

“Then ride back and see if all are still mourning,” said Hela. “And if you can prove this, I will give you Balder back.”

So Hermod had to leave his brother sitting at the right hand of Hela, but Balder sent his mother a ring for a keepsake, and Sleipner had a night's rest beside Gyller the Golden, who was as anxious as Balder for home. Again the eight hoofs of Sleipner rang along the shadowy highway and up and down the earth to ask whoever they met to weep for Balder, and to keep him in their hearts that he might come home from the land of the dead.

Everybody was willing to do this, except one old witch who lived on the edge of things and was so selfish that she thought only of herself. She quite refused to weep for Balder, but when Hermod returned, Hela was pitiful and had Gyller the Golden saddled and brought out for Balder to ride home with his brother.

“Keep him for six months,” she said, “but return him to me for six months, because one soul on earth refuses to weep for him. So we will share Balder's brightness and the warmth of his noble heart.”

So for six months, as Sleipner is supposed

to ride ahead of Balder leading him home to Odin, spring and then summer come in the North. If he must return to Hela, and the winter returns, Sleipner, with Hermod on his back, will go for him when the time of the cold is over.

He brought the spring to the vikings and the gods and to Balder's mother, this eight footed horse, whose hoof beats sound as clearly in the stories of the North as does the clashing of the swords.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LADY MOON

A LONG time ago, when the little brown children of the African *veld* knew that Lady Moon lived in glorious light on a green and high *kopje*, which is an African hill, they also knew that Lady Moon wished to send a message to men.

She held a wonderful secret in her heart, a secret that she alone could impart. High there, on her *kopje*, Lady Moon waxed and waned, grew round and bright, and then shrank until she could not be seen at all in the valleys. But no sooner had she disappeared, than did Lady Moon rise again, a slender crescent but sure to be the full moon after the nights had passed. Lady Moon lived and died, and then lived again. This she wished to tell to her brown children of the *veld*.

So Lady Moon looked about for a messenger, for her *kopje* was the highest hill of all. But the animals were all too busy to do this errand. Yes, not one of the animals would go

down the hill with Lady Moon's message. So she was at last obliged to ask old Oom Crocodile, who was not very much good, but who was at least willing. Oom, which meant Uncle, Crocodile listened to Lady Moon's words.

"Go down to men," she told him, "and give them this message. 'As I, dying, live, so also shall you die and, dying, live.'"

Old Oom Crocodile listened and he repeated the message over so that he would not forget the words, and then he started for the *veld*.

It was a long journey for Oom Crocodile, sandy and parched and with roads to which he was not used. But he traveled on as best he could, saying over Lady Moon's message and watching her up there on her *kopje* with his little sharp eyes. Oom Crocodile saw Lady Moon beautiful and golden. Then he saw her shrunken and disappearing. But soon he saw a silver horn rise in the night above her *kopje*, very thin, but growing. So Lady Moon went on showing Oom Crocodile how she was always living and growing, and dying and living again.

But about this time old Oom Crocodile came to a sharp turn in the road and he had to go around it in a great curve, for he was

a long, stiff and clumsy creature. His back was as stiff as a wooden plank. He was tired, and he went more slowly, *drif, draf, drippity; drif, draf, drippity*. That was the way Oom Crocodile sounded as he turned the corner of the road in a wide turn, and he felt a little nip at the end of his tail. He turned his head, and there, trying a *pronk*, as usual, was saucy little Neef Haasje. Yes, little Cousin Hare had heard, from his hiding place underneath the bushes, the *drif, draf, drippity* of old Oom Crocodile coming, and he wanted to know why he was out in the evening and where he was going.

“I am bearing a message from Lady Moon to men,” said Oom Crocodile. “As I die, and dying, live, so also shall you die and, dying, live.”

“That is a stupid message to carry!” said little Neef Haasje, “for it is likely that the children of the *veld* know it already. Still, you look weary, old Oom, and I am always ready to do a good turn for a traveler along my roads. Return to your home in the swamp and I will carry Lady Moon’s message for the rest of the way.”

Well, that sounded neighborly to Oom

Crocodile, and he was tired. So he taught the message to little Neef Haasje, who learned it in a minute and then was off, *lippity, lippity, lip*, his long ears flapping, and his whiskers shaking with his laughter. For Neef Haasje was trying a *pronk* as usual. He was not repeating the message as he had been told to. No, Neef Haasje stopped at every house and farm and called shrilly, "A message from Lady Moon! She bids Neef Haasje tell you the news. Children of Baboons, living you live, but dying, you die." Then on, like the wind over the *veld*, went naughty little Neef Haasje, spreading consternation wherever he ran.

The farming stopped and the brown people gathered together shivering and shaking until goose-flesh appeared on their bodies. That was the time when goose-flesh first came, and some people have had it ever since. The brown brothers of Lady Moon and Neef Haasje and old Oom Crocodile shivered and shook, and the more they shivered and shook, the more Neef Haasje liked it, for he enjoyed a joke. And at last when everybody was scared, he decided that he would return and tell Lady Moon of his *pronk*. This was when

Neef Haasje made a mistake. He ran back and up the *kopje* of Lady Moon. "I frightened the brown brothers," he told her. "They believed me when I told them your message, dying they die."

Oh, but Lady Moon was angry. She was in the full of her glory that night, high, and trailing her golden robes down over the *kopje* until it looked as if it were a white hill. And little Neef Haasje, looking up at Lady Moon, began to feel that all was not well with him. His ears dropped and he would have run away, but Lady Moon caught him and switched him with a switch cut from a briary bush. Neef Haasje fought the beautiful Lady Moon. He scratched her face so that she still carries the marks. You may see them on her face to-night. But she switched Neef Haasje just the same and when she let him return, his little round nose was slit, and slit it has been ever since. And he went over the road he had gone before, giving Lady Moon's message rightly this time,

"As I die and, dying, live so also shall you die, and dying, live."

OF HORSES WHO LIVE IN BOOKS

MR. PICKWICK DRIVES

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of everything around as Mr. Pickwick started out with his friends for Manor Farm. They were to go by chaise.

The chaise itself was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place for two behind, and an elevated seat in front for one. It was drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense brown horse, apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise, ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

“Bless my soul!” said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while their coats were being put on, “Bless my soul! Who’s to drive? I never thought of that.”

“Oh, you, of course,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Of course,” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“I!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

“Not the slightest fear, sir,” said the hostler. “Warrant him quiet, sir; a *hinfant* in arms might drive him.”

“He doesn’t shy, does he?” asked Mr. Pickwick.

“Shy, sir? He wouldn’t shy if he was to meet a *vaggin*-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.”

This was encouraging. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass climbed into the chaise; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his seat, and put his feet on a floor-cloth shelf erected beneath for that purpose. The stable boy placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick’s left hand, and the hostler thrust the whip into his right.

“Whoa!” cried Mr. Pickwick as the horse showed a wish to back into a coffee-room window.

“Whoa!” said Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass.

“Only his playfulness, sir,” said the hostler and ran to help Mr. Winkle in mounting. “The other side, if you please.”

“The gentleman was getting up on the wrong side,” whispered a grinning post-boy to a waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a war ship.

“All right?” asked Mr. Pickwick, with a feeling that it was all wrong.

“All right,” said Mr. Winkle faintly.

“Let 'em go!” cried the hostler, “hold him in, sir,” and away went the chaise and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

“What makes him go so sideways?” said Mr. Snodgrass in the chaise to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

“I can't imagine,” said Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the strangest manner; side first, with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail toward the other.

Mr. Pickwick's horse was also executing odd movements. He had a singular way of darting every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, then rushing forward for some minutes at a speed that was dreadful.

“What can he mean by this?” said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had done the trick for the twentieth time.

“I don’t know,” said Mr. Tupman, “but it looks very much like shying.”

Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply when Mr. Pickwick dropped his whip and they called to Mr. Winkle—trotting up on the tall horse, his hat over his ears, and shaking with fright, “Pick up the the whip—there’s a good fellow!”

Mr. Winkle managed to stop and get off long enough to do this, but when he tried to remount, and touched the reins, the horse slipped them over his head and darted backwards their full length.

“Good fellow! Good old horse!” said Mr. Winkle, but the more he coaxed, the farther away the horse got. They went round and round each other for ten minutes, and then Mr. Pickwick dismounted to see if he could get the horse to stand still. He was kindness itself. He carefully drew his chaise in to the hedge lest anyone should come along the road, and stepped back to Mr. Winkle’s assistance, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

But no sooner did the saddle horse see Mr. Pickwick coming, than he changed his round and round motion for a backward one, taking Mr. Winkle with him at the end of the bridle. Mr. Pickwick ran, the horse backed. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, started, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to his stable.

Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick looked in blank dismay at each other. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up. "Bless my soul!" said the surprised Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The horse was tearing off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into a hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example—the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, and then stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The four gentlemen approached him kindly

and unharnessed him. This complicated business over, they walked slowly down the road, leading the horse among them, and leaving the chaise to its fate.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm. Torn clothes, scratched faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and above all, the horse!

“We’ll have to put you to rights here,” said their host of the Manor. “Where have you been, and you do look tired! I’ll introduce you to the people in the parlor later. Emma, bring a needle and thread; towels and water, Mary! Come, girls, bustle about.”

When his guests, all save the horse, who was taken good care of in the stable, had been washed, mended and brushed, their host led them to the parlor door.

“Welcome!” he said, as if their arrival had been better planned and executed. “Welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm!”

THE WHITE KNIGHT AND HIS HORSE

THE White Knight drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse. He stood up panting.

"May I help you off with your helmet?" asked Alice. It was evidently more than he could manage himself; however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eye to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armor, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the

Knight said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention, to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is of no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he asked Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it; then I should get the honey."

"But you've a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said in a discouraged tone, "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap, I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"It isn't likely, is it?" asked Alice politely,

“that there would be any mice on a horse’s back?”

“Not very likely, perhaps,” said the Knight, “but if they do come, I don’t choose to have them running all about. One should be provided for everything. That is the reason the horse has anklets round his feet.”

“But what are they for?” Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

“To guard against the bites of sharks,” the Knight replied. “It’s an invention of my own. And now help me on. I’ll go with you to the end of this wood. Help me to get this dish for plum-cake into this bag.”

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so awkward in putting in all his things. The first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. “It’s rather a tight fit, you see,” he said, as they got the dish in at last, “there are so many candlesticks in the bag.” And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

“I hope you’ve got your hair well fastened on,” he continued, as they set off.

“Only in the usual way,” Alice said smiling.

“That’s hardly enough,” the Knight said anxiously, “you see the wind is so very strong here. It’s as strong as soup.”

“Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?” Alice enquired.

“Not yet,” said the Knight. “But I’ve got a plan for keeping it from falling off. First, you take an upright stick. Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down—things never fall upwards, you know. It’s a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like.”

It didn’t sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who was certainly not a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped, which it did very often, he fell off in front. And whenever it went on again, which it generally did rather suddenly, he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways, and as he usually did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was

the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.

“I’m afraid you’ve not had much practise in riding,” she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised. “What makes you say that?” he asked as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice’s hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

“Because people don’t fall off quite so often when they’ve had much practise.”

“I’ve had plenty of practise,” the Knight said very gravely, “plenty of practise.”

They went on in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

“The great art of riding,” the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, “is to keep—” Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, “I hope no bones are broken?”

“None to speak of,” the Knight said, as if he didn’t mind breaking two or three of them. “The great art of riding, as I was saying, is to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know—”

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse’s feet.

“Plenty of practise!” he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. “Plenty of practise!”

“It’s too ridiculous!” cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. “You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!”

“Does that kind go smoothly?” the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse’s neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

“Much more smoothly than a live horse,” Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

“I’ll get one,” the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. “One or two—several.”

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. “I daresay you

noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?"

"You were a little grave," said Alice.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," said Alice politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet. The head is high enough already. Now, first I put my head on top of the gate—then the head is high enough. Then I stand on my head, then the feet are high enough, you see. Then, you see, I'm over.'"

"Wouldn't that be rather hard?" Alice said thoughtfully.

"I haven't tried it yet," said the Knight, but looking rather vexed at her question, so Alice changed the subject hastily.

"What a curious helmet you've got!" she said cheerfully. "Is that your own invention too?" His helmet was in the shape of a horse's head.

The knight looked proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle.

"Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better

one than that—like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see. But there was the danger of falling into it, to be sure.” He suddenly raised his head in some excitement, and instantly rolled out of the saddle and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She could see nothing but the soles of his feet, but she was relieved to hear him still talking on in his usual tone.

“How can you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?” Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?” he asked. “In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.”

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey through The Looking Glass, the White Knight was the one she always remembered most clearly. The mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight, the setting sun

gleaming through his hair and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her, the horse quietly moving about, cropping the grass at her feet, and the black shadows of the forest behind.

He mounted at last, gathered up the reins and turned his horse's head along the road by which he had come.

"From here," he said, "you've only to go down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen. But, you'll stay and see me off first?" he asked, as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I shan't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn of the road! I think it'll encourage me."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It won't take long to see him off!" Alice said to herself, as she stood watching. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung on a horse."

So she went on talking to herself, as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the

road, and the White Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

JACKANAPES RIDES THE RED- HAISED PONY

ONCE a year the Goose Green became a scene of carnival. First of all carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed in his aunt, Miss Jessamine's, house on the Green, and he could hardly sleep for speculating what booths and whirligigs he should find set up when he and his dog, Spitfire, went out after breakfast.

As a matter of fact, he seldom had to wait so long for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the window out of which Jackanapes' yellow head would come and was ready with his report.

“Royal Theayter, Master Jackanapes, in the old place, but be careful o' them seats, sir; they're rickettier than ever. Two sweets and a ginger beer under the oak tree, and the Flying Boats is just a-coming along the road.”

Jackanapes was not absolutely free from

qualms about riding in the Flying Boats, and he was still too small a boy not to be a bit afraid to mount the Giddy-go-Round. But once on the back of the Black Prince he stuck to it as a horseman should. During the first round he waved his hat, and observed with some concern that the Black Prince had lost an ear since last Fair. At the second round Jackanapes looked a little pale but sat upright, though somewhat too rigid to be natural. At the third round he shut his eyes. During the fourth his hat fell off and he clasped the horse's neck. By the fifth he had laid his yellow head against the Black Prince's mane and clung to it anyhow until the Giddy-go-Round stopped, when the proprietor assisted him to alight, and he sat down rather suddenly, and said that he had enjoyed it very much.

And before one knew it there was nothing left of the Fair save footmarks on the grass of the Goose Green and the oyster shells. Grass soon grows over footmarks and the children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with. But the season after the Fair there lingered another relic of Fair-time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested. Jackanapes, out rambling by himself where the

straggling common merged into some wilder waste where gypsies sometimes squatted if the constable allowed it, came upon a surprise. He was knocked over by the Gipsy's son riding the Gipsy's red-haired pony at break neck speed across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being head over heels in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And how his bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gipsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt by consenting to let him ride.

"Would you kill the little fine gentleman!" shouted the Gipsy mother who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He wanted to get on," said the Gipsy boy. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony just as he had stuck to his hobby horse; but, oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood!

Just as his legs were beginning to feel numb, the Gipsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so suddenly that Jackanapes had to cling to his neck and the pony stopped with a jerk at the place where he had started. That was his name, the little boy discovered, Lollo, for red. He was a trick pony left after the Fair and the Gipsy father would not sell him under fifteen pounds.

A few days later Jackanapes had a visit from his Grandfather, who was a soldier and a general. Jackanapes was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pocket, not to burst in the parlor door, to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat and to bring his lesson books to his aunt to have the dogs' ears ironed out. Jackanapes dreaded his grandfather's coming, but when he really did arrive, and they sat down in two high backed chairs to have a talk, he felt more at ease with him. His grandfather, a General, wore his wig in a braid at the back, the end tied with a bow of black ribbon, and one of his eyes was of glass. Although Jackanapes had never seen his grandfather before, he began to feel at ease with him at once, disposed to talk confidentially with

him as he did with the Postman. At last, after having told his grandfather all about the Goose Green during Fair-time, Jackanapes jingled two pennies that he had in his pocket.

"They are saving up, sir," he told the General.

"Bless me, what for?" asked the General, pretending to be surprised that a boy ever needed money. "I'll warrant you spend your money like a prince, sir, when you have it," he went on. "How much do you want?"

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence is what I want," Jackanapes told his grandfather, "for buying Lollo with. He is the Gipsy's red-haired trick pony left from the Fair, sir. Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his tail! You should see his mane! And such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning. Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gipsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No-o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of rid-

ing myself, and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I could double up my legs, I suppose. Anyhow, we'll have a look at him in the morning."

"Don't you weigh a good deal, sir?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have a little race on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned the chance, grandson. Very glad you mentioned it!"

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gipsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, his grandfather and his dog, Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the Gipsy, and Jackanapes stroked Lollo's shaggy mane, not knowing whether he should be more glad or sorry if he were to be his grandfather's mount.

Then, "Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

“I’ve bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I’ll give him to you.”

How Jackanapes tumbled onto Lollo’s back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gipsy father took him by the arm. “If you want to make Lollo go fast, little gentleman—”

“I can make him go,” said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought at the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo and away went Jackanapes’ hat. His golden hair flew out, a crown from which his cheeks shone red and plump with the trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his long ears. Away went the geese who lived on the Green, the cocks and the hens.

“Good, my little gentleman, good!” said the Gipsy when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind. “You were born for the saddle. You’ve a straight back, a strong knee, a flat thigh and the light, caressing hand. All you want is to learn the whisper.”

“And ride, sir,” said his grandfather, the General, “for the honor of your country.” And across the Green he saw a plain of the years-to-come between them, Master Jack-anapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo’s speed, their faces to the enemy, his golden head at Lollo’s ear.

AROUND LODGE FIRES

WHY THE DOG SITS BY THE FIRE

ONCE upon a time, when only the Red Men lived in our country, it was said that the wolf and the dog were brothers and had the same lodge in the forest.

They were animals of the same size, and of the same strength and prowess. They wore identical coats, the gray fur on the outside, and their tails were so much alike that there was not a hair to choose between. Their howls could not be told apart as they sat on the top of some wooded ridge and barked at the moon. They ran together for hunting, neither feeling the cold. All would have gone well with the dog and the wolf if there had not come an unusually long and cold winter, a winter more severe than the two had ever felt before.

Up to that time the wolf had not known what it was to shiver. He was the animal of the forest who was able to cure frost-bite, for

his pads were never frozen as he ran along the icy trails. But at the time of this story the wolf had been making trouble for some of the other animals. He had chased the hares and the squirrels, and had killed more than he needed. There was a council of the wild creatures called, and it was decided that the wolf must be punished. He must be made to feel the cold.

Fire had come to the earth and the dog and the wolf were well aware of this, for the Red Men used fire to forge tools and weapons and for hardening their cooking pots. They had a ring of fire inside their lodges which was kept brightly burning in the season of the cold and about which they sat and told stories in the evening. The wolf, after the council, began to shiver and shake, and it occurred to him that it would be a good plan if they had a fire in their lodge, he and the dog. But he did not go for a bit of man's heat himself. Instead he instructed the dog to go on the errand for him.

“Go down the hill and as far as the village of men's lodges,” the wolf told the dog, “and bring back enough coals for lighting a fire

beside which I may sit this cold winter and warm my old bones."

This seemed hardly fair to the dog. It was a lonely, bleak road he must take to reach the village. And he was tired out when night came, for at that time he was the wolf's body servant. It was the dog who fetched and carried for the wolf, who ran behind the wolf when they went out hunting, and who also did all the housekeeping in their lodge. But the wolf said that he was not able to make this trip to the village, because his feet were frost-bitten. And the dog started out.

He did not know the trail down to the village, for he had never been there. The wolf had never given the dog any time for visiting. It was a stormy night when he started, after having run all day, and the woods were untracked and dark. But the dog remembered the scent of the hunter whom he had followed, behind the wolf, for so many seasons. He dug beneath the snow and sniffed along the trail for the man scent and he found it, leading toward the village.

The dog traveled all that night and when morning came he was famished and weak with

hunger. Now the wolf had a habit of eating all his dinner in a greedy way, flesh, bones and all, leaving nothing at all in his lodge for another day. But the dog had been careful for many seasons, saving his bones until he had time to make his way down the hill and bury them neatly and secretly for the future. Now the dog remembered where he had buried bones, and he was able to nose them out and have a good breakfast which gave him strength to travel on.

So this first dog went on, not stopping to hunt or kill, and he suddenly came upon a boy on the trail. He knew the boy for man, although he was smaller than the hunters, and he was surprised to see the boy so still, and nearly covered with snow. This was a young runner who had been sent from the village of the Red Men with a message for a tribe on the other side of the hill, but the storm had overtaken him and he had fallen in the trail, almost frozen to death.

This was something of which the dog had no knowledge, but he had a desire to help any man in trouble, and especially a young one. He pushed aside the snow that was drifting over the boy and took his blanket firmly in

his teeth, shaking the boy. He pulled at his moccasins until the boy awoke somewhat, and tried to stand up. Then the dog, who was very broad and strong, allowed the boy to lie across his back and, carrying him in this way, they went on down to the village.

It was not an easy trip for the dog, but he held the boy's blanket in his mouth, and when the trail was steep he walked slowly. When the snow blinded the dog, who had never been able to see ahead more than a third as far as his friend, the deer, he smelled his way, following the small scents of the little creatures to whom the Red Men were kind. Presently they saw the lights of the village and the dog went on until he came with his burden to the largest, warmest appearing lodge that stood in the center of the village. There he stopped, scratching at the door and howling loudly.

There was terror at his howling inside the lodge, but the boy called out that all was well, so the door was opened to them. In they went, the boy and the dog, and they were welcomed and fed and given good places beside the fire ring in the center of the lodge.

The dog was weary and he lay down and

went right to sleep, his cold nose between his paws. Something strange had happened to him during his long trip down from the hills to the valley; he seemed to have lost his fierce wolf nature. The touch of the boy lying so helpless over his back, and all the man scents of which he was now a part, had given him a wish to live with man. He dreamed of living in the village and of being useful there. He would be able to follow the hunters and bark if danger menaced his lodge. He would be as faithful to the boy and to his family as he had been to his wild brother, the wolf.

When the dog woke up, no one drove him out into the cold. The chiefs invited him to stay in the village, so it came about that the dog never carried fire back to the wolf in the forest. He had found a new place in the Red Man's lodge and there the dog is today, or sitting comfortably beside the fire of some Pale Face friend. The wolf still lives in the hills and howls and hunts, but alone, without his gray brother.

HOW THE ELEPHANT CAME

IN the old days of the Iroquois Indians when they lived in the Long House, its roof the sky, its floor the meadows and its doors the sunrise at the East and the sunset at the West, the animals tried to be of use to their brothers, the Iroquois. And each animal in those far-away days had its own way of helping an Indian boy or girl.

The small white dog was tended and loved, because he was known to be the only faithful creature able to take the long journey from the earth to the sky with prayers from the Iroquois to his Great Spirit. The deer gave his horns to be war-clubs for the chiefs. The turtle gave his shell to make a drum for beating in the harvest feast, and the doe gave her soft skin for making the Indian baby's first moccasins and the leggings and wampum belt of an Indian lad. The great moose offered his hair for weaving into a burden strap, dyed many gay colors, for holding the boy's bow and arrows to his back, or to bind the cradle

of a doll to the shoulders of a little Indian maiden.

One and all the animals who lived and roved freely through the many miles of the Long House had their duty to do and each one did it, for they knew that the Iroquois did not kill them unless it was necessary for his food, his shelter or his clothing. Even the bear gave willingly of her skin and fat, knowing that the Red Man would spare her cubs.

There was, however, one animal who seemed to have no use in the Long House. This was the great buffalo, who roamed and hunted smaller animals in the swampy places, seldom coming near the camp fires that burned on the tops of the hills. The great buffalo was the enemy of the others and also of the Red Man. No one wanted to live near him and he was despised throughout the length of the Long House.

In those days, when there were no railway trains or telephone wires, or any means of carrying a message except by canoe and in the wampum belt of a swift footed young Indian runner, the animals also had their councils, it was thought, and a council was called to determine what should be done about the dan-

ger and uselessness of the great buffalo. The animals lighted council fires on the hills and sent the deer, who was able to run the fleetest, to call them all to sit about the largest fire and talk about this huge, lazy beast, the buffalo.

So they came, the moose and the young fawns leaping from one hill to the next, the bear running clumsily, the agile squirrel jumping from the branches of the pine tree to the branches of the oak, the hare running under the juniper bushes. All the animals and the birds as well came to the meeting, and all told of their love for the Red Man and spoke of their desire to give their lives even to help him.

“Although he snares us,” said the hare, “he scatters corn to feed us when the snow is on the ground.”

“When the little boys come to draw the sweet sap from my maple trees in the spring,” said the squirrel, “they bring me nuts saved in their lodges for me all winter.”

“The Indian mothers dip my quills in bright dye,” said the humble porcupine, “and stitch them on the dresses of the little girls for trimming.”

So the council talked, and suddenly the

animals saw the turtle taking his slow way up the hill. Yes, they had forgotten the turtle, for he was so heavy moving a creature that a council was apt to begin without him. But now the turtle crawled as fast as he could. He seemed to be very much put out about something, so they made a place for him at the fire, and when he was able to draw his little head out from under his shell, he spoke,

“The great buffalo is on his way,” announced the turtle, “but he comes in strange guise.”

“How does the great buffalo come, and why is he approaching a council fire to which he was not invited?” asked the animals, but the turtle could not answer. He only repeated again and again, “He walks in a strange way.”

The council might have broken up in alarm if the animals had not just then seen the great buffalo, huge, black and hairy, coming toward them. He was indeed strange looking.

He had his usual four legs on which he strode along, but now the animals saw that he had a fifth leg. This fifth leg grew between his shoulders and stretched down between his ears over his nose, until it nearly touched the

earth. He approached the fire proudly and made a speech.

“Brothers of forest and hill,” said the buffalo, “in the past I have been the only useless one among you. I have watched from the great swamp the service of the deer, the porcupine, the bear and the others to our brother, man, and I have wished to join you but had no kind of service to offer. The Great Spirit made me huge and awkward, but now I come to you a different animal. I have come down from the marshlands and hidden in the forest to watch the housekeeping of the Indian mothers, and the help the children give her. I have watched them make their beds freshly each morning with branches and soft twigs spread over with blankets.

“This is a kind of work that I can do, and the Great Spirit has given me a fifth leg for making beds and doing other useful tasks. I and all my children will carry burdens and use our trunks for spreading and lifting and carrying for all time.”

As he finished his speech the first elephant, for it was indeed he, raised his trunk high and bellowed.

So, it was thought by the Red Men, after

tales had been brought to them from the jungle places of the earth, this creature of five legs, the elephant, must have come. It was thought that his trunk had been given him for usefulness, which is quite true. He is a patient creature of burdens, and he carefully spreads his own bed of straw as if he had learned how in the story days of the earth.

WHY THE LION HAS A LONG TAIL

HE was a short, fat mountain lion with a rather short tail. He lived on the plains and plateaus of our country, long, long ago, and he traveled with the herds of buffalo.

He had great strength in his limbs, a beautiful tawny coat and a voice that echoed from one hill top to another, but this lion was not looked upon with particular honor. He was a prowling, sneaking creature with a reputation for cheating at games.

In those days the animals played games among themselves, according to the old stories told about the Indian lodge fires. And among the most happy and the busiest gamesters were the little Squirrel People. There was scarcely a day, from one season to the next, that the Squirrel People were not to be seen in the forest in large numbers, having contests with nuts, running races, having jumping and flying contests, and always playing fair.

It happened one day, toward evening, that

the lion was prowling about on the edge of the forest and his eyes were drawn by the glow of a bright fire which burned in the center of a small clearing. The lion was excited and drawn by the fire. Soft-footed, he took his way to the border of the woods and from a spot in a tall pine tree, hidden by the branches, he watched the circle of the little Squirrel People who were playing about their fire.

As was their custom, they had made up a new and cheerful game. It was a bit like a game of tag. One of the Squirrel Men allowed himself to be chased about the burning circle of the fire and when he was caught he had to be buried, as children cover themselves up in the sand, in a heap of warm ashes until his fellows let him out. They were always careful not to keep the squirrel man too long in the ashes. When he came out, they let him be the first one to lead in the chase.

Unseen, suddenly the lion dropped down in their midst. A trick had come to his mind. "May I play with you, little Squirrel Tribe?" he asked.

The Squirrel People were frightened and huddled together in the shadows of the trees, but the lion spoke soothingly. "Let me be

buried first in the ashes," he said. "Cover me up, and as long as you keep me there, only so long will I keep you in the bed of ashes."

That seemed fair to the Squirrel People. They came back to the fire and had a merry time covering up the huge lion, and carefully digging him out again when they thought that the heat might make him feel uncomfortable.

"Now it is my turn," he roared to them and he chased them round and round the fire in a dizzy circle until he had caught every one and covered all up in the ashes. Then he went back to his home in the hills, for he intended to have a fine dinner of roasted squirrel when the ashes should cool.

He took his soft-footed way across the plain in the moonlight and to his hill, thinking that no one had seen this tricky deed. He did not know that an old squaw of the Squirrel People, too old to play games, had been watching him from her lodge at the foot of a nut tree.

The lion went on until he came to a creek on the edge of which willows grew. He cut enough willows and then wove them together to make a large platter. Having finished this platter he carried it back to the fire and with a stick he uncovered his dinner of squirrel

meat roasted there in the ashes. There was enough meat to fill his platter many times. The lion ate his fill, growing plumper with every mouthful and more stupid. At last his plate slipped down from his paws to the ground and he fell sound asleep.

How long he slept the lion never knew, but he was awakened by feeling that his tail was being pulled. You remember that in those days, the Lion wore his tail short. Yes, his tail was being pulled so steadily and so hard that he awoke with a roar of pain, but he was not able to loosen the grasp of the angry squaw squirrel. He had gone to sleep at the foot of the tree in which she had her lodge and she had caught the tip of his tail and was pulling it with all the strength of a people who believe in fair play but who have been cheated.

The lion got up and started to move on, but his tail was still caught in the clutch of the squaw squirrel. He pulled, but she also pulled. If he went on, he had to stretch himself, so he did this but at every step his body became longer and leaner. At every pull his tail became longer and thinner.

At last the lion got away, but he was no longer the sleek, short, fat creature he and

all his family had been. No, indeed. He was the long-tailed, thin mountain lion that he is today. It is said that all his family, even the kingly lion of the jungle, has a long tail in memory of the time when he did not play the game fairly.

WHEN HEROES RIDE

BUCEPHALUS

OLD Philonicus of Thessaly was the most famous horse-raiser of his time. His stables were talked about from the Adriatic Sea to the Persian Gulf, and many of the best war steeds in Greece and Asia Minor had been bred and partially trained by him. He prided himself particularly on his "ox-headed" horses, broad-browed fellows, with large polls, and small, sharp ears, set far apart. Proud creatures these were, and strong and knowing, and high-spirited—just the kind of horses for war steeds; and that was about all that horses were valued for in those days.

Among these "ox-heads" there was one which excelled all others in mettle, beauty, and size but which, nevertheless, was a source of great concern to his master. He seemed to be altogether untamable and, although he was now fourteen years old, there was not a horse-man in Greece who had ever been able to mount him.

He was a handsome creature, coal black,

with a white star in his forehead. One eye was gray and the other brown. Everybody admired him, and people came great distances to see him. Had Philonicus been less shrewd he would have sold him for half the price of a common steed, and been glad to get rid of him. But like most men who spend their lives among horses, he knew a thing or two. He kept the horse's untamableness a secret, and was careful that only his good points should be exhibited. Everybody who had any use for such an animal wanted to buy him.

“What is the price?”

“Thirteen thousand pieces of gold.”

That answer usually put an end to the talk. For, as an ordinary horse might be bought at that time for about seventy gold pieces, and a thoroughbred war steed for two hundred, who was going to pay such a fabulous price? Half-a-dozen fine houses could be built for that money.

There were rich men who made Philonicus some very handsome offers, a thousand in gold, eight thousand, but he held steadily to the first price, and the longer he held to it, the more anxious everybody became to buy. At last,

however, after the horse had reached middle-age, shrewd Philonicus got his price. King Philip of Macedon, who was ambitious to become the first man of Greece, was the purchaser; and Philonicus, after hearing the gold pieces jingle in his strong box, led the great Bucephalus up to the Macedonian capital and left him safely housed in the king's stables. He was careful, no doubt, to recross the Thesalian borders before Philip had time to give the steed any kind of examination.

You may imagine what followed. When the horse was brought out upon the parade grounds for trial the most skilful riders in Macedon could not mount him. He reared and plunged, and beat madly around with his sharp hoofs until everybody was glad to get safely out of his reach. The greatest horse tamers of the country were called, but they could do nothing.

“Take him away!” cried the king at last, in a rage. “That man, Philonicus, has sold me an utterly wild and unbroken beast, under pretence of his being the finest horse in the world; but he shall rue it.”

But now Bucephalus would not be led away.

The horse tamers tried to throw ropes over his feet; they beat him with long poles; they pelted him with stones.

“What a shame to spoil so fine a horse! The awkward cowards know nothing about handling him!” cried the king’s son, Alexander, who was standing by.

“Are you finding fault with men who are wiser than yourself?” asked the king, growing more angry. “Do you, a boy of twelve years old, pretend to know more about handling horses than these men, whose business it is?”

“I know that I can handle this horse better,” said the prince.

“Suppose you try it!”

“I wish that I might.”

“How much would you forfeit if you try, and fail?”

“I will forfeit the price which you paid for the horse,” answered Alexander.

Everybody laughed then, but the king said, “Stand away, and let the lad try his skill.”

Alexander ran quickly to the horse and turned his head toward the sun, for he had noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then he spoke softly and gently to him, and kindly stroked his neck. The horse

seemed to know that he had found a friend, and little by little his uneasiness left him. Soon, with a light spring, the lad leaped nimbly upon his back, and without pulling the reins too hard, allowed him to start off at his own gait. And then, when the boy saw that the horse was no longer afraid, but only proud of his skill, Alexander urged him with voice and spur to do his utmost. The king and his attendants were alarmed, and expected every moment to see the boy unseated and dashed to the ground. But when he turned and rode back, proud of his daring feat, everybody cheered and shouted—everybody but his father, who wept for joy, and kissed him, and said:

“You must look for a kingdom which is worthy of you, my son, for Macedonia is too small for you.”

After that Bucephalus would allow his groom to mount him barebacked; but when he was saddled nobody but Alexander dared touch him. He would even kneel to his young master, in order that he might mount more easily; and for sixteen years thereafter he served him as faithfully as horse ever served man.

He was with Alexander when he conquered

Persia, and he carried him into more than one hard-fought fight. At one time Bucephalus was stolen, but his master made proclamation that unless he were forthcoming within a certain time, every man, woman and child in the province should be put to death, and it was not long before he was brought back.

In the great battle that was fought with King Porus of India, Alexander recklessly rode too far into the enemy's ranks. The horse and his rider became the target for every spear, and for a time it seemed as if neither could escape. But the gallant Bucephalus, pierced by many weapons, and with streams of blood flowing from his neck and sides, turned about and over-riding his foes, rushed back to a place of safety. When he saw that his master was out of danger and among friends, the horse sank down upon the grass and died. Historians say that this happened in the year 327 B.C. and that Bucephalus had reached the good old age—for a horse—of thirty years. Alexander mourned for him as for his dearest friend, and the next city which he founded he named Bucephalus, in honor of the steed that had served him so well.

THE HORSE WHO KEPT SCHOOL

THERE was a king in the old days, King Æson of Iolcos by the sea, and it came about that he was driven from his throne. He had a bold and lawless stepbrother, who took arms against him and was able to hold the city by his cruel force. So the king was obliged to flee from Iolcos with his little son, the heir to the throne but now a wanderer, and his father led him away from the sea they both loved dearly and back toward the forests and the hills.

They went sadly, the little lad in fear as to where they would lay their heads when night came, and the king also sad because of what he knew he must do. The boy must be trained to be a king, for the possible need there might be when he grew to manhood. His father was taking the lad to a strange school of which he knew, indeed the strangest school there ever was, where heroes were made.

So, hand in hand, these two went up from the sea and crossed the valley rich with orange

groves and vineyards thick with purple grapes, and they also crossed a rushing torrential river known as the Anauros, for it was the season of the year when the water was low enough for travelers to ford. On went King Æson and the little lad until they came to the foot of the sacred mountain of those days, Mount Pelion, whose top shone glistening white with snow.

The boy would much rather have turned back here, for he had heard tales of the mighty beings who held the storms and the winds in the hollow of their hands and who had their temples on Pelion, but his father held his hand and led him up the mountain side. Over marsh and crag and rough footpath they went until the boy's sandals were worn to tatters and his legs were near to giving out beneath him. At last Æson was obliged to hold his lad in his arms as he stumbled on and upward, on, on endlessly, until suddenly they came out on a fertile plain and in front of them the wide opening of a great cave.

Far above this cliff snow wreaths, dripping and cracking in the sun, hung in dazzling white, but here at its foot around the mouth of the cave there grew every sweet smelling

herb and flower that could be imagined, and stretching as far as the eye could see were green pastures and fields of ripening grain. There, growing happily in the sunshine and watered by the torrent that ran down the mountain side, was a beautiful garden place and from the inside of the cave came sounds of sweet music played by human hands upon well tuned strings.

A man's voice, as tender and comforting as the voice of a lad's father, could be heard singing to the stringed music. Æson pointed to the cave and spoke in whispers to his son. "Go inside bravely, and put your hands on the knees of the old schoolmaster whom you will find seated there. Show no fear, but stay with him and learn all that he can teach you of courage and skill. I, myself, from this time on must be a wanderer from my land, but Cheiron will take pity on you and make you happy with the other lads, and in his good good season return you to Iolcos by the sea, as king."

It took much courage for a lad, never before away from the city of his birth, to say goodbye to his father and make his way, alone, inside a huge dim cave. But this son of Æson did

this. He entered the cave. Then he stood still, amazed at what he saw.

There he saw the sweet singer reclining on a couch of bear-skins spread over fragrant boughs of forest pine and cedar. His white hair fell down over his broad shoulders and his white beard spread like a mantle to cover his chest. His eyes were of a surpassing mildness and wisdom, and his forehead was as massive as a mountain wall. He held a great lute, upon which he had been playing, and his smile welcoming the strange lad lighted the cave like flaring torches. But this is what the son of Æson saw and most wondered at. This was a man, a strong, heroic man, to the waist. Below his waist he was a noble horse. This was Cheiron, the Centaur, of whom it is written that the gods made none other beneath the skies with such wisdom.

It took all his courage for the little lad to advance toward Cheiron and say, as Æson, his father, had instructed him, "In the name of Zeus, the father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth." But he did this and Cheiron spoke to him in the same mellow voice with which he sang to his gold lyre. And as the Centaur laid his hand on the

lonely boy's curly hair and smiled at him, the lad forgot all his trouble and felt oddly at home and happy.

If a boy loves a horse, this is one of the deepest loves of all his heart. Suppose a boy of today had a chance to go to school to a Centaur, half man and half horse, with the love and patience of his father and the love and faithfulness of a dumb beast! That would be fine, and so thought the old storytellers of Greece.

It was hardly any time before the boys of Cheiron's charge came home to supper. Running, shouting and brave they came. Each one was the son of a hero; Æneas, Heracles, you may have heard of them when they grew up, moving mountains, holding the earth on their shoulders and doing other big things. Now they gathered around old Cheiron, as boys of today gather around their scout master, telling him of what they had done during the afternoon.

"I killed a deer for supper!" one boasted.

"I took a wild cat among the crags," said another.

Heracles dragged a wild goat after him by its horns, for he was already a giant for

strength. One boy carried a bear cub under each arm, laughing as they scratched, for he never felt hurt of tooth or nail. Cheiron praised them all, and then he rose, his mighty hoofs striking fire on the floor of the cave, as he looked over the plain for one boy who had not returned.

The new boy also looked. He was just a little awed by these husky lads, and when the last one, a boy who walked apart and silently, returned, he felt that they were going to be friends. Asclepius, the all-wise boy, was this. His bosom was full of healing and rare herbs, and round his waist a snake was twisted. He told Cheiron how he had watched this snake cast off its old skin and become young under his very eyes. He was late because he had been to the village of herdsmen down in the valley where he had cured a child sick unto death with his herbs. And Cheiron, as he bade the boys scatter and bring wood for making a fire, told the new boy about Asclepius. "Each son of a hero," explained the Centaur, "is given some gift, but to this child more than the others, for he cures while some kill."

That was the jolliest supper the little

strange lad had ever enjoyed. All the boys turned to and built a great fire for roasting the venison. They bathed in the snow torrent and then ate like young bears and drank of the clear spring water. After supper they lay on skins inside the cave and sang to Cheiron's music, or boxed and wrestled and ran outside on the plain until the moon rose. Their beds were of boughs of bay and myrtle, so fragrant that it was hard to leave them with the dawn the next day. But all the boys were up betimes and off, the son of Æson with him, and not one bit homesick, for the child Asclepius held his hand in a friendly way.

So this boy, Jason, lived and learned and grew strong and wise and brave for a long time. He rode on the Centaur's back until no horse in the world would ever be able to throw him. He learned wisdom from the teaching of this strange schoolmaster until there came a day when Cheiron told him he could teach him no longer. It was time for Jason to return to his kingdom and, if he were able, displace the false king and take the throne for his father, but Cheiron gave him a message before he started down the side of the mountain.

“Speak harshly to no soul you meet,” commanded Cheiron, “and stand by the word you shall speak!”

With these words treasured in his heart, Jason, a tall, noble youth, took the way he had come when a lad with his father. The same way, but harder. When he came to the stream they had forded, he found it a deep, swollen torrent. It was rushing along toward the sea with its melted snow and burden of the rains. Jason might be able to swim it. He was just about to jump in when he heard a shrill voice beside him.

It was an old woman, a ragged, toothless crone with loose flying gray hair and scrawny, outstretched arms. “Who will carry me across!” she screamed, pulling at Jason’s tunic.

This was far from what he wanted to do; Jason wanted to go home as fast as he could. He pulled away from the hag, but she followed and clung to him. “Carry me over, for the sake of the schoolmaster you have just left,” she whined, a cunning smile on her ugly face.

Well, there was nothing to do, Jason thought, but try. He remembered the Centaur’s words and this was the first soul he

had met on the road. He put the old woman on his back and waded into the torrent. He struck out into deeper water. The current was against him. The burden on his back grew, at each stroke, heavier and the old creature's arms nearly strangled him. Her gray locks spread on the surface of the water seemed to pull him down stream with the current. But Jason swam on.

It was as if he were carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders in the midst of all the deep waters of the earth. But Jason struggled through the torrent until he came to the opposite bank and climbed up, dropping himself and his burden on the ground. He closed his eyes for a moment, and then opened them to a wonder.

The fairest of women was smiling down at him. Her garments were like the summer sea in the sunshine and a veil hung down from her forehead woven of the gold of the sunset. Through this shone the lovely person's eyes, soft like heifer's eyes, and they filled the glen where she stood with light. Ah, this was the fairest of the gods, Hera, the wife of Zeus, whom Jason had brought safely over the stream. He would have spoken with her, but

as strangely as he had found her, so Hera went, and he started on toward the city.

But Jason went sadly now, for his clothes were torn and ragged, and he was a most bedraggled heir to come home. "No one will believe me," he said to himself as he saw at last the blue of the sea and the white walls of Iolcos. He walked apart, his head low, as he entered the gates and passed the market place and the shops, but wherever he went, people followed him and bowed to him and brought him offerings of fruit and new garments and jewels.

"He is the expected one, the one who comes to us with but one sandal!" they cried, and this was the second wonder of Jason's life. There was a prophecy saying that the true king would return to Iolcos, in the gods' good season, in humble garments and with one sandal lost. And Jason, in keeping faith with old Cheiron, had lost a sandal in the torrent he had crossed with a burden on his shoulders.

So Jason came to the throne of his father, and in time he went with the other boys of Cheiron's school, grown up, to bring home the Golden Fleece, but that is a story of a ship, and this is a story of a Centaur.

THE HORSE WHO RODE THROUGH FIRE

THE young horse, Greyfell, lifted his proud head high and sniffed at the light hoar frost lying so lightly on the morning air. The rest of the horses in the long-ago pasture of the North were cropping at the moss and brown grass, but Greyfell sensed the Valkyrs' steeds from whose flying manes dropped the hoar frost and the sparkling dew of earth. He knew that the horses of Valhalla had passed that night.

Riders to the sky, these unearthly horses, carrying each one of them a battle maiden to the fields of the North. Flowing golden hair, strong white arms for lifting the heroes who fell in battle, helmets and shields of silver, blood red corselets, glittering jeweled spears, so rode the Valkyrs on their mettlesome white steeds. And their horses bore them safely across the quivering bridge of colors, the Bifrost, to the earth, that they might choose among the slain those heroes worthy to taste

the eternal joys of their father Odin's hall in the sky, Valhalla. Cloud-like horses, unseen by men, who knew only that the dew had fallen white or a frost dropped over night, or that a spear of white lightning had pierced the sky; but Greyfell knew when the Valkyrs rode to the sky. Sometimes they carried a brave Viking, whom men said had gone down with his ship in a storm, oftener a slain soldier lay across their strong necks carried back at night to heaven, there to gladden the gods and feast in Odin's hall.

Greyfell wanted to bear a Valkyr some day, fetlock deep in blood as he carried her safely to some battle field. He wanted to ride the billows of a stormy sea warning the Vikings that it was time for them to leave their ships and join the heroes in Valhalla. But here he was only a mettlesome youngster, feeding in an everyday pasture with a lot of other horses and as yet no one had asked Greyfell to wear a saddle even.

But as he watched the frost settle, he saw also that his fellow colts looked up from their feeding, startled. Then they tossed their manes and ran to and fro, frightened. A stranger was approaching, a fair young war-

rior, his golden hair escaping from his shining helmet, a sword flashing at his side. And with this youth was Gripur, the keeper of the horses. One was to be chosen, Greyfell knew, for this warrior lad to ride.

He wished to show his mettle. Through the mass of horses Greyfell galloped. Then he dashed into the stream that ran by their pasture and swam across it, a feat difficult for the others. But when Greyfell drew himself up, sweating and panting, on the opposite bank, he jumped in again and swam back. He felt as if he could, himself, ride to the sky, so strong and proud a horse was he. And this young warrior, called Sigmund by old Gripur, wore the shimmering mail of the battle maidens. Greyfell wanted Sigmund for a master.

And Sigmund wanted Greyfell. "He has Sleipner, Odin's steed, for an ancestor," Gripur told Sigmund. Greyfell pricked up his ears. Sleipner, the eight footed racer of the clouds! Now Greyfell knew the good fortune that was to be his; he was going to ride to Valhalla, of this he was sure. As Sigmund put his strong hand on Greyfell's neck and mounted, the horse bounded over the pasture

and out on to the high road as if he were already flying. He felt wings on his hoofs. He fancied the quivering colors of Bifrost beneath him as he raced. The touch of Sigmund was gentle and yet firm enough to be the guiding hand of a Valkyr. Greyfell was riding to the sky.

But the road was long and as they continued, night and day, with scant time for rest and food, and the road changed to the dark and perilous ways of an unknown forest, Greyfell wondered if Sigmund knew the track of the Valkyrs. Lifting his light hoofs as he galloped, leaping over barriers, riding the waters of mountain torrents, the horse expected at a turning of the trail to rise, to feel himself taking the cloud path up to Valhalla. Sigmund continued to urge him through the forest until they came to the mountains. Up the steep side of a pathless mountain, higher and farther, Sigmund rode Greyfell until they saw beside their way deep, slime filled trenches as if made by some dreadful creature on its way to drink at a stream.

Then the creature itself suddenly appeared before them, a huge and loathsome dragon, dragging its slimy folds down toward them,

its breath like fire, and its great height towering far above the horse.

Greyfell had never seen anything like this dragon in all his life. He wanted to shy; he felt like throwing his master and racing down the mountain in mad terror back to his home pasture again. But it must have been the courage of his ancestors of Odin's stable which kept Greyfell there in the path of the dragon, standing motionless as Sigmund slew it, and then carrying him on again into unseen hazards of the mountain.

Now there was a change in their journey. Both Sigmund and Greyfell heard sweet and friendly voices about them. From each tree of the woodland under which they rode came the voices of birds, whose language they could understand, pointing the way to them and urging them to climb higher and not falter.

Through trackless regions for a long while Greyfell took Sigmund until they had reached the Hinderfiall in Frankland, a mighty mountain given over to mystery and with its summit touching the clouds. Bravely Greyfell climbed toward its cloud-wreathed summit, thinking that this was the trail to Valhalla, but he stopped there. It had seemed to be lighted

by torches as Sigmund had looked up at it. Now that they had reached its peak, the Hinderfiall was seen to be surrounded by fire. Their way was stopped by a ring of fiercely burning flame.

Sigmund turned in his saddle, raised his sword and tightened his girth. Greyfell trembled as he heard the crackling of the fire, but Sigmund spoke to him gently, gathered the reins, lifted them, and guided the horse straight toward the fiery ring.

Greyfell saw a white wall wavering before him and the flood of the flames breaking apart as he entered. Over his head rose the fire, its roaring filling his ears. But the two entered the crimson ring as they would have galloped through a field of ripe, ruddy grain, and as the grain bows in the summer before the reaper, so the flaming wall of the fire was turned aside from the warrior and his brave horse. The white flames licked Sigmund's garments and mingled with Greyfell's flying mane, but they were unscathed by the heat. It seemed as if the fire increased the strength and speed of the horse, and served to burnish to a greater brilliance Sigmund's armor. And as they fearlessly sprang through the flames, the fire flick-

ered, died down and became a ring of white ashes.

Beyond the ashes they saw the walls of a tall stone castle, toward whose open gates they rode and entered, no warders or any living being there to either welcome or stop them. But as Greyfell bore Sigmund inside these castle walls, they saw a figure in helmet and mail lying in the garden as if asleep.

Sigmund dismounted, leaving Greyfell to graze, and approached the still form. He bent over and lifted the helmet. Then he exclaimed and Greyfell moved close to see the the wonder. A sleeping Valkyr! They had come through hazard and fire to find one of the warrior maidens of the sky and awaken her from her spell of enchanted sleep. She had been pierced with the Thorn of Sleep and doomed to lie there until a hero brave enough to cross the ring of flames surrounding her should come.

There lay the beautiful Valkyr, Brunhild, her fair white linen garments folded beneath her coat of mail and her long gold hair rippling and waving among the grasses about her. She opened her eyes, and smiled, and stood erect. It was the same brave smile and the

same welcoming arms outstretched to Sigmund and to Greyfell which had brought comfort and reward to the heroes of some desperate fight or perilous adventure. Although it had not been Greyfell's good fortune to join those white steeds of the Valkyrs, those fortunate riders to the sky, he had brought his master through the fire to Brunhild, that one of the warrior maidens sent to gladden the earth with her smile.

THE END

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